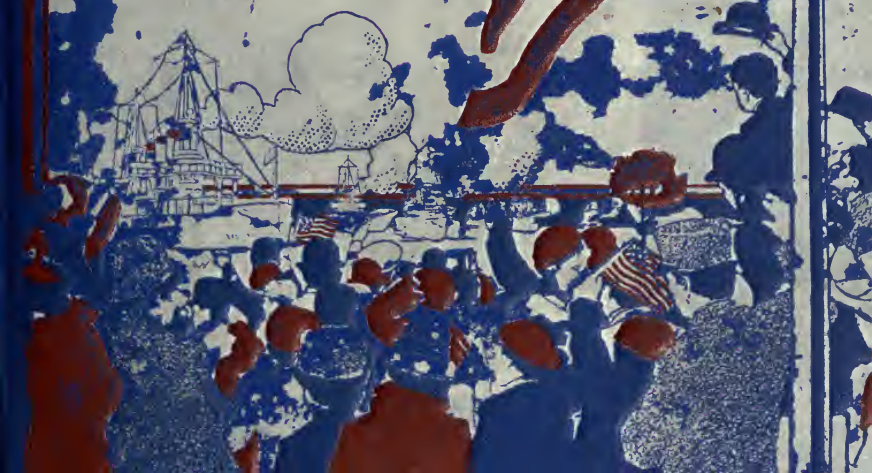
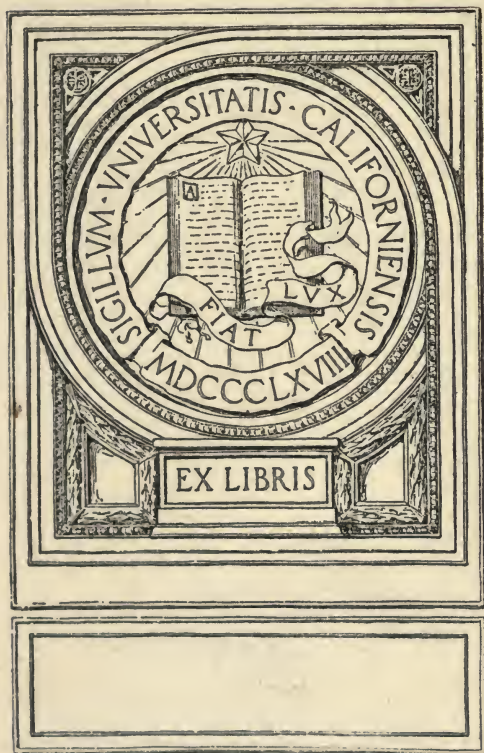


BACK TO HAMPTON ROADS

BY FRANKLIN
MATTHEWS







BACK TO HAMPTON ROADS



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NIGHT ILLUMINATION IN SYDNEY

BACK TO HAMPTON ROADS

CRUISE OF THE U. S. ATLANTIC FLEET
FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO HAMPTON ROADS
JULY 7, 1908--FEBRUARY 22, 1909

SUPPLEMENTARY TO
"WITH THE BATTLE FLEET"

BY
FRANKLIN MATTHEWS

ILLUSTRATED

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TO
THE BLUEJACKETS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY,
INTELLIGENT, STURDY, WILLING MEN, TRUE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE BEST PATRIOTISM OF THE COUNTRY AND ALSO TRULY REPRESENTATIVE OF ITS BEST FAMILIES, THE PLAIN PEOPLE OF AMERICA

369276

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INTRODUCTORY.

This book aims to describe and narrate, more or less in detail, the leading events that marked the homeward cruise of the United States Atlantic Fleet from San Francisco to Hampton Roads, by way of New Zealand, Australia, Japan and the Suez Canal, a cruise that extended from July 7, 1908, to February 22, 1909. It is intended to supplement the author's account of the cruise of the Atlantic Fleet from Hampton Roads to San Francisco, published in the book "WITH THE BATTLE FLEET." These two complete the story of a naval cruise without parallel.

When it was decided to send sixteen battleships on a long cruise, the original plan was to despatch them from Hampton Roads to San Francisco, from one American port to another. Whether there was any ulterior purpose, diplomatic or political, in the undertaking, was never revealed by the authorities. Ostensibly it was for strictly naval purposes alone. Second to the despatch of the Fleet was the question whether it should return as a whole or in part to the Atlantic coast, how it should return and when. For military and other reasons the prompt return of at least part of the Fleet was necessary.

Scarcely had the ships started from Hampton Roads before it was announced to those on the Fleet, but not to the country at large, that it would return by way of the

Suez Canal, after a brief stay on the Pacific Coast. The announcement became known generally through a wireless message from the Fleet the next day after it sailed. Forthwith Australia began a public movement to have the Fleet visit that Commonwealth. By the time the Fleet had emerged from the Strait of Magellan the invitation to visit Australia had been accepted. New Zealand then secured the acceptance of an invitation to visit that colony. Japan extended an invitation to spend a week there and it was accepted. China asked to have the honor of entertaining the Fleet in one of her ports, and one-half of it, the second squadron, was sent there.

There was a month's stay in Manila Bay for Battle Practice and then came the start home by way of Colombo, and the Suez Canal. In the Mediterranean the Fleet was split up into groups to visit ports of various nations. The Fleet then made a rendezvous at Gibraltar, whence it started for Hampton Roads on February 6, 1909.

Of the sixteen battleships which started from Hampton Roads only fourteen, the Connecticut, Vermont, Kansas, Minnesota, Georgia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Louisiana, Virginia, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky and Kearsarge, made the entire trip. The Maine and Alabama were detached from the Fleet at San Francisco and sent home by way of Manila and the Suez Canal in advance of the other fourteen. The Wisconsin and Nebraska took the places of the Alabama and Maine respectively. The Fleet therefore consisted of sixteen battleships when it departed and of the same number when it returned. Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans was Commander-in-Chief from Hampton Roads to San Francisco. The late Rear Admiral Charles

M. Thomas was in command for an interim of five days in San Francisco harbor and then Rear Admiral Charles S. Sperry became Commander-in-Chief, retaining that post until after the arrival in Hampton Roads.

In round numbers the Fleet steamed on the world-girdling cruise 46,000 knots, nearly twice the distance in a straight line around the globe at the equator. The logs of the ships vary as to the distance covered, according to the side trips that were made in Puget Sound and in the Mediterranean. The log of the *Louisiana*, on which the author was a passenger, shows that it steamed 44,628 knots, exclusive of Target Practice work, in Magdalena and Manila Bays, estimated at 850 miles. The distance from Hampton Roads to San Francisco, in round numbers, was 14,500 knots. That from San Francisco to Puget Sound and return was about 1,800 knots. From San Francisco to Hampton Roads, by way of Australia and Japan, the distance was about 29,000 knots.

The Fleet was gone from Hampton Roads a year, two months and six days, or 434 days in all. The records of the ships showed only 433 days of actual absence, the missing day being one that was lost when the international date line was crossed in the Pacific Ocean on the Westward journey. Of the 433 days that the Fleet itself counted, 190 were spent in cruising and 243 in various ports. Of the latter a month was spent in record Target Practice in Magdalena Bay and another month in Battle Practice in Manila Bay. In this work each battleship steamed about 850 knots, so that really the fourteen ships which made the entire journey steamed about 46,000 knots.

The Fleet steamed at various rates of speed, from eight to twelve and sometimes thirteen knots, but the actual transit time was made almost exactly at the average rate of ten knots an hour. It has been estimated that if social duties had been eliminated and stays in port had been limited solely to sufficient time in which to coal, the cruise of 45,000 miles could have been made, at ten knots steaming, in a little less than nine months.

The Fleet visited every continent on the globe. It crossed every navigable ocean and nearly every known sea. It crossed the equator four times and almost touched it a fifth time when it passed by Singapore. Four Presidents, Roosevelt of the United States, Penna of Brazil, Montt of Chile and Pardo of Peru, reviewed the Fleet. The Emperor of Japan received the admirals and captains in audience and gave them a luncheon. Prince Lang of China entertained the officers of the Second Squadron at luncheon and dinner repeatedly at Amoy. The Khedive of Egypt entertained a few of the officers in Cairo. The King and Queen of Greece dined on one of the battleships at Piræus. The King of Italy received Admiral Sperry and staff in Rome in appreciation of the succor given by the Fleet to the stricken people at the Messina earthquake. The Governor General of Australia, the Governors of New Zealand, Ceylon and Gibraltar also visited the Fleet.

On the journey around the globe the Fleet exchanged naval greetings with warships of Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Mexico, Great Britain, Japan, China, Turkey, Greece, Italy, France, Russia and Portugal. This was the itinerary of the Fleet on its homeward trip:

PORT	DATE
San Francisco (departure)	July 7, 1908
Hawaii	July 16-23
Auckland	Aug. 8-15
Sydney	Aug. 20-27
Melbourne	Aug. 29-Sept. 5
Albany	Sept. 11-17
Manila	Oct. 1-10
Yokohama	Oct. 18-25
Manila (First squadron)	Oct. 31-Dec. 1
Amoy (Second squadron)	Oct. 30-Nov. 5
Manila (Second squadron, except Louisiana)	Nov. 7-Dec. 1
Hong Kong (Louisiana)	Nov. 6-7
Manila (Louisiana)	Nov. 9-Dec. 1
Colombo	Dec. 14-20
Suez	Jan. 3-7, 1909
Port Saïd	Jan. 5-8
Mediterranean ports	Jan. 10-Feb. 1
Gibraltar	Feb. 1-6
Hampton Roads (arrival)	Feb. 22

In the Mediterranean ports were visited as follows :

Messina — Connecticut and Illinois.

Naples and Villefranche — Connecticut, Vermont, Kansas and Minnesota.

Marseilles — Georgia, Nebraska, New Jersey and Rhode Island.

Smyrna — Louisiana, Virginia, Ohio and Missouri.

Athens and Salonica — Ohio and Missouri.

Malta — Wisconsin, Illinois and Kearsarge.

Algiers — Wisconsin, Illinois, Kearsarge and Kentucky.

Tangier — Georgia and Nebraska.

Tripoli (Africa) — Kentucky.

During the cruise these captains became Rear Admirals : Seaton Schroeder, Virginia ; Richard Wainwright, Louisiana ; William P. Potter, Vermont. Two captains died before the cruise was finished, Henry McCrea of the Georgia

and G. A. Merriam of the Missouri. Six of the fourteen ships that made the entire cruise had new commanding officers on the homeward trip: Louisiana, Kossuth Niles; Virginia, Alexander Sharp; Georgia, Edward F. Qualtrough; Ohio, T. B. Howard; Missouri, R. M. Doyle; Vermont, F. F. Fletcher. The captains of the Wisconsin and Nebraska were F. E. Beatty and R. F. Nicholson respectively.

The following pages tell of the important things which occupied the attention of those on the Fleet on the journey home. They consist largely of letters written on the cruise by the author to The Sun of New York for publication in its columns and those of its clients throughout the country, and are reproduced by permission of The Sun Printing and Publishing Association. Considerable matter, hitherto unpublished, has been interpolated.

BACK TO HAMPTON ROADS

CHAPTER I

HAWAII'S SPELL

Gala Days in Honolulu for the Officers and the Bluejackets — Molo-kai — Visit to Liliuokalani — Island Poet Bursts Into Verse When the Battleships Arrive — Festival for the Sailors, With Songs That Will Long Be Remembered — No Flower Wreaths for the Crews in Spite of George R. Carter's Plea — Surf Riding at Waikiki.

U. S. Battle Fleet,

HONOLULU, July 22.

ONE may talk glibly about a spell being cast or broken, but he never realizes the full meaning of those figurative expressions until he has been to Hawaii and has tried to get away. It is not on record that any visitor ever left Honolulu gladly; that's because it can't be done. You can leave any other place on earth easier — your home excepted, of course — than you can go away from here. Something gets hold of your heartstrings and ties them unbreakably to the place. You can't undo the knots; you just have to break away.

What is the spell that holds the visitor? Alas! Poets and philosophers and statesmen and travellers of every degree have tried to define it, but have failed. You can describe to some extent how the spell affects you, and no visitor who can use a pen ever failed to do that; but to set forth the subtlety of the charm of Hawaii is as diffi-

cult as it is to make a qualitative analysis of the power of love, the still small voice of a conscience, or, to be more concrete, the glory of a sunbeam. Every one who has ever been here has felt it. It hits the sailorman hardest of all, for he knows where the beauty spots of the world are. Perhaps as thoroughly descriptive an expression of what the grip of Hawaii means to a man's heart came the other day from a sailorman who was awed by the majesty of the Pali and said:

"Any man who dares to commit suicide in these islands and come before his God unsummoned and a self-murderer ought to be roasted in a hell seventy-seven times hotter than any hell that a sailorman ever consigned his worst enemy to. That's all I've got to say. The idea of any man in these islands ever wanting or being willing to die!"

All of us are familiar with the stock phrases describing Hawaii. It is nothing new to be told that it is the paradise of the Pacific; the place where the Garden of Eden should have been established, with all due respect to the Almighty, in case He made an error and put it somewhere else. All that is commonplace and has been dinged into our ears endlessly. Every one knows that flowers bloom more profusely here than elsewhere; that there is no brighter sunshine, no balmier air, no gentler breezes, no more productive climate, no more beautiful mountains, no more glorious sunsets than here.

Here nature has cast aside its habiliments of anger and has left them in plain view to remind one and all not only of what it might have been but actually has been and now displays instead its sweetest, gentlest and most attractive mood. If you don't know it already it is time that you

knew it now — that Hawaii is simply the most delightful loafing place in the world. If there was ever a place where life should be one grand sweet song, that place is Hawaii. If you are looking for the one best place in all the world where you may loaf and invite your soul, that place is Hawaii.

But why tell about it again? you ask. Well, in the first place the spell so takes hold of any man who has access to the columns of any publication that he can no more resist writing about it and trying to depict the effect of its potency than a properly brought up child can go to bed at night without saying "Now I lay me." In the next place the presence of the great Atlantic fleet brought Hawaii again into the public eye peculiarly, and the story of its fascination is one of those that never grow old and that age cannot wither. Of what other place can this be said:

"There are no fogs, no hurricanes, no malaria, no sandstorms, no sunstrokes, no reptiles, no wild beasts, no typhoons, no tidal waves, no beggars, no poisons, no frosts in Hawaii."

People used to be cannibals, didn't they? you ask. Ask again and you will be told that no aborigines ever were more skilled in song and music than the native Hawaiians; that no one ever loved flowers more than they. Where else in all the world do laborers dig ditches with garlands around their necks? Where else in all the world do the people festoon you and themselves with flowers as if you and they were church pillars at a wedding ceremony, and this as you go about the streets and they about their daily tasks? Where else in all the world do

you hear "Aloha," a word whose meaning no dozen words in English or any other language can express — welcome, greeting from the heart, all good wishes, farewell, every kindly impulse with a hundred shades of meaning that any human being can feel? Where else in all the world can practically the entire nation sing beautifully and where not to be able to join in the glorious harmony is the exception and not the rule? And what about that saying that one who truly loves flowers and music is almost fit for the kingdom of Heaven?

Lest you may feel that the writer of this is unduly exalted and beginning to rhapsodize, read Mark Twain's beautiful tribute to Hawaii's spell; it gives the present writer countenance:

"No alien land in all the world has any deep, strong charm for me but that one; no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me sleeping and waking through half a lifetime as that one has done. Other things leave me, but it abides; other things change, but it remains the same. For me its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun; the pulsing of its surf beat is in my ear; I can see its garlanded crags, its leaping cascades, its plummy palms drowsing by the shore, its remote summits floating like islands above the cloudrack. I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitudes. I can hear the splash of its brooks; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago."

If you are one of those who think Mark is what a plainsman might term a "sentimental cuss" and are suspicious of him in consequence read what a long, hardheaded man of business, culture and wide experience with the world,

Oscar S. Straus, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, ex-diplomat, merchant and traveller, said in an address here less than a year ago:

“I have seen much of the world. I am familiar with those places which are the favored lands for tourists, and my eight days' stay here has convinced me that there is no land on the face of the earth, considering climate and population and considering beauty and attractiveness of scenery and charms of hospitality, which offers so much to the tourist either in health or pleasures as this Eden of the Pacific.”

After that the writer of this thinks he has justification for going on, with the promise of getting down to earth after he quotes what a local writer has to say:

“If there is a spot on earth where one may smile at adversity and feel that money is not everything, that spot is Hawaii.”

There were many naval officers and men in this fleet who knew what to expect when the ships started west. They had been here before, and their eyes snapped as they talked about the good time all would have. Their eyes have lost something of the animation; they are soon to leave. Hawaii's welcome was just what might have been expected. It was not noisy; it was deep seated, and from what we so often refer to as the bottom of the heart. Before the ships had left San Francisco E. A. Mott-Smith, the Secretary and acting Governor of the Territory, had sent a greeting of welcome. He said:

“Expectant Hawaii, with its azure skies, its sunny seas, its richly clad mountains and valleys, awaits you. Here will be added one more welcome, full, deep and hearty, to

the many you have received in your remarkable cruise from the East to the West. Hawaii has prepared for your coming. Her principal city, Honolulu; her parks, her streams, her mountains, her seas, every facility whereby you may enjoy yourselves, during your too brief stay, the glorious open air life of this fair land is at your service. Come ashore!"

Later Gov. Frear supplemented that welcome by a more formal one "in the spirit of the national pride."

Nor was the work of public welcome confined to official representatives. The poets got busy. E. S. Goodhue of the island of Hawaii effused:

Nowhere will fairer sky o'erspread
Its canopy of blue;
Nowhere will purer moonbeams fall,
Or gentler stars shine through.

Nowhere will breezes blow more soft;
Nowhere will sun and rain
Mingle in such a mystic arch
Over the hill and plain.

Nowhere are woody slopes more green,
Nowhere are tints more rare;
Sweet are the flowers which bloom unseen,
Scenting the evening air.

Storms break their fury on our rocks,
Dying in foam and spray;
Nowhere is nature more benign,
Nowhere so full of play.

Voices of maidens here are low,
Musical, soft and sweet,
Charming the ear with their cadences —
Boys of the noble fleet.

Nowhere are smiles more genuine,
Nowhere are hearts more glad;
Welcome from every isle of us.
Welcome, each sailor lad.

That was good enough for a starter, and then the others began to whoop 'er up, and you must remember that Hawaii is as full of poets as Cuba is of political agitators. Here is one more that will show the spirit of the occasion, the author being W. F. Sabin:

Glory be to the men who make
Our country grand in story!
Glory be to the manned machines
That proudly flaunt Old Glory!
Hail to the men, armada men,
Whose hearts are the White Fleet's soul;
Whose brawn and brain shall e'er maintain
In triumph trip or in lightning rain,
The strength of the Peace Patrol.

It was early on the morning of July 16 that the first sight was caught of Hawaii. On the port bow famous "Molokai the Blest," the home of the leper settlement, was made out. Admiral Sperry, the Commander-in-Chief, went within four miles of shore so as to afford the most forlorn people of the world an opportunity to look at the fleet. You could see the great gray ridge of mountains running east and west along the island, and you knew that over and behind, on the sheltered side, there were many people living in peace and contentment, the ridge acting as a barrier that reaches often clear into the clouds between them and the lepers. You also knew that midway down the length of the island there was a low peninsula jutting out into the ocean, and that there was the settle-

ment. All eyes were strained to catch a glimpse of it, and soon the little white houses began to brighten the spot; patches of green could be made out, then flowers could be seen with a glass, and finally some of the people were seen waving greetings to us.

Exposed to the blasts of the northeast trades and with a bleak, bare background of lava tipped mountains, the place seemed most cheerless despite the efforts to make it seem somewhat less forlorn than nature had made it. Thousands of those on the fleet spoke of Father Damien. If a kindly memory is a lasting monument to a hero a mighty tall shaft went up toward heaven as the fleet sailed by. There was no communication with the shore, but what those helpless unfortunates thought of it was shown in a letter printed yesterday in the Advertiser of this place written to Admiral Sperry "in gratitude and good will" by Joseph Dutton, one of the brothers down there. Some of what he said is worth quoting:

"These sixteen battleships that have the full confidence of America came down the lane with a friendly nod and passed on, so dignified and beautiful, this early July morning. The weather is favorable, everything is, for this wonderful visit, this visit so wonderful as to make the blood tingle and the heart grow warm. It helps to bring our patriotism to the surface. It makes us love our whole navy, every officer and sailor. It makes us salute Uncle Sam very affectionately. It makes us better Americans.

"And may God bless every one who has had even a little to do with bringing about this great pleasure!

"In all this I am speaking for the people of the leper settlement. Mr. Walamau, representing the Board of

Health in the absence of Mr. McVeigh, has asked me to extend thanks to all concerned, in the name of every one here, of all in the leper asylum, a place having in it some suffering, it cannot be denied, but it is the home of sensible and contented people, whose lot has become, after many years of labor and improvement, a condition not so very difficult to bear, a people also becoming better acquainted with Uncle Sam and better satisfied to be Americans.

“Our abode has been called ‘Molokai the Blest.’ It has surely been so this day.”

Pathos in patriotism! It gives one a new kind of thrill to realize its depths, and to do that you have to be here almost in touch with those people consigned to a living death, something like 1,200 of them. The people of the mainland can never understand what the sight of the fleet meant to those unfortunates; but there was not a man on the fleet who was not glad that the ships had gone over there before the Third Division, under command of Rear Admiral Emory, separated from the rest of the fleet to go to Maui to coal.

Just abreast of the settlement the fleet was broken and Admiral Emory and his four ships — the Louisiana, Virginia, Missouri and Ohio — turned back and went south-east and the others went on to Honolulu. At first it seemed a pity that we could not go straight on and be there to witness the official welcome, but as the ships swung round and passed by Molokai the Blest, we saw here and there beautiful waterfalls leaping from the cloud-capped mountains; we caught sight of numerous pretty settlements on the shores and at frequent intervals little white chapels along the shores, their very presence testifying to the

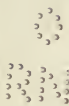
wonderful influence, the ministration of religion, that has made this leper island what they call a home of the blest. Nature then seemed more kindly, and — well, you were glad that churches and waterfalls and flowers and bright skies and flashing seas were there and that kindly impulses have softened the lot of those to whom the sin of the world has been most cruel.

In an hour or two we approached the island of Maui and skirted its shores for about twenty miles. The real beauty of these islands began to be unfolded. There were mighty hills, cut and slashed by the rending power of earthquakes as the place was thrown up from the seas. Deep blue shadows almost purpled their cavernous recesses and lent a soft tint to the gray and reddish tops and greenish slashes made by nature in her angriest mood. Then there came into view patches of green, bright green, sugar cane under cultivation, with brown stretches of the fertile land sloping from the mountains to the sea, made bare for fresh planting; and along the shores were the fringes of palms. Here and there crossroads threaded the hills and occasional huts and bungalows could be made out. Down around a point we swung and then Lahaina came into view. It is the ancient home of the kings of the islands. Formerly its roadstead was crowded with whalers. Back on the hills some of the most furious native battles in Hawaiian history have been fought. It is now a settlement of about 3,000, two-thirds of whom are Japanese, who work the sugar plantations.

The custom house, the court house, and the buildings of a great school far up in the hills stood out conspicuously. The shores were lined with cheering people. The



THE CLIFFS OF MOLOKAI





Japanese put up a great screen of bamboo on the waterfront spelling the word "Welcome." Flags abounded and day fireworks salutes went off. The flaming red trees, *Ponciana regia*, the most gorgeous of all trees on earth, were in blossom. If this was Hawaii, truly it looked to the voyagers like Paradise!

On shore the people were preparing a great luau for the sailors. Automobiles were running about and when you reached the landing stage the glad hand was stretched out truly. A company of the Hawaiian National Guard had come across the island to camp.

Well, Lahaina outdid itself. Nothing was too good for the boys. There was dancing when night came and illuminations and singing. You don't know what singing is until you hear it here, where the first note of the human voice in song must have been heard. Every one can sing in Hawaii. They dance to song. The natives bring their own instruments and reënforce them with guitars, mandolins and violins—all of which they play by ear, for few Hawaiians can read modern music—and they strum off a few bars and then break into song. While the song lasts you dance, and when it stops and the instruments keep on you rest. Then comes the vocal selection again and off you go with flying feet.

The Hawaiian songs run to harmony rather than mere melody and there is no well sustained theme in them. The singers glide from one harmony—delicious chords they are—into another. The timbre of the voices can be heard only in the Pacific islands. And when the natives pour out these voices there comes a blend of notes such as no chorus of Anglo-Saxons could make. The voices are

light — they run to tenors a great deal — but there is such superb balancing of tone in chorus music as to resemble a church organ under a master's hand more than anything else. But there is more than that in them. The music has a living soul. When a sad piece is sung the sadness enters into the singers' hearts. They close their eyes. A sigh comes from their lips with the harmony. When they open their eyes there is a mist in them. When they sing rollicking music their eyes dance with their stamping feet. Their music is heart laden.

If you wish to enjoy this music at its best you should have spent an evening in the military camp, where the boys were just the ordinary singers of the people and not selected voices such as make up the quintette clubs all over the islands; and you should have lain on the sward, as we did that first night in Lahaina. The moon came up over the black eastern hills and then mellowed things through the shimmering palm tree leaves. The water rippled on the beach and added the poetry of the gentlest seas to the occasion. The soldier boys twanged the instruments for a minute or two and then came a sweet, soft gliding from chord to chord of these rich vocal organs, and — well, you were in dreamland.

What did you care for skyscrapers and the hurry of business life or the strife for wealth? What did you care for operas and great singers? You even ceased to think of home and loved ones, and you now began to understand why often these islands so enchant the traveller that he goes no further and spends the rest of his days here. And when these singers poured out the songs, part in Hawaiian and part in English, so that you got some of the poetry

that was in their souls, you were sure that you had lost some of the sweetest things in life by not coming here before.

"Old Plantation" was one of the songs that got under your skin and touched your soul. Oh, no; it wasn't a coon song; it was a collection of harmonies that would soften the meanest grouch that any man ever had. It just took hold of you from your toes to your hair tips and made you feel kindly toward all the world. It brought sighs to your lips and made you think that gentleness and sweetness were in the world as its choicest factor, and that you had never known their full depths before. Over and over again you made the boys sing it.

There are scores of such moving songs, but why dwell on them more? The evening draws to a close and then the natives stand and sing their most fetching song of all, "Aloha oe" (Good-night, sweet dreams, everything kind be yours). The former queen, Liliuokalani, who is expert in the music of her former kingdom, composed it. We have cumbersome good-night songs, most of them laden with the spirit of college jollity, but neither we nor any other nation has a good-night, good-by song like "Aloha oe." The natives dislike to sing it as a mere song. You can hardly persuade them to give it until they mean good-night — a real one. They put their hearts so into it that they are unwilling to say good-night in song until it is good-night. And as the last stanza comes to your ears, "Aloha oe, until we meet again," it stays with you until it soothes you to slumber with your last waking remembrance. As you drop off you seem to be floating in music's most delightful harmony.

Lahaina had a distinguished visitor within her borders. She was the former Queen Liliuokalani. She was stopping with a woman friend who is married to a wealthy Chinese. Their home was a modest but delightful bungalow on the southern edge of the settlement. A party of us drove out there and asked if her Majesty would consent to receive us. We were ushered into a large reception room prettily furnished, and the former Queen sent word that she would be down directly. Soon steps were heard on the stairs. All arose. Then there came slowly into the room the woman whose name will be inseparably connected with these islands. She held her head high and advanced slowly. She showed something of her years, 69, in her step, which seemed to falter occasionally. She was dressed in a black holoku — Mother Hubbards we call such; it is the national everyday dress of women in all Hawaii, and they even go to receptions in them. It was of ordinary print cloth, and it had small white figures in it. She was a dethroned monarch in a calico gown. Around her neck was a black velvet band from which depended a gold cross.

When well within the room the ex-Queen stopped and inclined her head. She was met by low bows by those present. Then each person was introduced, and to each Liliuokalani extended her hand with the palm held uppermost nearly as high as her shoulder. She was playing the part of royalty in her manner. Then she asked all to be seated, and after a few commonplace words conversation began as if it were an ordinary call. The ex-Queen said she was interested in looking at the warships and asked about the names of the four in the harbor. She was told

that the names of States would soon run out for battleships.

"Then make Hawaii a State and name a battleship after her," said one of the company. The ex-Queen's eyes brightened and she said:

"That would be a most excellent idea. Let us have an American battleship named Hawaii, and it will be good to have Hawaii made a full State. I indorse that idea."

Liliuokalani spoke at length of the beauty of her country, the charm of its climate and the wonderful scenery. She said she came frequently to Maui. It was the home of her ancestors, and she liked it. When asked if she came away from Honolulu to avoid the confusion of fleet week she said she did not. She knew no reason why there should be confusion. She said Honolulu was amply able to care for the sailors, and she expressed the hope that every one would have a good time. She was most careful to avoid any mention of the events that saddened her life. Her retainers said that she had now resigned herself to American sovereignty. She gave some hint of this when some one said that Hawaii was unfortunately situated if she wished to maintain a separate existence; the Japanese were swarming over it and the United States was on the other side. Then some one remarked that in a few years there would have been great danger of Japan seizing it. The ex-Queen's eyes snapped and she smiled as she said to an American in the party:

"You people would have been over here too in that case, wouldn't you?"

The Queen talked at length of the late Princess Kaiulani, her only niece. The tears came to her eyes as she spoke and she used her handkerchief to dry them. Then

she turned the conversation to the products of the island. A beautiful Hawaiian mahogany settee was in the room. She pointed to it to show what fine wood there was. She explained the scroll shape of the back by saying that the growth of the tree probably made it necessary.

"We do have such beautiful things here," she added, "and I do love these islands."

It is said that the only real resentment that the Queen now feels to those who overthrew her is toward what were known as the soldiers of the "P. G.," that is, the Provisional Government. They looted her home. She often talks about the trinkets they took from her and she speaks frequently about a revolver that her husband used to own and that was taken. She prized it highly as a keepsake in memory of him. She wants those stolen things back. She gets a pension of \$7,500 a year from the Territorial Government and she has other income from her property. She still has hopes of having her claim to the crown lands recognized. There is a strong feeling among some Americans here that she has not had full justice done toward her by the United States and a hope that now that calmer days have come a more thorough investigation of her claims will be made and justice, wherever it may lie, be done to her.

We bade her good-by and she acted the same stately part as when we entered. She said she hoped the fleet would have a safe and enjoyable trip. Then she shook hands with each person present. Each backed toward the door, and as the last of the visitors passed out she was left standing alone in the centre of the room.

But to return to Honolulu. The twelve ships that went

there direct got the usual enthusiastic welcome. There were little steamers and tugs and rowboats and sailboats out off the harbor. The headlands were covered with sightseers and the water front was jammed. The town was decorated, as all the American cities have been, with national colors in all sorts of forms and at night with festoons of electric lights.

But Honolulu's greeting was different. It was not overdone. There were only two or three formal dinners, and those were given to the Admirals and Captains. Honolulu's greeting was the glad hand and sincere words, and then she told you to go off and enjoy yourself; there is so much here that she knew you wouldn't get half way through the list, and she was wise enough not to interfere with the rational enjoyment of her guests. She made sure that here would be no overcharges. The entertainments were mostly private. There was downright enjoyment all over, every minute.

Of course there was a parade of the sailors, a fine one, and around that parade was centred some of the humor of the reception here. Some of the big folks wanted the sailors to march with leis around their necks. It was to be a sort of acceptance of the yoke, a submission publicly to the spell of Hawaii. The idea seemed pretty good, for the people here had read how the sailors marched in Santa Barbara in the flower parade with blossoms in their rifles. Why should they not have leis around their necks in Hawaii?

Fine suggestion! Ex-Gov. George R. Carter, the big boss of all the reception committee, a splendid young fellow of the strenuous type — so strenuous in fact that

he was always stirring up things, and finally got so worked up because he didn't get on with some things that he threw up the job of being Governor — well, Mr. Carter said that those boys had simply got to march with the leis. To gain his point he sent this typical Carter cablegram to President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay:

HONOLULU, July 13.

The President, Oyster Bay:

“The ladies of Hawaii insist, the naval regulations regarding the uniform to the contrary, that every man of the fleet who parades on Friday next must yield to the Hawaiian custom and accept a wreath of flowers as a token of their regard for the navy. They bespeak your influence on behalf of Admiral Sperry, who will be a victim of circumstances, for they are confident that his 2,500 men will surrender to their force of 100 girls who will be stationed with these flowers at the landing.

“GEORGE R. CARTER.”

What President Roosevelt thought of the idea is not known here, but what folks thought of it here is known. Walter G. Smith, editor of the Advertiser, who gave up the prospect of a brilliant career in New York State to come out this way, and who once represented Tompkins county, N. Y., in the Legislature when he was a mere youth fresh from Cornell, and who is probably as eloquent a speaker and as forceful and satirical a writer as there is in the islands, took his pen in hand and got after Carter in this style:

“Fearing that Admiral Sperry, a rough and ready

person, would actually snort at the idea, Mr. Carter wants the President to cable the Admiral to be nice; and we are now in a fever of expectancy, all of us, awaiting his reply. It seems such a dear thought on Mr. Carter's part.

"In case the President is as good as he can be about it and puts the great rough Admiral under orders of the ladies we trust that they will not stop with 'wreaths of flowers' but will go as far as their lovely imagination can lead them. It has always seemed to us that instead of carrying a rude, dangerous gun on a holiday march the sailor would look more becoming if he should carry a calla lily or a small geranium in a pot. And it would be too sweet for anything if the members of the bands would carry a singing bird in a cage. Then all along the way little girls with spray-bottles could perfume our proud boys in blue and give each officer a ribboned syphon full of some of our delicious island scents so he could renew the perfume at intervals during the march. And when the dear fellows stop to rest each one should have a nut sundae (ice cream with nuts on top).

"Might we also suggest that these delicate suggestions follow the boys on board the ships? They would appreciate them, oh, so much! Think of those motherless, apple-cheeked young men without a single thing to make them think of home! If we had our way each of them should be given a linen nightie with a monogram worked in blue on the sleeve and a pair of slippers to put in his cabin — or do the dears sleep out on deck? There ought to be some pretty, peaceful home pictures hung on the masts, and those dreadful guns should be covered with neat crash towelling.

“We cannot end this appreciation of Mr. Carter’s work without a strong word about the utterance of a coarse man who was heard to say on the street: ‘We want to see the fighting tars of the American Navy marching out as if for business. And we want some of our foreign population to see them that way. Don’t rig them up like a lot of — fools in carnival!’ It is, oh, so pitiful that men of this rude stamp should be allowed in the streets at all. But we feel sure that our dear President will do all he can to help our dear Mr. Carter make our naval reception all sweetness and light.”

That started a great guffaw about town and the result was that the sailors marched as if they were out for business and according to regulations. Still the leis programme was carried out in a way. The 100 girls were on the landing stage when the boys got back and they had the leis on their arms. When the boys were ordered to the at ease position those girls charged on them, hooped their necks with the wreaths and put the lads in the finest possible humor. Those lads actually wanted to hug those girls — what do you think of that? They joshed them, tried to make dates with them, told them they were the nicest things that were ever placed on earth, and that afternoon hundreds of jack tars were walking around town bedecked and festooned and ornamented as if they were the picture frames of some departed one on Decoration Day. It put real jollity into their hearts and every one was glad that the Hawaiian custom of flower greeting was carried out. Every one was also glad that it was not done until the men had finished their business march. It worked out all right.

And speaking of decorations, right here seems the proper place to mention another thing in which the Honolulu reception was most unusual. Not half a dozen Japanese flags were in sight among the decorations. Chinese dragons on yellow bunting flew from scores of staffs. The only Japanese flag that could be seen on any building was that on the Japanese Consulate. Word had been passed around among the 25,000 or more Japanese not to display their national bunting. They put up red, white and blue colors instead. Now and then in a shop window you could see a Japanese flag entwined with an American flag, but never a Japanese flag alone.

All sorts of reasons were given for this action. It was ascribed to fear, to sullenness, to a disposition to make trouble for us and what not. Those best informed on the situation said that it was a most delicate compliment and was done to avoid any spirit of jar or harshness. The Japanese were not ashamed of their flag, it was explained, but in view of the recent unpleasantness on the Pacific Coast and elsewhere it was thought to be the part of wisdom not to do anything or display anything that would not conduce to perfect good feeling. Such a unanimity of action on the part of a foreign population could scarcely have been seen anywhere in the world except when there was danger of an immediate clash. It was a fine exhibition of thoughtfulness, regard for the feelings of others, and those who understood it thoroughly said no greater compliment had been paid to the fleet since it started on its cruise.

But what of the stay in Honolulu? You never have been there, or you wouldn't ask. You could go out to

Waikiki beach by trolley in half an hour and there you were for at least the rest of that day. It has been described as the finest beach in the world; it certainly has the finest sport in the world, surf riding. It has been described often enough, goodness knows; but every one who experiences it wants to tell about it all over again. You get in a narrow canoe with a big outrigger on it and you paddle out over the breakers, slamming down into the troughs beyond them with a mighty slap, and then you go on and on and on until you are about a third of a mile out. Your native boatman in the stern swings the craft easily over the oncoming swells until he spies a big one. Then he turns the prow toward the beach, shouts to you to paddle hard, and you work yourself into a condition of high heart action.

The swell catches you, lifts the stern of the canoe in the air, and with the prow buried in the water, you are propelled toward the beach, with the speed of an express train, the spray drenching you and the shouts of laughter drowning out the noise of the wave. Your hair and eyes stand up and out. You tingle all over with the rush of excitement. Your heart seems to want to jump out of you. And then, just as the crest breaks and your boat is half smothered in foam, perhaps one side of the wave drops off and your half filled craft swings sideways. Alas, you are in for it now! The great breaker rolls over you and you are swamped! Never mind, the craft can't sink, and you help bale it out or push it toward shore, and in a quarter of an hour you are out again, and once more you are in a daredevil race with old ocean, and you master it just as a cowboy might jump on a wild bull's

back and ride him round a ring. It beats a toboggan all to pieces. There is no other sport on earth like it for exhilaration.

Then there was the Punch Bowl to climb, the extinct crater right back of Honolulu, from which you get a beautiful view of the harbor and the tree smothered city. And then you could drive out the wonderful Nuuanu Valley, up between the two narrowing mountain ridges where eight miles away you come to a narrow opening not more than 100 yards wide where the northeast trade winds sweep in with the force of a gale. You can't keep your hat on. Right in this narrow place it was that Kamehameha I. drove his enemies, the Oahuans, over that precipice, 800 feet high, along about 1790. You can even pick up their skulls there now. There was only a narrow trail up there and the followers of the conqueror simply pushed those islanders up and over to their deaths. You can see how other valleys come right up to the same edge of what was once a great volcano's crater. The same kind of a sheer bulkhead marks the jumping off place.

From the famous Pali you get a superb view of the other part of Oahu. You see its vast fields under cultivation, and beyond lies the vastness of the Pacific clear to the Aleutians. It is a sight of a lifetime to linger over that precipice. The Hawaiians have only one name for it — the Pali. One of the writer's party in commenting on this said:

“How grateful we ought to be that the name of this place is simply the Pali! Why, in the United States we should call it ‘Lovers’ Leap’ or something of that kind.”

It is worth while to stand on one of the scenes of a great

military tragedy. There never was a more dramatic one than that which took place right at the Pali. You can understand something of the spirit of that day when you are told that Kamehameha's command to his men was:

"Onward, brothers, until you taste of the bitter waters [of death]; there's no retreat."

His enemies tasted bitter waters that day. Their very retreat was death to all.

If you got tired of mountain scenery and cane fields you could rest yourself by going in to see the wonderful aquarium at Waikiki. With all due respect to home institutions, you folks at home don't know what an aquarium is, and you won't until you see the one here or the one in Naples. The one here is pronounced by David Starr Jordan, the president of Stanford University, as having "the finest collection of fishes in the world." He's an expert in that line, and what he says is true.

In color and form these are the most beautiful creatures of the sea that were ever known. The weirdness of their coloring is fascinating. Such designs of color have never been seen elsewhere except in comic opera costumes. Imagine fish scarlet, blue, orange, silver, purple, brown, black and yellow, all in curious designs. Some of the fishes have long plumes. Some are translucent and you can see their bones. Some have eyes on their backs. Some have eyes that shine like a cat's in the dark. You can watch them play and swim by the hour. Such brilliant coloring in animal life can be seen nowhere else in the world; nothing more delicate in life can be observed elsewhere. That aquarium is an institution of wondrous beauty. It is all

Hawaiian and it shows the life of the sea out here matches that of the land with a peculiar delicacy.

Of course you could run out on the little railroad that now skirts two-thirds of the island and see the vast pineapple groves here; of course you could go out to see Pearl harbor, and all of the naval officers had to do that. Of course you could go up Mount Tantalus or drive around Diamond Head or go out to Mr. Damon's extensive and beautiful private park, a park probably excelled in beauty by no other private park in the United States.

If you got tired of all these things you could go about admiring the rare and beautiful flowers with which Honolulu is fairly burdened. What do you think of a night blooming cereus hedge half a mile long and all in bloom at once? Well, there were half a dozen such in blossom the first three nights the fleet was here. There were literally thousands upon thousands of the blossoms just skirting an ordinary wall. You never got tired of looking at the flaming Poinciana regia or the golden shower trees or the bougainvillea or the crimson hibiscus or the hundreds of other kinds of blossoms — everything but the rose and violet, for curiously enough, the rose and violet do not thrive here.

You could note the stately palms sprinkled about door-yards and if you were curious about trees you could study the famous algaroba tree, the one that has transformed these Hawaiian islands. It was imported here about fifty years ago and the original tree still stands in the Catholic Cathedral grounds. The tree came from South America and a priest brought it. It has a fern kind of a leaf, a tough, fibrous wood that burns while green, and it grows

a bean that is forage for cattle. There is no grass on these islands as the rest of the world knows grass. The algaroba tree has spread with almost lightninglike rapidity, all over Hawaii. It is the sustaining life of the place in forest growth.

If you wanted to see town life you could go to the beach hotels, or to those in town, and dance to the accompaniment of vocal music in pavilions with the surf almost beating in on them, or on the roof gardens in the town hotels. You could drive about town and see the streets with hundreds of beautiful residences on them. You could take an auto and go skirting over miles and miles of magnificent roads along the shore or out into the hills. You could wander about the streets at night into the foreign quarter, where in one block you might imagine yourself in Japan and in another block in China. In any restaurant you could begin your meal with an alligator pear cocktail, and in most of them you could have a Hawaiian poi cocktail. You could go to a luau and eat real poi, and everywhere you went you heard that fascinating music.

The bluejackets did here as they always do, strike for a livery stable for horseback riding, or hire bicycles or autos for a spin around. They were welcomed in the dining rooms of the best hotels. They danced with the best known people at the beaches, and in general they acquitted themselves in a way that made one proud of them. Last night was the culmination of the stay. Every hotel had a dance. Fireworks were set off in town, the ships were illuminated and the streets were thronged with bluejackets and residents. Leis were about the necks of hundreds of pedestrians. From scores of saloons and restaurants came

the strains of music. It was one big night of jollity. The full witchery of Hawaii was in the air.

As the fleet is about to leave these shores this afternoon the farewell spirit has taken hold of the town. There is an air of sadness about these people. They take the departure seriously; it is parting with friends whose stay they have enjoyed quite as much as their guests.

Aloha, Hawaii! Good-by, good luck, good wishes, a long farewell, every good thing be yours for ever and ever!

And there is another sentiment worthy of expression, even if it is an anti-climax. It is that those persons whose thought and impulses incline that way should thank God devoutly that the American flag flies over these islands, for it means national safety to the republic from possible enemies on the western seas.

CHAPTER II

“HAERE MAI” NEW ZEALAND’S CRY

American Fleet’s Welcome in a Wonderland — Dances of the Maoris — Native Honors Conferred on Admiral Sperry — Greeting of Newest America to the Ships From the Atlantic — The Anglo-Saxon Peace Mission — The Trip to Rotorua and the Geyser Land the Feature of the Welcome — The Beauty of the Maori Women.

U. S. Battle Fleet,

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND, August 15.

CENTURIES before the white men came to this land the natives called it Ao-tea-roa, the Long Bright World. In recent years, under the complete domination of the white man, it has been known popularly as Newest England. Since the United States Atlantic fleet has been here, a matter of six days only, it has been called Newest America.

Admiral Sperry in one of his dozen or more addresses referred to the visit of the fleet as a mission of Anglo-Saxon peace. It delighted the people, and it was plain to see that if the overwhelming welcome of New Zealand had any other meaning than a spontaneous glad greeting to Americans as Americans it was a far cry, almost a notice, an ultimatum of the people, sent thousands of miles across the seas to Great Britain, that the people of this land, and of Australasia as well, intend that it shall remain a white man’s country; no Orientals need apply.

No welcome of the fleet up to this time surpassed that

given here in unrestrained and almost uncontrolled enthusiasm. California went fleet mad; New Zealand not only went fleet mad but it developed the new disease — fleetitis. As we are sailing out of Auckland’s beautiful harbor this morning the entire population is stricken with it. There is no specific for its cure; time alone can bring a slow recovery. The symptoms are akin to the heavy heartache that homesickness produces in its most advanced stage. Depression of spirits is the chief characteristic.

The only welcome that approached or nearly equalled New Zealand’s was that of Peru. Peru received the Americans almost literally with open arms and for special entertainments gave them a great bullfight and took representatives on a wonderful mountain trip up the Andes. New Zealand almost literally hugged the Americans and for special attractions put them in close touch with the Maori people, a magnificent race and the only savage people in the world never conquered by the white man, and in addition gave them a glimpse of their wonderful geyser-land, a marvel of the world.

As for those on the fleet, most of them are feeling that they are leaving a wonderland. Hawaii was dreamland, New Zealand is fairyland.

The Americans were astonished to find this little land, which has an area of one-seventh less than Great Britain and Ireland together, was a combined Norway, Switzerland, Italy, California, a Yellowstone in scenic beauty, and that it was an Iowa and eastern Kansas in soil fertility and an upper Michigan and Oregon in its grand forests and timber industries. As to its governmental experiments, it would be presumption for one who has been here less than

a week, and those six days one mad dash, to try to catch up with the various phases of hospitality, to write about either in criticism or commendation, to say nothing of endeavoring to give a mere narrative of what these experiments have been and are.

Perhaps the most significant fact that can be mentioned in respect to this is that a government has been established here where millionaires as Americans know them do not exist, but where the wealth of the people reaches the tremendous total of nearly \$1,500 a head, the highest in the world; where there is no poverty; where, as nowhere else in the world, the good old democratic doctrine of the "greatest good for the greatest number" is exemplified.

What is known as New Zealand's governmental creed is best expressed in a statement issued only three years ago by Mr. Seddon, the late Premier, one of the great men this country has produced, following in the footsteps of its greatest citizen and statesman, Sir George Grey:

"I believe that the cardinal aim of government is to provide conditions which will reduce want and permit the very largest possible number of its people to be healthy, happy human beings. The life, the health, the intelligence and the morals of a nation count for more than riches, and I would rather have the country free from want and squalor and the unemployed than the home of multi-millionaires. The extremes of poverty and wealth crush the self-respect of the poor and produce the arrogance of the idle rich. . . . A spirit of self-respecting independence already marks our people, and I would have the title New Zealander imply the world over a type of manhood strenuous, independent and humane."

Presumptuous as it would be to point out where this semi-socialistic scheme of government has succeeded or failed, this much may be said in sober truth, after much conversation and careful observation, that if healthier, happier, more prosperous human beings than the residents of New Zealand exist anywhere in the world the writer of this does not know where to find them.

Defects in the scheme? Lots of 'em; New Zealanders themselves will tell you so, and in great detail. Still something has been developed here in the way of government that has produced greater wealth and happiness and less poverty and misery than anywhere else, and one somehow gets the feeling that this experiment station is exhibiting results that sooner or later are bound to have the most far reaching effects, and that this little faraway land may be destined to occupy the proud place of leadership in the world in the way of providing happy and contented conditions of life, so far as any government can provide them.

And perhaps it would be just as well to mention a few salient facts about New Zealand before one releases his pent up enthusiasm about the wonderful things encountered here, especially the welcome and entertainment of this American fleet; a few hard, cold facts, such as every American should know and not one in a thousand does know. Here they are in hit and miss fashion:

New Zealand consists of two large and several small islands. The South Island is the larger of the two chief ones and has an area equal to about that of England and Wales. The North Island is a little more than one-seventh smaller than Scotland and Ireland. The climate is almost a duplicate of Italy's. The population of the Dominion

is almost exactly 1,000,000, of whom nearly 50,000 are Maoris. It has a death rate of 9.27 in a thousand.

Its total exports are about \$100,000,000 a year and its imports \$65,000,000. It ships about \$30,000,000 worth of wool a year, about \$12,500,000 worth of frozen meat, about \$11,000,000 worth of gold and \$10,000,000 worth of dairy products. It has 20,000,000 sheep, 2,000,000 cattle and 350,000 horses.

It was the first country to establish universal penny postage, the first to establish old age pensions, the first to assist settlers in buying farms, the first to establish compulsory arbitration for labor troubles, the first to adopt the policy of confiscating large estates and developing them for small settlers, the first British country to establish woman suffrage, the first British country to establish life, accident and fire insurance by the Government, the first to operate Government coal mines, the first to provide Government owned dwellings for workmen.

It has a Public Trust office to manage estates and the like and it is guaranteed by the Government to be "fool-proof and rogueproof." It has postal savings banks. It runs the railroads, telegraphs and telephones. It is beginning to run most of the other public utilities. It has natural water power estimated at 4,000,000 horse-power, most of it going to waste.

It has a peculiar land system — a long lease amounting to a freehold practically, an occupation lease with the right of purchase and a freehold by the sale outright for cash. The political parties are divided chiefly upon the land question, the minority being advocates of a larger amount of fee simple realty purchases. The workingman

gets the best of things in legislation, according to the rest of the people. Employers are so bound by legislation that they even insure the lives and safety of household servants and other employees, for they are mulcted heavily in case of death or accident. Education is compulsory, and there is an excellent university system.

The national debt is about \$130,000,000 and the value of public property is estimated at about \$135,000,000. The annual revenue is about \$40,000,000 and the annual expenditure about \$37,000,000. The postal savings banks have about \$50,000,000 in deposits, with about 300,000 depositors. The life insurance department has about 46,000 policies outstanding, representing about \$50,000,000 worth of insurance. The Government assists settlers with loans, numbering last year about 2,000 and amounting in money to about \$3,500,000. Since its establishment that department has assisted more than 11,000 settlers, and it now holds mortgages for about \$17,000,000. There have been no foreclosures of these mortgages.

The Government has spent nearly \$21,000,000 in buying up large estates and in opening them for settlement. The Cheviot estate in South Island is a notable example. It consisted of 84,000 acres, and up to 1892 was owned by one person. The Government seized it, broke it up into farms of from 50 to 100 acres, and now it supports a township, three villages, with a combined population of nearly 1,000. Several other large tracts owned privately have been treated in the same way. The Government owns 2,500 miles of railways. There are only 113 miles of privately owned railways in the dominion. New Zealand has produced about \$350,000,000 of gold in a little over forty

years. It has one of the largest gold mines in the world, one that pays an annual dividend of 60 per cent.

The North Island has vast tracts of kauri pine, immense gold and coal mining interests, the beautiful geyser-land, a large amount of animal industry and dairying and considerable agriculture. The South Island has the large agricultural tract on the east side known as Canterbury. In the centre is the vast Alpine region with snowclad mountains that rival those of Switzerland. On the west coast is the fjord country, some of which is more beautiful than that of Norway.

In that island also are the great waterfalls and a valley that is said to be similar to the Yosemite but of larger proportions. It has an immense area of lakes as beautiful and more numerous than those of Italy. One river in the dominion, the Whangnui, is pronounced to be more beautiful than the Rhine. There are immense glaciers. Indeed there is every phase of the beautiful and grand in nature that any country in the world seems to possess, and all this is packed away in one little place, the most remote part of which is not more than eighty miles from the sea.

All these attractions of nature are supplemented by an energy in the people which only a temperate zone can produce and a respect for law that probably no other Anglo-Saxon community can equal. New Zealand is really puritanical in its law and order policy. All saloons close at 10 P. M. Up at Rotorua some of the American naval officers had trouble in even getting into their hotels later than that hour. Vice hides itself completely in the cities, of which there are four in the Dominion — Auckland, with a population of 83,000; Wellington, the capital, 70,000;

Christchurch, 68,000, and Dunedin, 58,000. A puritanical community is not calculated to command the especial admiration of sailormen, but such was the hospitality of this land that despite the so-called drawback officers and bluejackets enjoyed themselves as they have in no other place the fleet has visited thus far.

And this brings us to the story of the welcome. From the first sight of Auckland harbor the American fleet seemed at home. Far out came all sorts of vessels with flags and banners and cheering multitudes to shout welcome. The ships were greeted with songs as well as with shouts. Warm as was the greeting at San Pedro in California, it did not reach the dimensions of this at Auckland. The harbor itself had a look of welcome.

One could almost imagine himself sailing into a Boston suburb. Although it was in the dead of winter, so propitious is the climate that the earth was covered with green. As hill after hill stood out one could see with glasses that it was black with people. Soon the red roofed houses, built largely in the fashion of New England homes, filled the landscape with a glow. Then the city came into view — a warm, friendly looking place sloping away on hill-sides and into valleys, with suburbs that spoke of contentment and prosperity.

The waterfront was thronged. Great signs of welcome were strung on bluffs and buildings. Flags were everywhere and the people seemed crazed with delight. Three English warships were in the harbor and at 9 o’clock the mudhooks of the American fleet went down after the Sabbath custom of no salutes had been broken by the boom of guns on the Connecticut, the land batteries and H. M. S.

Powerful, the flagship of Sir Richard Poore, vice-admiral of the British navy on the Australian station.

When one went ashore he was amazed at the decorations. Nothing so elaborate had been seen on this trip before. Of course the buildings were dressed lavishly in British and American bunting. You can only do so much and no more in that way, but the main highway, Queen street, was literally a bower from end to end.

At the wharf the landing stage was covered with palms and ferns and signs of "Kia Ora Koutou" (Maori for good luck) and "Haere Mai" (Maori for "Welcome to you"). About one hundred yards up the street was an immense arch with "Welcome!" on it. The entire length of the highway on both sides was festooned with the beautiful lycopodium fern. Every lamp post was dressed in palms. The trolley poles were painted in green and gold, typical colors of the country. Hanging across the highway were great banners, one from every town in the dominion, bidding the fleet welcome.

At night the electric lights were dazzling. It more than rivalled the illumination of the ships. Dozens of buildings rippled with the currents of waving light. A big map of New Zealand was in plain sight of all the harbor. Great signs of welcome blazed from bluffs and hills in glittering light. And with all these decorations went a crowd of shouting, gesticulating, hurrahing people that made one wonder if the population of Auckland was not 500,000. Every night Queen street was so blocked that all vehicular and tramcar traffic was stopped. Every night it was jammed with a mob of citizens and sailors hilariously happy. Every night it was a riot of good cheer, and in

the daytime it was with difficulty that one moved about.

The deepest note of hearty welcome came from Lord Plunket, King Edward’s representative, the Governor of New Zealand, at the official state banquet. He said, after declaring that the goal of the people of New Zealand was to “make this, the Britain of the South, a happier, healthier Britain”:

“We welcome you, not only as representatives of a great nation containing some 70,000,000 of white people, not only as sharing with us a common origin and a common language, but we welcome also this visible evidence of America’s increasing sea power with genuine, hearty and undisturbed satisfaction.

“It is true that for the safety of our empire, no matter the sacrifice, our navy must always be equal to a possible combination of two other great Powers, but let me remind you that though we have a full appreciation of the vast potential resources of America she has never been reckoned as one of such possible combination. But even that ‘two Power standard’ would not be enough if we had to support all that we have taken upon our shoulders in the past. For centuries the British Navy, almost apart from its country’s defence, has borne, almost alone, the burden of policing the seas, capturing the slaver, charting the oceans, overawing the tyrant, championing the oppressed.”

Of course there were great doings ashore. They began on Monday morning, the day after the arrival, when Admiral Sperry and his fellow officers began to receive the official welcomes. The visitors were met at the pier by Sir Joseph Ward, the Premier, and a lot of other offi-

cials, and gifts were presented and speeches galore made. Sir Joseph qualified repeatedly for his office of Premier, in the estimation of the Americans, by his wonderful ability to say the same thing — common origin, common language, common institutions and all the rest — in no less than half a dozen different ways. It takes an able man to do that, and Sir Joseph filled the bill.

Admiral Sperry also had to do some heavy talking. It's hard enough to boss a big fleet and bring it safely into port right on the minute, but to make no less than eight speeches a day! It is fortunate that Admiral Sperry is a mighty good speechmaker, but if this thing keeps up the United States will have to add a department of oratory to the Annapolis curriculum and make talkers of its sea-dogs.

After the welcome of the Dominion at the pier the Americans and others went in carriages and tramcars to a great hall and received the welcome from the city. Thousands crowded into the place. The speeches were happy, but the bright event of the day was the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by the great audience led by a trained choir. It was the unanimous opinion of the Americans that they had never heard it sung with such spirit. It made shivers of enthusiasm run up and down your spine. Then there was a parade of troops and school-boy cadets. Of course there were the usual dinners, garden parties and receptions, the ball at the Government House and club entertainments by the score, to say nothing of private functions. Jack came ashore and had the time of his life.

Aside from the entertainments by the Governor and Gov-

ernment the chief Auckland function was a special race meeting at the Ellerslie racetrack, one of the most beautiful in Australasia. It was a thoroughly English meet. The ladies wore their best finery and paraded the beautiful lawns. All the fashion of the place was there. You could bet with bookmakers or with the totalisator, as the French pool system is called. The beauty of the place was not realized until the steeplechases were run off. The horses went leaping over obstacles of various kinds and then they disappeared, only to reappear in the distance going up a hill. Then they entered a grove of trees, climbed far up a steep incline and appeared silhouetted against the sky on the horizon of an eminence higher than the double decked grand stand.

Down declines and up hills they romped and then they plunged down a descent that would test the mettle of an athlete to negotiate. It was a mighty trial for the merits of horseflesh. Over double hurdles and Liverpools, across green plains and again through the groves and around the edge of the cup shaped meadow against the sky they ran, and then it was a dashing finish for home with 15,000 persons madly yelling for this and that horse. The United States has no such racecourse and the outing was of a kind that stirred the blood.

Those who didn't go to the official functions found great enjoyment in visiting Mount Eden and One Tree Hill, extinct volcanoes, where the wonderful Maori terraces and crosscuts remain of the fortifications they made there. The view from the place is one of the finest in the world.

The great features of the Dominion welcome was the visit to the famous Rotorua thermal springs and a peep

into the geyser country. The Government owns Rotorua and the special occasion of the visit was the opening of a splendid new Government bathhouse. The actual object of the trip was to exhibit the real Maoris and to bestow upon the Americans a native welcome, such as has not been given since the Duke and Duchess of York visited this country nearly ten years ago.

It was on the Rotorua trip that the Americans got some idea of what the ancient Maoris must have been as a race and as warriors. One could fill columns with the details of their welcome. It was the most thrilling and savage exhibition any of the party had ever witnessed, and at the same time it was the heartiest greeting of good will that they received.

Moreover it had a peculiar interest for the Americans because it revealed the possible origin of the ubiquitous college yell that nowadays afflicts America, especially in the fall of the year. Those youngsters with dishevelled hair and megaphones and clenched fists and strained faces who stand out in front of grand stands and call for "three long ones" or something of that kind do not know what real yelling is or how to secure it — they are mere children at the game.

You've got to hear a Maori war cry before you know how to do concerted vocal exercise. The naval officers learned one of the cries, and if in 1909 the West Point cohorts are not cowed into a state of fright by a demoniacal shout it will be because these naval officers will not have been able to teach the Middies how to give this Maori yell to perfection.

The naval party went to Rotorua from the racetrack by special train. An amusing incident happened to two members of the Louisiana delegation. They were so intent on collecting bets that the train went on without them. They made their way up the line, for they were under orders to go with the party, as far as Hamilton, a lively little city that might have been moved bodily from central Kansas, so Western American has its aspect. In the morning their presence became noised about and the leading citizens made them welcome. For a joke it was suggested that the freedom of the city be given to them. A document was made out, and for the fun of it all the old phrases about common language and the like were put in. Then rusty old keys were affixed for adornment.

The address was printed, and so beautiful was the typographical work that when the documents were signed by the Mayor the others of the official party, to whom the certificates were exhibited when the belated ones caught up, took it seriously and the delinquents were regarded as especially favored by New Zealand. They were the only ones besides the Admiral to get an address of welcome and the freedom of a city conferred upon them. The certificates read:

To Messrs. — and —, U. S. S. Louisiana, Belated Members of the U. S. Naval Party to Rotorua.

GREETING: The municipality of Hamilton, N. Z., bids you welcome and presents you with the freedom of the city and its key. Your misfortune is our good fortune; your loss is our gain. We welcome you as brothers. We have a common ancestry, a common language, a common literature and common institutions. We remem-

ber that "Blood is thicker than water." Let our motto hereafter be "Hands Across the Sea."

WELCOME TO OUR CITY

JAMES S. BOND, Mayor.

HAMILTON, N. Z., August 13, 1908.

The main party arrived at Rotorua late at night. It is almost in the heart of North Island. The sulphur fumes filled the air, and in the bright light of the full moon one could see clouds of steam pouring from the earth in great fog banks all over the district. In the morning the visitors went to the Maori villages, walked among the boiling mud pools, saw the natives doing their cooking in them, put one hand in a stream of cold water and, only a foot away, held their fingers over a boiling pool.

The earth crust seemed too frail to step upon. On all sides jets of steam spurted into faces. You could paw away the sand in places and at a depth of from three to four inches it would become too hot to handle. It was a gruesome, uncanny place in which to live, and Maggie and Bella Papakura, the well known guides, with the dozen girls they had to assist them, made merry and also charmed all hands with their legends and pretty stories.

Then came the official welcome in town at the new bath-house. Admiral Sperry and the Prime Minister led the party into the grounds through an arch. Suddenly a crouching armed warrior, naked to the waist and in bare legs and feet, wearing only a native mat made from the fibre of hemp reaching from the waist to the knees, sprang up and gave a challenge. It was a wild cry of defiance. Another warrior joined him. "Come ye in peace or in

war?” was what they asked. They hurled blunted manuka sticks at the party and ran back to a dozen or more warriors crouching on the ground. The visitors hurried after them, just as Maori visitors used to do when they went calling.

Up rose the supporting party of warriors as the visitors came to a standstill. Then they dropped to the right knee. Again they rose at the word of command, and right then and there one got an idea as to how it came about that British soldiers never conquered these magnificent people. Bared to the waist, flourishing war spears, with leaps and jumps, with eyes rolling and tongues protruding in horrible grimaces, these men bade defiance.

Then it was that the possibilities of a college yell were realized. You can’t catch it from learning the words and trying to give it yourself, but here is what these warriors shouted:

Ka Mate Ka Mate
 Kaora Kaora
 Ka Mate Ka Mate
 Kaora Kaora
 Tini Te Tangata Po Hura Hura
 Nana Tiki Nini Faka
 Whiti Te Ra
 Hupani Hupani
 Kupani Kupani
 Whiti Te Ra.

No attempt is made at punctuation. It was all exclamation. The peculiar shadings and emphasis of vocal expression, the spirit, combined with the precision of fitting the words to the movements of bodies, made it tremendously effective. It caused the visitors to jump. There were

more grimaces, more flourishings of weapons, more of the wacry — and, by the way, it may be said that these natives are the best time keepers in the world — and then the warriors subsided with a great shout and a jump. They had indicated that they were ready for war or peace, but were glad it was peace.

Then came the welcome from the wahines, as the women are called, to the pakehas, as the foreigners are known. This was beautiful and gentle. They waved palm branches. They were dressed in bright colors. Some of them wore feathers in their braided hair. They were fully clothed. With shrill voices, something like the wail of American squaws, they sang their celebrated “Drag Hither the Canoe” song. Then they marched about in graceful formations, after which they led the party into the grounds.

The visitors seated themselves on a terrace and then two warrior parties met in front of a model Pa, as their meeting places or homes are called. Challengers were in the trees. The two parties advanced. They met. Flourishes of weapons, wild cries, concerted jumping, the women on each side behind to egg the warriors on with shrieks, marked the meeting. Then the two sides crisscrossed and intermingled. They held their spears aloft and went through a spear drill. They marched and countermarched, all the time shouting bloodcurdling yells, and finally with a resounding demonstration the visiting warriors were made welcome and the sports of the day began.

The chief feature of the entertainment was the poi dances by the women. Pois are little bulbs of the flax.

The pois had strings attached to them, and the dance consists of whirling them about to certain movements of the body. It was a revelation in time keeping.

It is not fitting that a mere observer for the first time should attempt to describe this wonderful dance. Here is an accurate and full description written by A. T. Ngata, an educated Maori:

The Poi balls commence to spin; the deft hands twirling them move up and down, sideways, backward, forward, hovering now over shoulders, now over and across knees, the whirling balls appearing to surround as with a network of gossamer the bodies of the dancers as they sway from side to side, lifting alternate feet and throwing one across gently forward with a lilting motion, giving the general effect of a waltz step.

The women are handsome and shapely; they wave with grace, they sing soft words of welcome with musical notes in exact accord of time in a strangely attractive monotone. With flashing teeth and smiling lips and beaming great eyes they keep their pois twirling and swaying with the daintiest play of arm and wrist and rhythmic swaying of bodies from side to side. Sometimes the song speaks of welcome and sometimes it grows sad and slows down to a weird lament. The whole effect is entrancing.

At length comes the end. As the pois flash overhead the command rings out. The poetry and motion cease at once, the flashing colors are still, the infinite variety of the faces gives place to a settled gravity, and at the same instant each poi ball glides down over the right breast of its owner and is caught firmly in her left hand. The single poi dance is over.

Then comes the double poi dance in two ranks, and it is thus described:

It opens with a quick schottische measure that causes the poi balls to beat and spin with amazing rapidity. Every now and then the ranks, which stand slightly extended, two deep, wheel by sections to the right, forming fours, to the accompaniment of the plaintive ditties and the weird notes of the flute or koauau.

Then one realizes in a flash the ingenuity of color arrangement, dark and white. As the poi faces the visitors, two deep, white alternates with black; as they form fours the white and black are grouped in sections apart; and on the returning to line the two colors come together again with beautiful effect. The whole is set off by the solid background of the crouching warriors with spears aslant, dug lightly into the earth.

Presently the music seems to glide into a seductive waltz. Before the second bar is reached there is a change in the ranks, which are now in quincunx formation, the white in front, the black in the rear showing between.

The rhythm having changed, the motion is subdued to a slow, gliding swing, the faces of the dancers half turned to the right. In their hands they now grasp two pois, one in each hand, and with these they bewitch all who gaze upon them. One whirls in a half circle from shoulder to head, while the other sinks from head to breast, to linger a brief moment ere both flash outward and circle down to meet at the knee.

With bodies swaying forward the dancers step lightly and bring the pois up, merrily playing round each other until level with the breast; then with a half turn the right poi glances outward and touches the next dancer on the shoulder, while the left poi lingers twirling at an angle to the left of the head. And ever the black and white change places, mingle or draw up into one long rank of alternate light and shade, or wheel to right or left in fours, to no command other than the unwearied strains of the quaint Maori music and song.

At length it ceases. The pois rest under the armpits of the dancers, who stand with folded arms and bow.

Even this vivid description fails to give an idea of this wonderful dance. There are a score of the dances, all with varying movements. It was the opinion of all that nothing more graceful, more rhythmic, more entrancing in the way of concerted movement and deft manipulation, dainty and delightful, was ever witnessed by an American party. The war dances and the powhiri, as this poi dance is called, being over, there came the haka or posture dances,

consisting of muscle contractions, and then came the welcome speeches by three chiefs. Kiahora delivered the big talk. He said:

“Welcome, welcome to Admiral Sperry and the American officers from the Arawas. Welcome to our distinguished visitors who are sprung from the same lineage as the Anglo-Saxons and our King, Edward the Seventh.

“We especially welcome you because the Maoris are a seafaring people and in the olden days, when your ancestors were hugging the coasts, they sailed in canoes all over the Pacific Ocean. Long before Columbus discovered your country or Lief the Red touched upon its shores our tribe came to New Zealand in the Arawa canoe from which we take our name.

“We have greeted you with a welcome from the warriors first because you are warriors. Had you not been warriors our women would have been the first to greet you. Again we, the Arawas, welcome you.”

The speech was interpreted to Admiral Sperry, who expressed his thanks for the great honors of the day. “Bully boy!” shouted a warrior, and there was a great laugh. Then came the presentation of gifts — kiwi feather mats, flax and fibre mats, tikis, meres, taiahas, pouwhenuas and other weapons, with the strange and wonderful carvings of the Maoris on them, a costly collection.

The most striking speech of the day was made by a chief who handed a beautiful spear to Admiral Sperry with these words:

“With this weapon we used to kill men. We Maoris no longer kill men; therefore I give it to you, a man of the sea, as you may have occasion to kill men. When you

use it first put this mat [removing the beautiful kiwi mat he was wearing on his shoulders] around you.”

Then they began to decorate the Admiral. No American naval officer ever presented such a picture as Admiral Sperry did when they got through with him. He had a huia feather in his derby hat — the visitors were in citizens' dress. Around his shoulders was a brown kiwi feather mat. Around his waist were two enormous war belts. In his right hand was a handsome mere, a sort of paddle shaped instrument of war, and in his left hand were a carved pouwhenua and a taiaha, both spears. The Admiral had to chuckle over the marvellous figure that he cut.

Well, that welcome kept up in the afternoon when all went out to the Wairoa geyser. The Admiral threw a bar of soap into the forbidding hole where the waters were growling and rumbling. In a few minutes an upheaval began.

It lumped itself above the surface once or twice and then it shot clear up with a series of spouts 120 feet high, and the wind caught the spray and made rainbows almost arching over the assembled party — fine omens for the visitors. The rest of the day was given up to bathing in the wonderful health giving waters of the baths, in visiting Maggie's house, otherwise Pa, in talking with the natives and exploring about the dangerous pools of bubbling mud and watching the steam clouds pouring for acres and acres from the ground.

And this was only a glimpse into Geyser-land. For miles and miles around it continues and there is a picture of one of the geysers — there are scores of them — spout-

ing no less than 1,500 feet in the air. Talk about the Yellowstone after that!

Then there were the great pink and white terraces, acres of them, that were overwhelmed by an eruption about twenty years ago, an eruption that sent an entire lake of water high into the air and left the bottom seventy feet higher than it was before. Oh, Geyser-land is full of wonderful things; would there was more room here to tell of them!

One can not be neglected, just a mere mention: It is the hot lake of Rotomahana, only twenty miles from Rotorua. At the lower end of the lake the water is quite cold. Going toward the upper end the water gradually gets warmer and warmer until when within a short distance of the shore it becomes actually boiling and the shore is shrouded with steam clouds that are almost impenetrable to the eye. This is only one of the many strange phenomena in this strange, strange land.

Interesting as was the Maori welcome, the visitors found the natives themselves much more interesting. The beauty of the women astonished them. They are chocolate in color and the younger ones are lithe. Their features are almost typically Grecian. Their eyes are wonderfully bright and they carry themselves with the air of nobility.

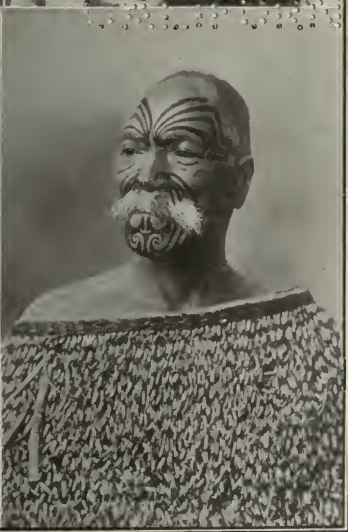
The men have long given up the practice of tattooing their faces. It was marvellous how they worked out those patterns. Some of the women still tattoo their lips and chins. It now indicates a marriage mark, but it mars the beauty of their faces wofully. They are gradually giving up the custom and are beginning to see that they are more beautiful if they forgo this painful operation of staining

their skins with a shell and the indelible ink they make from a root.

The writer went to Rotorua in a car where there was a young Maori matron of high rank. Like hundreds of the women, she was a graduate of the Maori College. She had as regular features as any Grecian maiden of old, but her chin was stained. You forgot it when she smiled and her face lighted up with merriment. She was the life of the car. When she spoke it was with as soft a voice as was ever given to one of her sex. Her English was delightful in its pronunciation and the diction was absolutely free from slang.

She wore a Paris hat and it was tied down with an automobile veil. She had some of the native embroidery on her gown and she wore diamonds on her fingers. She told of the legends of her people. She entered into delightful repartee from time to time, but never a touch of the colloquial in her large vocabulary — why, it was enough to make almost any man fall in love with her at first sight, tattooed chin and all, and you could understand to some extent why the whites had intermarried with these people. She was a glorious creature, refined, educated, vivacious, a born aristocrat!

One could then understand why these people hold themselves above ordinary folk. You can never get one for a servant. They are now a petted race and they have come to presume that due honor will be paid to them simply because they are the proud people they are. They feel they have the right to be proud. The English had to compromise with them. They are the aristocrats. And if you ever wish to hear English speech spoken in the softest,



YOUNG MATRON
MAORI CHIEF

MAORI PRINCESS
MAORI CHIEF



richest, sweetest tones in the world spend an hour in conversation with one of these educated chieftainesses of the Maoris and you’ll never forget it. You can also understand the patriotism of the men, whose proudest saying is: “The death of the warrior is to die for the land!”

One feels reluctant to close any article on New Zealand without telling more of its wonders and beauties than this story even indicates. Limits to space forbid any description of the great kauri pine forests, of the kauri gum which goes to make varnish in America, of the marvellously beautiful greenstone, harder than jade and much more beautiful, from which the Maoris make some of their most highly prized religious and family emblems and which they will scarcely sell at any price; of the great Franz Joseph and Fox glaciers on one side of the Alps and half a dozen others on the opposite side; of the dozen peaks clad in perpetual ice that are more than 10,000 feet high; of Mount Egmont, almost a replica of Fujiyama; of the great lakes in the centre of South Island; of the wonderful Clinton Cañon, twice as long as the Yosemite and a little wider, with walls higher than those of El Capitan and thin bridal veil waterfalls leaping from them and with the floor of the cañon carpeted by a dense forest and a river running through it — the Yosemite outdone; of the wonders of the fjord region, especially Milford Sound with its Mitre Peak and its vast walls of rock rising vertically from the water for a distance of more than a mile, a sight that can be seen nowhere else in the world; of the Sutherland Falls, 1,904 feet high, and scores of other waterfalls hundreds of feet high.

And these are only a few of the things which nature,

bountiful, terrible or genial, has scattered broadcast in this little land. There is no room to tell of the flora and fauna — of the kiwi bird, one that has no wings; of the kea bird, or hawk, that kills 50,000 lambs a year by descending on them and tearing their kidneys out, the flesh eating bird refusing to taste any other choice morsel than lambs' kidneys; of the flowers and native trees. Nor is there room to speak of the moderns that now inhabit the land and their progress and hopes and life in general.

The visit came to an end swiftly. The night before we left a company of local singers came down to the landing stage at Auckland and sat there until after midnight, until the last liberty party had been started for the ships, singing American songs and good-by songs known the world over. It was a pretty compliment. The sailors cheered them madly as song after song was finished. The last launch of the Louisiana with two whaleboats filled with sailors left just after midnight. The local singers sitting on the stringpiece of the wharf and huddled together in the chill with the moon at the full sang "Louisiana Lou" to us. And then when we had got started and were well out in the harbor there came the strains of "Give My Regards to Broadway."

Can you wonder that those bluejackets cheered? Can you wonder that they became almost deadly still when, as a final good-by song, there came over the water the strains of "Auld Lang Syne"? And lest you may think the writer too overwrought about New Zealand read how M. M. Shoemaker, writing in the "Islands of the Southern Seas," dated from the Union Club in New York on September 1, 1897, summed up his conclusions:

“Truly for so small a country New Zealand is a wonderland. In North Island are the geysers and the gold. In South Island there are these beautiful lakes and mountains, as well as gold. Here are glaciers rivalling any in the world in beauty, fjords surpassing all others in grandeur.

“If you wish to lead the life of a shepherd there are 2,000,000 sheep here to care for. If you want gold every creek and valley holds it. Do you want rabbits? Well, come here and the authorities will pay you two-pence for every skin you take.

“And as for the birds, I have never heard more beautiful melodies than are poured downward from the boughs of New Zealand trees. One could almost believe from the notes which come flooding down from yonder golden songster that Siegfried’s bird had come here to dwell when his mission ended near the Drachenfels. His song ends with the setting of the sun, and we, weary of the outer world, find it pleasant to return to our comfortable inn, and sitting by a roaring fire gaze into its glowing depths or out through open windows upon the silent majesty of these eternal snows.”

After that perhaps you can understand the mood of Kipling, who wrote this of Auckland after only a brief stay:

Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart —
On us, on us, the unswerving season smiles,
Who wonder ’mid our fern why men depart
To seek the Happy Isles.

It used to be said — and it’s almost a shame to drag out its resurrected bones — “See Paris and die!” Paraphras-

ing the saying, ridiculous in these days, one may say in truth to those who seek nature's glory in its richest beauty:

"See New Zealand and live!"

KIA ORA — New Zealand.

August 7 — This is Friday; yesterday, out here in the South Pacific, was Wednesday. During the night we lost twenty-four hours, all of Thursday's activity and rest. We crossed that boundary between days, the international date line, and one whole day has gone out of the lives of every one of the nearly 15,000 men on this fleet; 15,000 days lost in the aggregate, a matter of time equal to more than forty-one years of a man's life.

And it has all gone; why? Because that cold blooded thing known as science says it has; because that remorseless and perverse web of mental processes known as mathematics says it has. And yet we went to bed last night and after eight hours sleep got up this morning as usual. How could we lose a day?

When you are right on the job and know you haven't lost any day, and all those yarns are fairly tales, you can appreciate the frame of mind Brother Jasper was in when he solemnly declared: "The sun do move!" and you can also subscribe with your whole heart to the sentiment once expressed editorially by The Sun: "Mathematics is 'an ass!'"

Here they tell us, and all that part of the United States navy steaming 'round these parts agrees to it without a whimper, that we have lost one sunrise, one sunset, and all the joy and labor and rest and zest in between those two beautiful manifestations of nature, and also have lost a

whole night’s sleep with its dreams — and how one dreams at sea, especially when you are 7,000 or 8,000 miles away from home! — and you can perceive with your own senses it isn’t so — well, of all strange things! And they have the supreme impudence to say also that if you come back this way you’ll get that day back, when you know that the next day to Wednesday is always Thursday and not another Wednesday; but if you keep on going westward, as this fleet will do until it reaches the eastern shores of the United States, the folks at home will have had one more day of life than you have! Balderdash!

We on this fleet have had all that is coming to us in the way of daylight and darkness and we simply know it — only an imp of darkness, such as mathematics, would try to convince us otherwise. Didn’t a master at arms who has sailed every sea for a score of years and more and who has been tumbling men out of their hammocks for years with “Heave out and lash up! Rise an’ shine! Break out o’ here!” and who has actually been known to cuss in doing it, settle the matter this morning when the argyfiars got going it too strong and offering to bet all the good money saved up from pay day early this week to spend in Auckland:

“Easy there, or by all the smokin’ seas o’ a wicked sou’wester you’ll provoke me ter profanity! Jimminy-cripes! Didn’t I stow youse fellers in your hammicks Wednesday night? An’ didn’t I rout youse out, rise an’ shine, at 5 o’clock nex’ mornin’? D’ye mean ter tell me youse fellers slept from Wednesday night until Friday mornin’ ’thout me comin’ ’roun’ and hittin’ yer with me light stick on yer number, th’ only decent place a man

ought ter hit another when he ain't lookin'? Does youse t'ink I was sleepin' all that time, too? Well, not if the first luff knows his biz, an' betcherlife he does! I tell yer this is T'ursday, not Fish Day. Don't youse fellers t'ink youse got all that good sleep in! Don't be farmers an' haymakers!"

And then the master at arms rolled away with a twinkle in his eye and as solemn a look as a binnacle has when the sea's like a mill pond and the ship couldn't yaw if she wanted to. The master at arms settled it; this really is Thursday.

CHAPTER III

FLEETITIS, A NEW DISEASE

Warm Welcome Given to Our Battleships in Australia—Yankee Sailors Received With an Unexcelled Demonstration of Friendly Feeling From the Time Sydney's Beautiful Harbor Was Sighted—Fear of the Yellow Peril Made the Greeting More Hearty—A Week of Parading, Celebrating and Banqueting—Wonders of Australian Natural Beauties—Advantages, Needs and Aims of the Australian Commonwealth—Sydney's Charming Outdoor Life.

U. S. Battle Fleet,

SYDNEY, N. S. W., August 27.

IF ever a writer had a difficult task it is that of attempting to describe or give any adequate idea of the intensity of the greeting that came to the Atlantic fleet here in Sydney, known as the leading city of the Australian Commonwealth. It is almost impossible to put in cold print anything that will tell fittingly the story of the enthusiasm and the sentiment that inspired a demonstration which simply overwhelmed not only those who received it but those who gave it.

When the fleet reached San Francisco last April those on the ships who had seen the greetings at all the stops around South America thought that the utmost limit had been reached in what was called fleet frenzy. When the fleet reached Auckland they found a still warmer greeting than the mad enthusiasm of the California coast had furnished. They called that enthusiasm there fleetitis.

Well, fleetitis is raging all over the Antipodes just now.

It leaped across the Tasman Sea with tremendous rapidity and we have found that all Australia is jumping mad in its delight and desire to do even more than Californians or New Zealanders could do in the way of showing unlimited and prodigious hospitality.

This beautiful city of Sydney is known as the greatest outdoor city in the world. It is a holiday loving folk that people it. The reddest blood that runs in Anglo-Saxon veins runs here. In addition to being an outdoor people the Australians are the leading pastoral people of the world, and this of course gives an energy and a heartiness which of itself is unique. All their reserve energy and heartiness apparently had been bottled up for weeks and months, and it was let loose with the force of a volcanic explosion when the fleet arrived.

You can say that the whole people were behind its display, and you can point to the speeches and make mention of the cheers and throngs; you can tell about the banquets and dinners and concerts and garden parties and drives and receptions and excursions — you can write of these in a narrative or descriptive form, but when you have done all that somehow you feel as if you had only scratched the surface and had left untold the real and vital story of a most remarkable people in a most remarkable country.

Perhaps a word of verse may illuminate this aspect of the welcome. Roderic Quinn in "The House of the Commonwealth" gives some indication of it all in these words:

We sent a word across the seas that said,
"The house is finished and the doors are wide.
Come enter in.

A stately house it is, with tables spread,
Where men in liberty and love abide
With hearts akin."

Before daylight on the morning of Thursday, August 20, when the fleet was somewhere about thirty miles off the heads of Sydney harbor, the officers on the bridges began to realize that something unusual was about to happen. A large oceangoing steamer laden down with Sydney folk appeared in the gloom and tossing in the rough sea. It had come out to give us the first greeting of welcome. The sea was so rough that there were few cheers and no hails from that steamer in the dark. When dawn came another steamer approached, and as the headlands of Botany Bay, six miles below Sydney, stood out it was seen that numerous other craft, large and small, were heading out.

By 8 o'clock in the morning there were fully a dozen large oceangoing steamers packed to the gunwales out to meet us. Then came the smaller fry, and by 9 o'clock the ocean off the Sydney heads was so covered with craft that it resembled the scene off Sandy Hook during a yacht race for the America's cup. All the ships were dressed with flags and continuously the sound of cheering swept over the water, and the infection of it all so got on the sailormen's nerves that it was difficult to restrain enthusiasm and enforce strict discipline as to immobility of countenance and action on board an American war ship no matter what is going on outside.

By request of the authorities Admiral Sperry approached the coast in the neighborhood of Botany Bay, the place that first made Australia famous. There were

many eager eyes scanning the shores of this sheet of water. The general idea had been that the first convicts sent from England to this country were landed there and that thereafter Botany Bay became one of the hell holes of the earth. The fact is that no convicts were ever landed there.

Gov. Phillip, who brought the first load over, went into Botany Bay and didn't like it, and then sailed north to Port Jackson, the Bay of Sydney, and landed there. Botany Bay therefore was not the dreadful place that so many people supposed it to be, and as soon as the fact became known it lost some of its interest to the American sailors.

Admiral Sperry stood to the southward and then made a full turn to the north to come up along the coast. The glimpse into Botany Bay showed it was the home of people occupying a large suburb of Sydney, and it was peculiarly attractive in the morning light, with the pretty red roofs of cottages in the sun and the green stretches of the fields apparently as fresh as if it were spring instead of midwinter.

Then came the counter march up the coast, with the marine escort of madly waving people and ships, big and little, tossing about in the heavy sea. It was difficult even for the warships to keep a perfect alignment. The plan had been for Admiral Sperry to arrive at 11:30 A. M. The reason for this was that the authorities wished to clear the harbor and give him ingress free from the possibilities of collisions. The Admiral had more than an hour to spare and so the fleet loafed along. When about half the distance out of South Head had been covered the offi-

cers and men got their first adequate idea of what Sydney's welcome was to be. Off Coogee Bay they could see thousands upon thousands of people on the bluffs. From there clear up to the entrance of the harbor the high cliffs and stony declivities were simply a mass of human beings; they were like the pictures of so many thousands of wild birds on rocks and headlands, pictures that have been brought to us at times from explorers in the far seas.

There were few spaces vacant, and the general exclamation was: "Is this another New York?" Where all the folks came from no one could imagine. They were out there by the hundreds of thousands. Admiral Sperry arrived at the narrow entrance to the harbor half an hour before it was time to enter, and he turned his fleet seaward and went out about five miles, and then gave the spectators a simple exhibition of the manœuvring of warships, when he made a complete turn and headed straight into port. When the north head of the harbor came into view it was seen that it was as black with people as the cliffs toward the south. Again the wonder was where the masses could have come from.

Sydney is probably half as large again as San Francisco, but there seemed to be three times as many people on the cliffs and bluffs as there were inside the Golden Gate. The crowd seemed so much larger at Sydney than at San Francisco because it was more concentrated. As the ships entered the heads the people here had the finest opportunity of observing the American fleet that was ever presented to the people of any port in the world. The headlands are from 300 to 400 feet high, and those who climbed to their tops could look down on the fleet, and

it almost seemed could toss a biscuit on board any of the vessels.

At first the people were silent; they seemed overawed. They undoubtedly had fancied what an American fleet would look like, but the actual aspect in the gleaming, beautiful morning, the white hulls showing magnificently against the blue sea, apparently dazed them. It was more imposing than they had anticipated, and the tremendous show of sea power stilled them into awesome admiration. You see, they are not used to battleships down this way, and the glimpse of sixteen of them all in motion and the guns trained abeam was almost a little too much for the warmhearted Sydney people.

As soon as the Connecticut turned southward in Port Jackson and began curving through the channel in the four-mile reach up to Sydney the people woke up. On every point there seemed to be a band playing "The Star Spangled Banner," and from headland after headland, hill upon hill, slope after slope, there came the outburst of cheers. It lasted all the way in till the mud hooks went down, and it lasted an entire week, and even as this is being written, as the fleet is sailing away, faint cheers of hearty farewell are heard across the water outside the headlands as the ships are beginning to dip their prows in the two days' jaunt to Melbourne.

"What do you think of our harbor?"

That is the first question that any true Sydney citizen asks of the visitor. It reminded one of the question they put to us first in Auckland. That question was, "What do you think of New Zealand?"

The newspaper men of the fleet thought it was a de-

licious piece of roguery on the part of the New Zealanders and that they were railing us over the habit that used to exist in the United States of asking a similar question of every distinguished citizen from a foreign land before he had actually gone down the gangplank and set foot on shore. But in Sydney we knew that there was no suspicion of roguery in the question they asked about the harbor. There is simply one answer to be made to such a question, and it is this: It is a magnificent sheet of water.

Sydney people like to be told it is the finest harbor in the world. They have so been told by thousands of visitors, and most of the residents believe it. It is within the limit of truth to say that it is one of the finest harbors in existence, that the United States has none that can equal it in beauty and ease of access and that the entire American continent, north and south, has only one that can surpass it. It is that of Rio Janeiro.

The first glimpses of the city were very pleasant to American eyes. One felt as if sailing into a home port. Sydney is extremely modern in the architecture of its homes, and has learned how to make an effective appearance. The homes are set upon hillsides and in other places where they may be seen from a distance. The red roofs have a semi-tropical appearance, but the verandas and the outdoor adornments of grounds all indicate an Anglo-Saxon love of home, and it made one's heart feel warm after coming so many thousands and thousands of miles across the sea.

Like the harbor at Auckland, this one also has an aspect resembling that of Boston. On hills, on rolling country, heavily wooded, comfortable homes, dedicated

primarily to the worship of fresh air and good health, were visible. Here and there what might be called palatial homes were in sight. Occasionally what might be called a castle stood out. The city itself, with its teeming, bustling life, and the buildings practically like those found in every American city, was most friendly in aspect, and the word went around the ships long before any one was allowed ashore that this was just like getting home again.

When the first of the landing parties reached shore there was a hurried exploration of the surroundings generally. We found the city decorated more elaborately than even Auckland had been. All the bunting in Australia seemed to be concentrated here, and it was arranged in every conceivable shape and form. A court of honor was erected in the broad street on which the post office faces, and across the highways where the official parades were to take place there were streamers and bunting and innumerable kinds of green decorations until it seemed as if some one had gone out into the country and captured a large bit of fairyland and brought it in.

The visitors as they wandered about the city found that the resemblance between Sydney and Boston was extremely marked. Both are hilly. Both have narrow, crooked streets, due to the peculiar conditions on which they were settled. Both have an architecture of homes and of public buildings that are closely alike. Of course Sydney cannot approach Boston in the number and extent of crooked streets, but it is a close second in the matter of narrow highways. It also has one of the most attractive of the many parks practically right in the centre of the town, just as Boston Common is situated, and therefore any man

who is from down East on the fleet felt himself at home immediately.

It was good to be in a place where the English language was spoken; it was good to feel the glow of sincere welcome from these cousins, and it was extremely good to be in a town that looked like home. This sentiment was voiced in a most vigorous manner by an American tar, who looked up and down George street and then said:

“Gee, this looks so much like home that I think I’ll go out to some place or other and ask for a plate of Boston baked beans!”

The decorations at night were so extensive that one might almost fancy himself in the neighborhood of Coney Island. As you stood on the deck of the ship and looked to the shore you saw domes and towers and steeples and broadsides of buildings and cornices, even little niches, ablaze with light arranged in every conceivable form and twinkling with the ardor of the glad-hand character of the reception. And then the throngs which had been spread over the oceanside and approaches to Sydney got back to town, most of them having to walk and to spread themselves through the streets at night. It was almost impossible to move in the jam.

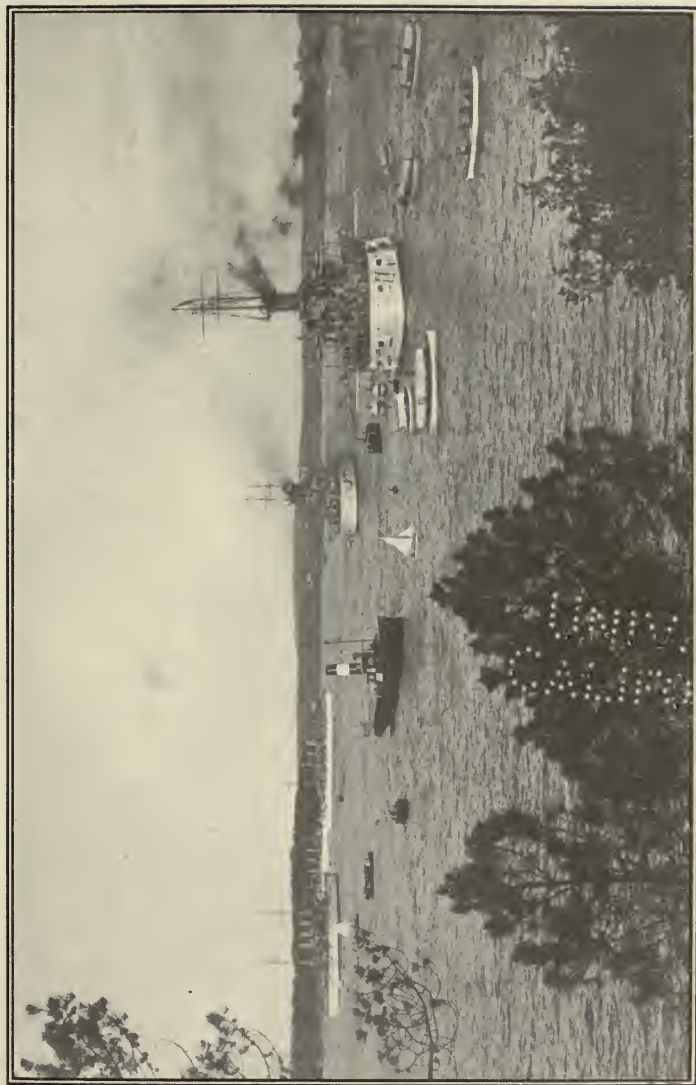
Every one was lighthearted. There were cheers and shouts and song and laughter going up constantly; and as the people jostled and shoved and pushed about it was one grand jollification at night that resembles the fun that goes on in the streets of American cities on election night after the result is known and only the happy ones remain in sight. The British ensign may float over the Commonwealth, but there is a heap of Yankeeism in the makeup

of these people, and it really is not a hackneyed saying to declare they are our cousins.

The official welcome, of course, was in accord with all requirements of rank and reserve of speech, and observance of punctilious things that go with such matters, but behind it all there was to be observed on every hand the fact that it was in no sense perfunctory. The men of the Government, from the Governor-General to the lowest official, meant what they said. Australia, and New South Wales, especially, was mighty glad to have the fleet come. Not only did it serve the purpose of expressing extreme good will to a people who resemble their own more than the people of Great Britain do, but it served the purpose of letting the people of the United States know something of the attractions of this wonderful continent in the Antipodes.

And through it all there ran as a deep undertone one sentiment, which is making headway just at present among all Anglo-Saxon people, and that is a demand that the government of Anglo-Saxon lands shall be a white man's government. In scores of the public speeches that were made there were references to the absolute intention to make Australia a white man's country and to keep it so.

You could see that what the people here dread most is that through indifference in the home country, or through the non-understanding of situations in the Pacific, an influx of Orientals may take place into this fair land, which needs settlers by the million, and that it is a real yellow peril that they fear. They are bound to keep this a white man's country, and if the enthusiasm over the arrival and stay of the fleet meant anything unusual beyond the lim-



FLEET SCATTERED IN SYDNEY HARBOR

its of cordial and conventional and unconventional hospitality, it meant that these people were glad to greet the American idea in respect to avoiding a yellow peril, and it also meant that there was a desire that Great Britain should take note of what this real need of Australia is and of the temper of the people concerning it.

Probably that was the most significant undertone of the entire welcome and one of the lasting effects, aside from the increase of knowledge and the exhibition of reciprocal good will, will be this increased determination, expressed only indirectly to be sure, that the people of this Commonwealth mean to make and keep this a white man's country. These references to Australia's most profound aspirations and hopes were always in the nature of asides, but they were none the less as pronounced as the expressions of international friendship were hearty.

One thing that was remarkable almost for its complete absence. The new South Wales officials and people generally did not overdo, and in fact scarcely referred to the topic unless it was necessary, the hackneyed expressions of common ancestry, common language and common institutions, and all that sort of thing.

You see New Zealand had the first whack at that and when the Premier, Sir Joseph Ward, and the Governor, Lord Plunket, and all the Mayors and other officials got through waving that fabric before the eyes of the Americans it was, to use an American phrase, almost frayed to a frazzle. The poor old common heritage business was nearly in rags and tatters. The New South Wales people merely mentioned it as an incident and the Prime Minister, Alfred Deakin, and the Governor-General, Lord Northcote,

steered clear of it all and did it in such a way as to excite the admiration of those Americans who always sigh when those old worn out phrases, that are tottering and ought really to be laid to rest in the grave, are brought out for public exhibition.

Any future Ambassador from America to the Court of St. James's ought to visit New South Wales before going to Great Britain and get points as to how to make a good speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet without making millions of his countrymen weary when he recalls that both nations come from common stock, "speak the language of Shakespeare," have a common heritage and all the rest — every American knows the whole sad story.

These people really were clever in the way they avoided that usually tiresome rubbish. It may be that some one sent a tip on beforehand, but the truth probably is that they are wise in their generation and in their time. Here is a sample of the way the Prime Minister put it:

"May our cordiality convince our King that even the giant strength of majestic battleships counts for less than the strength of the invisible ties drawing us together united in affection, in our heritage of freedom and in humane ideals."

You can see that underneath those words there is the idea of a common heritage and all that, but it was framed so neatly that you felt grateful to Mr. Deakin for the way in which he did it. And, by the way, if you wish to hear unusually fine oratory you should hear Mr. Deakin speak. He is the William J. Bryan of Australia. He is nearly as rapid in his oratory as the late Phillips Brooks was, and he has the fluency and florid language of a West-

ern stump speaker. If he ever gets out of a job and wants to get back in public life and can't do it here he'd make a hit as an American citizen, and it wouldn't be long before he was elected Governor or something, and if ever an American national convention is to be stampeded again by a "Cross of Gold" speech, why, Mr. Deakin in the course of time might even hope to be nominated for President, barring constitutional limitations, such is the force and brilliancy of his oratory.

Mr. Deakin's official welcome at the great State banquet, which was given in the Town Hall of Sydney, one of the finest meeting places in any building of the world, also took on this striking form:

"The Great White Fleet of our cousins which now lies in our harbor can scarcely be designated a vestal of peace, but that fleet and others will, I venture to say, be considered a harbinger of arbitration.

"We Australians, when we turn our gaze from our merely local interests, are bound to look seaward, and we do look northward, we look toward the mother country, and what do we see? We see there the might of Britain's naval power.

"When we look northward we find the squadrons of China and other nations and we also find to the eastward the navy under the Stars and Stripes, to the representatives of which we are extending a welcome to-night.

"No other flag but that of Great Britain would receive such a welcome as we are extending to the United States fleet."

Of course, all the newspapers had similar words of welcome and every editorial article printed not only

breathed the heartiest good fellowship toward America, but said the fleet's arrival would be of immense value to the Commonwealth in awakening the interest of the world to the possibilities and potentialities of this far off Anglo-Saxon continent.

As is usual in all ports the fleet has visited, especially English speaking ports, the poets got busy and there was a fine crop of verse. Professionals and amateurs alike vied with one another in their intense desire to say "Hail and Farewell" in rhyme. The wastepaper baskets of the newspaper offices were filled with the output, and when they overflowed the poets actually took to sending their effusions to the American correspondents on board the war-ships, who received enough poems by mail to keep them sitting up several hours late at night in merely opening them. They got enough of them to start the galley fires.

The fleet arrived on August 20 at noon, and formal calls on the Government officials were made and the calls returned that afternoon. This was followed in the evening by a formal dinner to the Admirals and commanding officers by the Governor-General, Lord Northcote, in the Government House in the Inner Domain. Large parties of the men went ashore and mingled with the throngs in the streets and attended the theatres and public and private receptions in the evening.

The next day there came a tremendous demonstration of popular affection for the Americans. It had been arranged that there should be a parade of the sailors and marines. There came near being a hitch over the matter, because it became known that the authorities expected our bluejackets and marines to parade without arms. Of

course that would have been unmilitary and would have deprived the show of its chief dignity.

Admiral Sperry got in touch with the authorities and made known his disinclination to have a force of 2,500 men appear without their rifles. All hands felt that a parade of this kind would take on something of a clownish character, and that if the men did not carry their rifles they would probably be throwing kisses to the pretty girls and raising high jinks generally, despite the efforts of the officers.

As soon as Admiral Sperry's wishes were known they were complied with and about one-sixth of the fighting force of the ships were landed on Friday morning and assembled in the public domain, only a short distance from the Government House and the centre of the city. They were marched to an inclosure on the domain, where they stood at attention in front of a beautiful pavilion that had been erected there. The Governor-General, the Prime Minister, the Premier and the Mayor all greeted Admiral Sperry and his fellow officers with short addresses and then the Admiral made a reply, one of the score he has had to make as a rapid transit speaker in this city. After the formal ceremonies were over the sailor boys were marched through the leading thoroughfares of the city in the presence of a madly cheering throng.

No such enthusiasm has been witnessed by Americans in any parade since the day George Dewey came sailing back to New York and his sailors and marines went swinging down Fifth avenue. It was a wild, wild hurrah time and the streets and buildings throughout the route were simply jammed. In some places the school children were

assembled to sing to the sailors as they marched by. This was notably effective at St. Mary's Catholic Cathedral, and, by the way, the Cathedral presented one of the most striking illuminations of the city at night, when the Southern Cross was displayed in electric lights on its tower. Probably 500 children sang an ode written for the occasion by Roderic Quinn and entitled "Hail! Men of America, Hail!" This was one of the stanzas:

In the name of our Golden Australia,
Our land of the little-way won,
Whose dreams are as wide as her heavens,
Whose heart is as warm as her sun,
Whose speech is the speech of your millions,
Whose prayer is the prayer that you pray,
We'll hold you as brothers, strong brothers,
For ever and ever and aye!
The Powers of the earth are as lions
That scent afar feast on the gale;
For the sake of our race of the future
Hail! men of America, Hail!

After the parade the sailors and officers were entertained at luncheons, and that night came the State banquet at the Town Hall. This dinner was one of the finest functions that the Americans of the fleet had ever seen. The Town Hall of Sydney is a noble building. The great meeting place inside is said to be the largest of the kind in the world. Its acoustic properties are excellent. It was decorated with a wealth of greens and flags. It has galleries around three sides, and these were filled with beautifully dressed women, and it is no exaggeration to say they are the fairest of Australia's flowers. If you could enlarge the galleries of the Waldorf-Astoria fifty

times and fill them with the best and most beautiful specimens of American womanhood, dressed in their most striking gowns, you might have some idea of the aspect of those galleries on the night of that dinner.

The military uniforms of those who dined — Australian, British, American — lent color to the scene, and the entire effect was heightened by a beautiful arrangement of flowers and plants and other decorations in front of the magnificent organ back of the rostrum, an organ which up to three years ago was the largest in the world and whose power thrills a man completely as he listens to it for the first time.

It also thrilled one to hear how “The Star Spangled Banner” was sung in Australia. At every official function where it was possible to have a chorus a large body of trained voices was heard, and the spirit and vim put into the American national anthem made one wish that we paid a little more attention to it in our own country. Of course there were the usual balls and at homes, and there were fireworks and gymnastic entertainments and receptions galore.

The entertainments the Americans enjoyed most thoroughly were the excursions to the various places round about Sydney. Some of them went to Newcastle and saw the beauties of the Hawkesbury River, which Anthony Trollope once said was the second Rhine, and in some respects “beats the Rhine.” A very large number of the officers went up into the Blue Mountains. These are several ranges of hills from 3,000 to 4,000 feet high which run along the east coast of Australia from north to south and from sixty to eighty miles inland. A beautiful deep

blue haze hangs over them and enshrouds their valleys, and hence the name.

The Americans who went there were delighted beyond expression with what they saw. The Sun correspondent went to a place called Medlow Baths, where a merchant of Sydney named Mark Foy has established a vast estate and has spent his money lavishly in building a great resort which does not begin to pay its own expenses. The maintenance of this is a fad with Mr. Foy, and he meets the deficits gladly because of his love of nature and his desire to permit others to enjoy it with him.

His hotel is situated on the brink of a precipice half a mile above a grand valley which resembles the Grand Cañon of the Colorado more than any other place on earth. The view is simply bewildering in its grandeur, and nearby there are other magnificent outlooks that make one feel that if he wished to see what nature did in its angriest of moods millions of years ago there is no better place in which to see it than in Australia, excepting in the Grand Cañon.

In this place in the mighty hills one finds a single corridor of a hotel 600 feet long and the walls lined with beautiful oil paintings which the owner has collected and bought in the various countries of the world. This was one of the places the Americans have encountered where they could actually rest a little. They could see the famous Australian bush here and understand what it really means. They could look out on the grandest beauties of nature and breathe as pure mountain air as was ever provided for the people of earth.

And then when they went about the Blue Mountains

on various trips they saw scores of waterfalls, some of them as high as 900 feet, scattered in the various valleys pouring over lofty and beautiful cliffs. The Blue Mountains themselves are not very high, it is true, but when the intense heat of summer comes in this region they are accessible even to the poor, and they are a veritable godsend to this country.

Not far away from Medlow Baths are the famous Jenolan Caves, which are undoubtedly the most beautiful caves in the world. It takes days and days to go through their recesses. There are caverns in them where you could stow St. Peter's of Rome. Every form and shape of stalactite and stalagmite is known there. Miles and miles of the caves are lighted by electricity, and it is a weird wonderland beneath the ground.

The highest mountain in Australia is Mount Kosciusko, which is only about fifteen hours from Sydney, and which at this time of the year is snowclad. It seems strange to meet men wearing straw hats in town here in this, their winter season, who tell you that only yesterday they were snowshoeing on Mount Kosciusko, and up there there are whole villages of miners, the people of which can not get out except on snowshoes.

On Sunday, August 23, there was a great military church parade of the Australian soldiery to Centennial Park, where services were held in the open air and colors were presented. The next day our sailor boys went ashore again to participate in a fine review in the same park of about 14,000 military, and the same enthusiasm marked their appearance as when they paraded in Sydney. More balls and dances and receptions occupied the days, one

after the other, of the stay. On Tuesday there was a great gymkhana, where native bushmen were brought down from Queensland to throw spears and boomerangs, and where there were contests in wood chopping, sheep shearing and buck jumping. It was the Wild West all over again, given in Australian style.

Probably the most interesting performance of the entire stay was a great public school display at the cricket ground where thousands of school children dressed in various colors made mammoth British and American flags on the beautiful sward and also went through various drills. They were simply marvellous. The sight of these enthusiastic youngsters giving this picturesque welcome to the fleet moved the heart of every American who saw it.

And so the official parts of the welcome came to an end. It is not necessary to catalogue all the events, but one more might be mentioned especially. It was the great religious service given by the Catholics at St. Mary's Cathedral on Sunday morning, where Cardinal Moran presided at high mass to celebrate the safe arrival of the Americans. It was followed by a great banquet at the Town Hall, where the Catholics of Sydney displayed their great enthusiasm for America and American institutions.

Every function that was given breathed the heartiest welcome and bespoke the gladdest acclaim to the fleet. In the theatres, in the homes, in office buildings, on the streets, everywhere you went, it was a vociferous and hearty how-de-do. The kinship of the two peoples, those of Australia and those of the United States, was made manifest as a genuine and hearty thing.

Before the Americans came here they knew little in a

definite way about Australia. They got all the books they could find on shipboard and read up about it, but even then the information was fragmentary, and it is well worth while to give some real information, even though it be elementary, about what they have learned in the few days they have been here.

Take the State of New South Wales. It has an area of 310,000 square miles and a population of about 1,500,000. The area of New England and the Middle States in our own land is only 162,000 square miles. The area of Maryland, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia is only 214,000 square miles. The area of Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio is only about 244,000 square miles. The area of Iowa, Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee is only 205,000 square miles. Thus one can understand something of what the territory of New South Wales is. It is one of the six States of the Commonwealth, and in many respects the most enterprising of them all.

At the same time nearly one-half of the people of the State live in Sydney. The great desire of the State is to encourage immigration from the United States and to make this another America. Along the coasts from the Blue Mountains to the sea there are very fertile farming lands. The Blue Mountain country is also exceptionally fine for cattle-raising and dairying, and far to the west is the vast sloping plateau region, where the mighty interests of sheep herding and cattle raising are conducted. The whole country is rich in possibilities and is attractive to those who would engage in agriculture. It is so prosperous that the people of the land can actually live in the

cities, and the marvel of it is how so much wealth can be produced from animal industry, mining and agriculture as to support the wonderful activity of such a place as Sydney, which has an external trade of more than \$250,000,000 a year.

As to Sydney itself, it has already been characterized as the great outdoor city of the world. It is the most beautiful spot in the world for enjoyment on the water, and no place in existence has anything like its facilities for yachting. Moreover, within less than twenty-five miles it has two great national parks, each consisting of about 35,000 acres and exquisitely beautiful in their scenery and actually in the possession of the people for rational daily enjoyment. Sydney itself has a population of almost exactly 600,000. To show what kind of outdoor place it is it may be said that one-fourth of its territory is given over to public parks.

Within five miles of the centre of town great ocean beaches that rival any upon the New Jersey or the Long Island shores may be found. In the summertime these places are alive with bathers. Nobody lives in the houses at summertime, and Sydney itself takes advantage of every occasion to make holiday. The carnivals on Christmas and New Year's nights, at the hottest time of the year, are scenes of mad merriment, and the whole tone of the people's life is that of getting the utmost enjoyment possible out of existence. It is doubtful if there is another place on earth where there is so much wholesome pleasure as comes to the residents of Sydney. The park spaces they refer to as the lungs of the city. Few places in the world have so low a death rate, and it is safe to say that no place presents

greater attractions for the Anglo-Saxon mode of living.

The gem of outdoor attractions of Sydney is the Botanic Garden, one of the oldest in the world, although this is a comparatively new country. Few places present so many beautiful attractions as that wonderful garden. There is nothing in the United States that can be compared with it except the Shaw Garden of St. Louis and that is a concentrated little spot filled with choice specimens but not a magnificent park like this garden of Sydney. The Botanic Gardens here are on the border of the tropical and temperate zones and specimens from each grow equally well. The Garden of Oxford, England, is older and so is that of Kew. Some of the older Italian gardens have been styled botanic but have done botanic work fitfully. But Sydney is senior to those of Cambridge, Edinburgh and all the so-called American gardens and many others. Furthermore, as a combined botanical and horticultural establishment that of Sydney by common consent is admitted to be in the front rank of all the world's similar gardens, not excepting the amazingly showy one at Rio Janeiro.

The garden has grown with New South Wales. Gov. Phillip, who established the colony here in 1778, started it. He collected at Rio and at the Cape many economic plants which he brought with him. He also brought wheat and other cereals from England. Simultaneously with finding shelter for his people he set apart land for a farm and garden. This was the site of the present Botanic Gardens and the origin of the name, Farm Cove, given to the locality where it stands.

In the earlier days the purpose of the garden and the

farm was to replenish the Government stores with grain and also to supply the Governor and the officers with fruit and vegetables. As early as 1806 it was called the Government Gardens. By this time British oaks had fruited in the infant colony and the gardener had instructions to supply those "who may be approved." Hence a century ago the place had become differentiated from a farm into a garden. The fact was it had been found impossible to cultivate cereals successfully at Farm Cove. Wheat and kindred agricultural products were grown down at Parramatta or up the Hawkesbury. The impress of the old ploughed fields still remains in the Botanic Gardens in the shape of large oblong beds which at present mainly compose the middle garden.

After the cereals had disappeared vegetables, small fruits and orchards succeeded. The attention that had been given in Europe to the vegetation of New Holland, as Australia was then called, caused the directors of botanical establishments to compete eagerly for seeds and plants of the country. Sydney had practically a monopoly of these productions, and hence it came about that thousands of cases of plants were consigned to the Botanic Gardens at Sydney on the various ships that arrived. Economic plants were most sought for in Sydney, but other interesting and beautiful plants poured in. They came so fast and the variety was such that grouping had to be abandoned, but still certain broad types were kept together even in those early days.

The Botanic Gardens consist of a crescent around Farm Cove of about fifty-seven acres, with a belt of park lands on the outside protecting it from the bricks and mortar of

the city. Following the example of most British botanic gardens, it was laid out largely from a landscape point of view.

There is no room in this article to discuss political problems of this new Commonwealth — this energetic empire of the seas, which sprang into federal existence only eight years ago — no room to tell of the problems and of the ways they are meeting them. It is of interest to Americans to know that they are studying America's trials and tribulations more closely than any other Government, and so far as they can they are trying to adopt American methods of government.

No greater compliment was ever paid to the American people, aside from the recognition of the United States as a nation by foreign nations, than the practical adoption of the American Constitution by the Australian people. This is a new nation that is being formed here and it is being run on American lines, and thus far has been fortunate enough to escape the terrible blight of war.

One must not believe that it is an ideal place of government. Many of the people here say that just now it is being cursed with what is known as "Wowser" legislation, which means what we call puritanical legislation; but if it is nobody seems to suffer very much, and the respect for law and order here seems to be almost as general and as acute as in New Zealand.

The writer wishes there was time to go into detail more regarding the life of the people, but that also must be put off. Some of the colloquialisms met with have been intensely amusing.

Do you happen to know what a "Kentucky shout" is?

That is Australian for a Dutch treat. Did you ever hear about a "swaggie"? Well, a swaggie is what in America we would call a hobo. There are dozens of these expressions which greet the ear, but these two have most impressed The Sun correspondent's memory, and he mentions them as amusing expressions of slang.

One delicious saying in this country should be mentioned. When any person is telling a pretty tall story the polite way of calling him a liar is to say:

"I believe you, but thousands wouldn't."

Could anything be neater than that?

This morning as we are sailing away from Sydney, with a vivid recollection of Sydney's marvellous welcome fresh in our memory, there comes to us above everything else the sentiment which is expressed in what might truly be called Australia's national hymn, "Advance, Australia." Here is the first stanza:

Australia's sons, let us rejoice,
For we are young and free;
We've golden soil and wealth for toil,
Our home is girt by sea.
Our land abounds in Nature's gifts
Of beauty rich and rare;
In history's page let every stage
"Advance, Australia fair!"
In joyful strains then let us sing,
"Advance, Australia fair!"

CHAPTER IV

MAD WELCOME AT MELBOURNE

Six Days of Delirium Over American Fleet—Demonstrations a Way of Telling England That the Commonwealth Must Be Protected From the Yellow Peril and Be Preserved as a White Man's Country—The City Like an Immense Merry-Go-Round During the Visit of Our Sailors—Melbourne an American Town in Spots—Sturdy Lads From Ballarat—Ideas as to Handling Crowds.

U. S. Battle Fleet,

MELBOURNE, September 5.

THE city of Melbourne, in the State of Victoria, Australia, may not feel itself complimented at this day in being likened to a colossal merry-go-round, but no other comparison better describes its welcome and hospitable entertainment of the United States Atlantic fleet. You've all been on a merry-go-round? You know that near the centre the motion is comparatively slow and at the edge it is often mighty swift.

Well, just imagine a whole city of more than half a million people turned into a merry-go-round say a mile in diameter. Make the motive power all the energy and good feeling that all the combined inhabitants possess. Put the Governor-General, Prime Minister, Premier, Cabinet Ministers and other important functionaries in the centre with the American Admirals and Captains. A little further out put the society of the place with the younger officers.

The pace is a little swifter there. Still further out and clear to the edge of this mighty, swirling disk put all the rest of the folks with 14,000 American sailors near the rim. Then start the thing going and keep it going night and day for six days and try to imagine what would happen.

Wouldn't a lot of those sailors be flung off that great turntable? Well, a lot were thrown off. Wouldn't some of the younger officers get pretty near the edge? Wouldn't some of the older officers be a little confused, to say nothing of being dizzy? The man who was responsible for incorporating into American colloquialisms those three pregnant words, "Such a headache!" never felt the real depths of the sentiment; you had to be with the American fleet in Melbourne to know all about those depths. They were never fully sounded before.

Don't make the mistake of supposing that the headache was due to the customary causes. No, it wasn't that, or at least that was an insignificant part of the cause. The real cause was what one of the captains of the fleet called implacable hospitality. You were caught in a whirl. It started slowly, as such things should start. When it got to going at full speed there was no stopping it. The momentum reached a condition almost of fury. The spirits of those who were sent flying around reached a condition practically of riot. Two days more of it would have demoralized Melbourne, to say nothing of the American fleet.

Imagine the streets of a city the size of say, Buffalo, packed nightly with a mass of human beings that would make the crush at the Brooklyn Bridge seem like a game of one old cat. Imagine that crush shouting, laughing and pulling, hauling itself over an area a mile square.

Imagine the climax of it, last night, as officers and men pushed their way toward the Flinders street railway terminal to take the train for their landing stages down the bay.

You can realize possibly the mental condition of the inhabitants when it is set down here as cold, hard matter of fact that those people actually picked up scores of officers a hundred yards from the station and carried them bodily on their shoulders to their trains, thrusting the throngs aside. You can realize it when it is also set down as a cold, hard fact that hundreds of women either threw their arms around the necks of the bluejackets or permitted the bluejackets to throw their arms around the women for good-by kisses. It was a whole city gone mad; a great municipality stricken with hysteria; it was not only implacable hospitality but unfathomable hospitality.

Hospitable? Why, they even closed the cemeteries on the day the real fun began, the day when Uncle Sam's boys marched into town and all the officials, big and little, told Admiral Sperry the place was his to do with as he wished. Could consideration go further? When a great city decides that for the greater part of one day the dead must forego the right to solemn, peaceful burial, and that for the sake of welcoming 14,500 citizens of a foreign country who arrive on the most powerful engines of death that human ingenuity has yet created, you can understand something of that mighty undercurrent that moved the people of this Australian capital to a demonstration whose echoes must have been heard in Downing street and whose heart throbs must have been felt around the earth, not once, but many times, as a tidal wave en-

circles the globe time and time again before it subsides. It may be decades before this tidal wave is spent.

What did it mean? Oh, it was much more than a glorious welcome of good fellowship between Australians and Uncle Sam's jack tars, an exchange of good feeling between representatives of two branches of the English speaking race. That phrase was dinned into the public ears constantly until the Australians themselves began to grin and their funmakers to make gibes about it. If the welcome had been no more in meaning than a hip-hip-hurrah, glad-to-see-ye time, there would be no need to go further into the matter, nor indeed to give it more than passing mention. In that case it would be more profitable to give statistics of trade, population, crime, of what not, instead of trying to depict the intensity of a welcome the like of which was never seen in this world before and may never be seen again.

What was that mighty undercurrent? Want to know bluntly? Just this: It was Australia's way of telling Great Britain something extremely important, something, as this correspondence has mentioned already, that she has had difficulty in telling the mother country about up to this time. It was that if England expects, as she has the right to expect, that such colonies as Australia and Canada shall come to the assistance of the mother country when that country may be enfeebled and these two colonies are strong and rich and powerful, as they are bound to be in a few decades, these colonies, especially Australia, shall protect England with men and money — yes, possibly with ships of war too — and shall supply

food and materials for clothing and housing those in the tight little isle, the mother country must take heed at this very moment of Australia's dread and Australia's aspirations.

Australia's dread is the yellow peril, an influx of Orientals into this fair land, somewhat in the way Hawaii has been flooded with them. Australia says that such a contingency means ruin to it, and she wants England to know that it will mean that the support which Australia when she grows up is willing to give to her, so that England never need enter into alliances with any other nation, will be crippled and ineffective.

In short Australia meant by this welcome to the representatives of a people who lately had shown signs of anti-Japanese feeling to tell Great Britain that Australia demands of the mother country the right to make Australia a white man's country and that she expects the mother country to accede to that demand, to the comfort and profit of both mother and daughter.

There was no mistaking this meaning. Everywhere you went the Great Dread was uppermost. "We must keep out the Chinese and Japanese," was the burden of all conversations on matters of State. England must help. What if she didn't? Let the future take care of that. The newspapers talked about the matter openly. The public officials made veiled reference to it in their speeches. That the people demanded it was plain to be seen, and if ever our dear old friend Vox Populi made himself heard in Australia it was when he kept shouting in the ears of the American visitors:

“We want this kept a white man’s country! We are determined to have it a white man’s country! D’ye hear that, England, mother dear?”

This dread of Orientalism is a present terror with the Australians, and with it is associated indissolubly Australia’s aspiration to become before the end of this century the strong right arm of England. When the American fleet was greeted by these people who knew that they were voicing in their welcome a young empire’s fears and hopes and an appeal as well to a parent thousands of miles away — those who knew this began to understand something of its full significance and to realize the psychological conditions wherein there was blended with their song of joyous welcome a cry of pathos and grim desperation. Australia really was shouting for herself and her future, for her children and her children’s children, for Australia for Australians, when she welcomed Uncle Sam’s Greatest Show on Earth with intoxicated delight and the city of Melbourne threw dignity to the winds and turned herself into a colossal merry-go-round.

The fleet arrived just before noon on Saturday, August 29, two days out from Sydney and with officers and men scarcely recovered from the lavish hospitality of that charming city. Melbourne has no such harbor as Sydney, no headlands for hundreds of thousands of spectators to view a marine spectacle. After entering the heads, forty miles from the city, and passing through a narrow channel the fleet entered a wide bay at the upper end of which Melbourne is situated upon flat ground. The people could watch the entry to advantage only from ships and boats. These craft were down the bay almost in greater

numbers than at Sydney. The fleet glided up the bay easily, and it was noticed that the spectators out to greet it did not seem so exuberant as in Auckland or Sydney. There was one general opinion:

“Guess the flood tide of this welcome business was reached at Sydney.”

This opinion held strong for a little more than one day. There was no liberty for the men on Saturday, and most of the officers were occupied with work at the anchorages from five to six miles down the bay. Those who went ashore for official visits or on other business found Melbourne decorated as might have been expected and the streets of the bustling city apparently crowded. The people had come down to the waterfront to look at the ships from a long distance. It was noticed that the town had unusually wide streets, that there was decided business activity on all sides and that the business centre of the town resembled a city like Salt Lake City or Topeka ten times enlarged. The aspect of the business part of the town was decidedly American.

As one took a hurried motor drive through the residential parts of the place the city became pronouncedly English in character. There were no fine residential streets, as Americans know such highways. One could see the tops of houses and of trees, but high, tightly closed fences, and back of them still higher and very thick hedges kept out all view of even the exterior of the best home life of the place. The English idea of extreme privacy of the home, it was seen, was as thoroughly established here as in Great Britain. That idea of seclusion undoubtedly runs to the upbuilding of a charming home life,

as many an American found out later, when he got a glimpse into these dwellings.

Another peculiarity: A large proportion of the Melbourne homes are of one story only. They not only have spacious rooms and halls but have annexes for large gatherings. One of the wealthiest men in town explained the one story houses by saying that the women folks preferred that style because it did away with climbing stairs. The city, as it was unfolded, was not so attractive in outward appearance as Sydney, with its narrow and irregular streets, that lent themselves admirably to decoration, with its many hills, affording beautiful home sites, and with its almost unmatched harbor.

Melbourne is flat, comparatively, and its streets run at right angles. It was said that the business centre of the place was laid out by an American more than sixty years ago. When this was reported to the Americans more than one of them remarked, in a tired sort of way, that if it was true that an American laid out Melbourne, why, Melbourne had returned the compliment seventy times seven, and seventy times that, by laying out the American fleet.

At first certain it was that Melbourne, which has a population of about 560,000, only 15,000 less than that of Sydney, appeared to be more sedate than her rival to the north and gave promise of a quiet demeanor in extending a welcome to the Americans. Those who have borne the brunt of these receptions even had dreams of a few hours to themselves. The decorations in the streets were not lavish. They consisted mostly of flags. The streets were too wide for courts of honor and arches. There was no undue excitement, and those Americans who went ashore

on that Saturday had visions of a restful time at last.
Foolish men!

The visitors got the newspapers and then learned that there had been things doing already. The town was keyed up all right. It was waiting the signal to let 'er go. One of the customary poems that greeted the fleet in every port gave indication of what was coming. This poem was printed in the *Argus* and was entitled, "Walk Right In":

You come over broad, blue seas. The sea is our folks' domain
(And as long as the Lord shall please they will make that meaning plain.)

But there's neither fear nor scorn when your friendly pinions flame,
For we people are British born; and you're pretty much the same!
The call of the blood rings true in the world's confusing din;
Who's friends, unless us and you — so

Walk
Right
In!

Sea-conquerors, mighty souls, look down from their seats on high,
Wherever a Kearsarge rolls or a Victory pitches by.

Though Britain alone may keep an altar for Nelson's sake,
Yet in kinship over the deep, you are halves and halves in Drake.
Old Glory and Union Jack have both of them worlds to win,
There's room for two on the track; so

Walk
Right
In!

You are older than us maybe, and England is older far,
And it's little enough have we of the Power that stifles war!
But your sixteen ships in line, as they steam on the cheering Bay,
May stand to us for a sign of what we will do some day!
And meantime, here is a hand that is free from envy's sin,
Whatever you want, command! — and

Walk
Right
In!

When the flags are a faded heap, and the lights and fireworks wane,
When the orators fall asleep, and the city's at work again,
When over the ocean's swell you sail to a harbor new,
Then this is the last farewell our voices will call to you:
Friends of the good old kind! cousins through thick and thin,
Whenever you feel inclined, please

Walk

Right

In!

There had been that day almost a tumult at the Town Hall, corner of Collins and Swanston streets, over a little band of sixty naval cadets who had marched about eighty miles from the city of Ballarat, up country, in their dogged determination to see the big show. You see, all over Australia, and New Zealand as well, the boys of the land are being drilled as soldiers or naval cadets. Thousands upon thousands of them are being prepared for a grim day when Australasia possibly may call upon its sons to bear arms. They are the real standing army of all this region. These boys were brought scores and hundreds of miles to town to participate in the great military review.

In some way, the writer of this does not understand just how, those Ballarat kids had not been included in the forces entitled to transportation. The boys, ranging in years from 11 to 16, had set their hearts on seeing the ships and joining in the review. They were told that no means had been provided to take them to Melbourne. Disappointed? You bet they were! Then the proper spirit arose. Those lads then and there declared that if they couldn't ride they would walk.

And walk they did! Their march fastened the eyes of

the Commonwealth on them. Right kind of stuff! every one exclaimed. Just before they set out it was announced that a fund had been provided to send them on. They spurned it. Walk they had decided to do and walk they would. So the boys set out five days before the fleet arrived, marching on an average sixteen miles a day. The people came out to greet them and to cheer them everywhere. Schoolhouses were thrown open to them for sleeping places. Food was provided for them. They got foot sore and weary. But give in? Not one of them. And on the morning the fleet came these sturdy lads staggered into Melbourne, some of them so tired that they had their eyes shut as they marched, their heads fairly nodding in sleep.

They had had the distinction the night before of being visited at a place called Sunshine, where they stopped, by the Hon. Alfred Deakin, the Prime Minister and the great orator of the Commonwealth, who told them that they had advanced so threateningly near to Melbourne that there was nothing for the Government to do but to capitulate and make the best terms possible. Maybe that didn't please the youngsters!

Well, Melbourne capitulated the next morning. The Lord Mayor, Sir Henry Weedon, came out on the town hall steps. The rest of the people jammed the streets. When the boys swung into Collins street, the main thoroughfare of the town, the mob broke loose from police restraints and overwhelmed the kids. Women picked them up in their arms and kissed them. Men raised them on their shoulders and the populace cheered with mighty roars. It was a tremendous triumph for the boys. Then the

police cleared a way for them and they were permitted to march to the town hall.

"Here they are, sir," said Lieut. Adeney, their commander, to Capt. Creswell, the naval director, "sound and healthy and not one of them dropped out!" Then the Lord Mayor told them what bully boys they were and gave them a nice sort of Sunday school speech about being good all their lives and doing their duty at all times, and then there were more cheers and Curly, the baby of the aggregation, was brought out.

Curly is only 11, but he was as game as any of the rest. Some of the boys called him a bonzer and others called him a boshter, Australian words for the same thing, which in Yankee talk means a peach. The Lord Mayor told Curly that he was proud of him and advised him never to smoke cigarettes — you mustn't blame the Lord Mayor, because, you see, he holds a pretty high office and has to keep his end up on great public occasions — and then the boys were carted off for a good bath and hearty chow. Those lads did get the glad hand at the review three days later. They didn't have to walk home, you may be sure. Somebody woke up about them.

On Saturday night there came another indication of what was coming. The three newspaper correspondents and the one artist in the fleet were bidden to the State Parliament Building to attend a dinner by the press, just to show that Australia valued the services of the visiting newspaper men in having her story told to the world.

The Queen's hall was filled. The new State Governor, Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael, and Admiral Sperry attended. Sir Thomas Bent presided. There were formal

addresses of welcome. Father Gleeson, the Catholic chaplain of the fleet, was late, and in inquiring for the place of the dinner was told that it couldn't be in the State Parliament House because "a whole lot of respectable-looking gentlemen have just gone in there with the Premier." Father Gleeson said the meeting looked like an ecumenical council at dinner.

It was an impressive gathering. Nearly 200 active working newspaper men of the State were there. The decorations were unusual. Portraits of all the Presidents of the United States were on the walls, as were those of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. The Government provided the entertainment. It was evident that something was on foot when a lot of more or less inconspicuous newspaper men from the States were honored in that way.

Well, Sunday was spent in getting acquainted and in looking the town over. The people were out looking at the decorations, and many went down the bay to glance at the ships; but Melbourne was still waiting for the signal. It came the next morning. The day had been declared a public holiday. The Americans were to land officially. About 2,500 sailors and marines were to parade. The Admirals and Captains were to pass through three municipalities before reaching Melbourne. In all of them addresses were to be presented by the Mayor and other officials to Admiral Sperry. Then there was to be a great how-de-do in exchanging calls and all that. New York never had more jammed streets than Melbourne that morning. Neither New York nor any other American city ever had such a good natured throng abroad in the highways. The American visitors had a dread of the conse-

quences of that big crowd in boisterous humor, but when they reached the main thoroughfares they received an eye opener in the way to handle crowds at big parades.

All through the streets there had been erected at a distance of about two feet from the curb temporary fences or hurdles, the bars of which were hooked on to the posts. The tops were about four feet high. They served as resting and anchoring places for the throngs. The spectators could lean on them and there was no swaying of the crowd, so that those behind got a pretty good view of the highway.

These barriers were made originally when the Duke of York visited Melbourne about eight years ago. They are brought out for every great street parade. They keep the streets absolutely clear. There is no surging in at the corners. No tremendous police force with clubs and brutal language is necessary to keep the spectators back. All the police had to do was to see that no barriers gave way and no stragglers tried to enter into the cleared lanes. Never was a crowd handled better. Here's a hint to the police authorities of American cities: Copy Melbourne's style of handling crowds. The expense of setting up barriers would be small compared with the expense of not having them, and they would repay the cost in the public comfort and saving of exhibitions of bad temper and too often of police brutality. Every window, roof and other projection was jammed and the American tars marched through six miles of madly cheering people. San Francisco's enthusiasm was dwarfed completely.

In the evening came the formal Government banquet at the Federal Parliament House and a monster torchlight

procession in which the firemen of the city figured conspicuously. Talk about your crowds! Why, some of the American officers, all in uniform, could not get through to attend the big dinner. The town was out, it seemed, to a soul, all except the old, the weak, the infirm and the babies too small to be carried in arms safely. Gee whiz, what a din! What roars and cheers! What a mob! Those street barriers undoubtedly saved scores of persons from severe injury and possible death. They alone kept the crazed folks in check. They were worth their weight in silver, anyhow.

It isn't necessary to tell about all the functions and entertainments day by day. Some of the excursions pleased the visitors very much. These were trips by rail to Ballarat, Bendigo and Mirboo North and by automobiles to the Black Spur mountains. Ballarat and Bendigo, with their vast mining interests, were more or less familiar names to the Americans, especially Bendigo, where most of the world's greatest actors trod the boards — rough boards, they were, too — in the old days when the gold rush was. Joe Jefferson was a favorite actor for those miners for a time. But Mirboo North was a new one. Well, Mirboo North is a small settlement up country about a hundred miles and it has a hustling crowd of citizens.

When the excursions were talked of Mirboo North lifted up its voice and said it wanted a delegation of American officers and men. That raised a great guffaw in all Australia, and Mirboo North got mad and said she meant business and, by cracky! she got away with it! The delegation went up and had the time of their lives. The visit developed some of the cheeriest fun of the entertainments,

and it also produced a specimen of newspaper humor that could scarcely be matched outside of the United States. The Euroa Advertiser, the newspaper organ for Mirboo North, had to do something original in the way of a special edition. That special edition was a marvel. All the big newspapers of the Commonwealth had been printing pictures from day to day of the fleet's arrival and the doings generally. Mirboo North's facilities wouldn't permit of competition in that line, but the visit had to have a special illustrated edition.

That country editor was equal to the emergency. He got out all his old advertising cuts and worked them all in. The fleet "sailing into the town quay" was composed of Columbus caravals. The leading citizens were portrayed in fashion plates of the early seventies. Bill Smith's prize horses and the products of Jerry Hogan's farm were set forth with a wealth of percheron steeds and ancient farming implements. The Mayor and Mayoress and the Town Clerk and Bill the Loafer, and Drunken Charlie, had done service before in patent medicine displays. There were numerous war maps and one depicting the railroad line back to Melbourne for stragglers. A lightning rod full of zigzag streaks stood for the latest development of wireless. A group of kangaroos showed a morning's bag in hunting by the visitors.

Well, there was fun in every square inch of that newspaper. There were poems and write-ups, all of them bubbling over with good, homely humor and the editor made this explanation:

"Adapted, compiled, printed, published and distributed by Theo. Ford, printer, Euroa, assisted by the devil and

an apprentice, both members of the Methodist Sunday School."

When the fleet got that newspaper it took an hour off and chuckled and smiled and then roared. It was voted that if Mr. Ford ever got out of a job in Australia he ought not to have any difficulty in getting into the game again in the United States as a humorist.

Of course there was a race meeting at the famous Flemington racecourse, said by racing enthusiasts to be the finest in its appointments in the world. It is the place where the race for the great Melbourne Cup is run in November each year, a race which is witnessed usually by 120,000 spectators. There were only 86,000 at this meeting and the Australians apologized for the small attendance.

The track is a beautiful sward, with gently sloping hills on its edges. The grand stand is comparatively small, but sloping back from its top is another stand built on solid rock that will seat no less than 40,000 persons. The races were interesting, but as it was out of season they were of only a moderate grade. Bookmakers stood about and called their odds. They issued tickets with each wager they made. It was the individual betting system with a memorandum to note the transaction. The bookmakers had no fixed place for their business. They simply stood about anywhere within a restricted territory. The Victorian Racing Club, which manages the races, declares no dividends. The grounds belong to the State. The receipts go to making up the purses, and it was said that the profits, aside from the money needed for maintenance, go to charity.

The racing club made one concession to the visitors. It put on a trotting race, the first ever held on that course. They thought that the Americans always had trotting at their racing meetings. When it was explained to them that most of the visitors had never seen a trotting race, except at a county fair, the racing officials took it as a good joke. The winner of the trotting race was an American trotter from Maryland named Dixie Alto. Most of the visitors bet on him, and so everybody was well pleased.

Another notable entertainment of the week was a state concert at the Exhibition Building, listened to by 15,000 persons, all in evening dress. Three great choral societies supplied singers. The affair was spirited and aroused great enthusiasm. But there's a field down this way for missionary work among the concert leaders and bandmasters. Some one ought to teach them how to play and sing "The Star Spangled Banner." Most of the leaders play it strictly as it is written with almost no shading, no pauses, but at a sort of slam-bang gallop. Never was an attack more spirited than when those thousand voices started in on our national hymn, but they went at it hippety-hop. It was a jig from the start with a rush to get through it as quickly as possible. There was even a suggestion of a minor strain interpolated at one place in the reading—a sort of barber-shop chord effect. The stately character of the song was missing; there was little nuancing, as the musical critics like to put it, no fine dignity. There was power, beautiful time, high spirit, but it was so different! All the bands in Australia follow this strict reading style, and it was a relief to get back on your own quarter-deck, where deep sentiment is expressed in the notes,

and hear a band play the tune with something of stately dignity in it.

But about that concert! All the rest was magnificent. A mixed orchestra, one-third of whom were women, played the overture from "Tannhäuser" in a way that would have done credit to any orchestra in the world. Some of the musicians with the fleet said they had not heard it done better since the days of Anton Seidl. Of course there were great chorals sung and a woman conductor, Mrs. Peterson, aroused enthusiasm by the way she led the Women's Choir. Admiral Sperry presented her with a floral tribute. The concert closed with the usual "Hallelujah Chorus." Mr. Damrosch would have good reason to be proud if any of his choruses had ever sung it as well.

Then there was a school children's display on the grounds of the Exhibition Building. It was not so large as that at Sydney, but it was even more interesting, because 4,000 boys and girls, dressed in various elaborate costumes, went through their beautiful marches and evolutions in a pouring rain. It made the Americans jump when a lot of boys, a thousand or more of 'em, came tumbling on the wet grounds and soon grouped themselves by the colors of their costumes so that they spelled the word "Welcome." Then they kneeled, and the word was more pronounced in shape and color. Then they threw themselves on the ground and the word came out stronger than ever. No such sign has been seen since that day the naval cadets spelled "Welcome" on the bluffs at Valparaiso when the fleet sailed in and out of that port.

The girls too came in for great applause when hundreds of them went through most difficult Scottish dances, all in

perfect unison and all dressed in the costumes of various clans. There were dumb-bell and wand exercises, marching and countermarching, until one was in a half daze as he watched the varied turns and movements. The fortitude the youngsters showed in facing a rainstorm went straight to the hearts of the visitors. It was a most impressive exhibition.

There was a great military review at the Flemington racecourse, in which our sailors and marines participated; and there were dances and balls and receptions and smokers galore, to say nothing of the revel of the Savage Club, which was like one of the Lambs entertainments in New York. The programme at that "Quink's," as the entertainment was called, was full of hits and grinds, and it wound up with this:

"Have you noticed any feature peculiar to this programme? There are no Stars and Stripes, no Union Jack, no Hands Across the Sea, no Eagle, no Kangaroo. It is the one and only specimen of printed matter in Melbourne this week that can claim this distinction. We have not even said 'Hail, Columbia!' For this relief much thanks. However, you are Americans. We are Australians. Shake!"

"Kah-boo-raoo! Carinya! Yah wah!"

There are two things in Melbourne to which reference must be made here. One is the public park system. Like Sydney, Melbourne has gone into park development on an enormous scale. There are breathing places on every side. There are half a dozen great cricket grounds, the finest being the Melbourne Club's place, where 40,000 persons often see a cricket championship match.

The choicest park is the Botanical Garden. This comprises a total of 312 acres. A brief summary of its features says:

“The present features of the garden are its extensive undulating lawn areas and broad, sweeping paths with varied groupings and marginal beds of ornamental trees, flowering shrubs and useful plants. Large specimens of Australian and exotic trees and other vegetation are effectively disposed about the grounds. At suitable spots rockeries and mounds have been formed and planted. Along the western and southern boundary fences an interesting plantation of Australian vegetation has been made which contains many hundreds of representative trees and shrubs of the continent.”

There are no less than 14,000 specimens of plants growing there. Among the greatest attractions is a magnificent collection of palms and an extensive fern gully with a pathway 1,000 feet long.

Another thing that must be mentioned briefly relates to the railways, especially the suburban traffic. Melbourne has a highly developed rapid transit system of railway trains to its beautiful suburbs. The trains run with the frequency of those on the elevated railroads of American cities. They have one central terminus in the city, the Flinders street station, situated by the side of the Yarra River and almost in the heart of the city. All the railways are Government owned. Well, at the Flinders street station more than 140,000 persons are handled every day. There is a great rush into town in the morning and as great a rush out of town at night. All the traffic is handled with marvellous despatch and ease. The writer for-

gets the capacity of the Brooklyn Bridge in rush hours, but has the idea that the Melbourne showing compares favorably with it.

Indeed the railway commissioners, headed by the Hon. John Tait, up to five years ago connected with the Canadian Pacific, make a specialty of handling enormous crowds quickly. You can best see it at the Flemington racecourse. On the day of the great military review out there they had as many people as on Melbourne cup day. Mr. Tait took the American newspaper correspondents out upon a flying bridge and showed them how the crowds were taken away without a hitch at a blind terminal having only four tracks. A locomotive drew a train into one side. Just enough people had been let out on the platform to fill it. While this was going on a locomotive attached itself to the rear. A signal was given and out the train moved, the original locomotive dropping back to attack the rear of the next train.

On the other side of the terminal another train was being filled and despatched the same way. So the trains seesawed their way in and out, there being a full supply of trains coming from town on the tracks entering the terminal. There was an extra train always ready in case one did not arrive on the second and an extra locomotive with steam up was kept on a siding in case of a breakdown. The people were being moved away at the rate of from 50,000 to 60,000 an hour.

Mr. Tait disclaimed any credit for it, because his colleagues had put the system in operation before he came down here. There the system stood, however, a lasting credit to intelligent management of crowds congested in

one place. The writer has seen great crowds handled more or less expeditiously in the United States, but never did he see any such performance before. American railroad men might learn a few tricks, especially in handling suburban traffic, by studying Victorian methods.

Well, the visit to Melbourne finally reached its end in the hysterical acclaim to America which has already been indicated at the beginning of this letter. Practically every ship of the fleet ran out of cap ribbons. At the end there seemed more American flags in sight than Australian emblems. The fleet departed with a wrench. Leave taking was a struggle, a fight to get away. As we went out of the bay souvenir medals were distributed on the ships to every man in the fleet. They were handsome disks appropriately inscribed, and had coats of arms and the usual things on them. An officer who was looking at his with considerable satisfaction said:

“Do you know, I think they ought to allow us to wear these medals with our decorations. Many a man is wearing a medal for service in the Cuban campaign which does not begin to represent the strenuous time and storm and stress we have had to undergo in Melbourne. Yes, I think we should wear them. Leaving Melbourne I feel more like a real hero, a real brave man, than ever I did before.”

CHAPTER V

BIG BROTHER TO AUSTRALIA

Thus Uncle Sam Was Hailed by the Antipodes—"Dryblower"
Murphy's Song Hits a Continent's Fancy—Refrain That Ex-
presses the Sentiments Back of the Australian Welcome to the
American Warships—Visit of the Feet to Western Australia—
Great Engineering Feat That Has Made Possible the Building of
Cities in a Desert—Wealth of the Mines in the Golden Mile—
Attractions to Immigration—Interesting Facts About the Re-
sources and People of Australia.

U. S. Battle Fleet,

INDIAN OCEAN, OFF PERTH,

WESTERN AUSTRALIA, September 20.

ABOUT 2 o'clock this afternoon the Atlantic fleet had its last glimpse of Australia a few miles off the harbor of Fremantle, the seaport of Perth, Western Australia's capital. The itinerary of the fleet did not provide for a visit to Fremantle and Perth, and so Perth and Fremantle came out to sea to watch the fleet sail by. When the last ocean steamship, laden with cheering, waving folks turned back, the land had disappeared. The Australian visit, one of the most remarkable episodes in international courtesy, was over.

Australia and America said good-by with something of a wrench. Metaphorically speaking, Australia had tears in her eyes, but there were cheers and a joyous song in her throat. All Australia to-day is singing that one song. It was not known until ten days ago, when it descended

upon Western Australia in Perth and upon the Atlantic fleet in Albany, the picturesque little city of King George's Sound, away down in the southwest corner of the continent. The song was written by a newspaper paragrapher in Perth named Murphy, but known all over Australia as "Dryblower," the pseudonym betokening the way in which the first gold finders on the Western Australian arid plains separated the gold from the sands. The sentiment of the song centres itself in one refrain:

We've got a big brother in America,
Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam!

It was not until that song struck Australia that she was able to disclose just what was in her heart in her welcome to the American fleet. The Governor-General, the Prime Minister, Governors, Premiers, Cabinet Ministers and a lot of other more or less public men in their speeches had said all that Dryblower said, but they didn't say it in the same way; they didn't put it so that millions would repeat their words; they didn't say anything you could sing with zest and enthusiasm.

There isn't much to the song and the swinging tune about matches the words, but music and words struck just the right chord for the people. The stanzas tell how Jonathan is visiting "the lonely kangaroo" and how the visit means that the Pacific must be kept "clean and free," and then comes the chorus:

We've got a big brother in America,
Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam!
The same old blood, the same old speech,
The same old songs are good enough for each;

We'll all stand together, boys,
If the foe wants a flutter or a fuss;
And we're hanging out the sign
From the Leeuwin to the Line:
This bit o' the world belongs to us!

Leeuwin is the name of the cape on the southwest extremity of Australia, and it is pronounced as if it were spelled Lewin. The "Big Brother" that Australia is now acclaiming is precisely the kind of big brother that the small boy is glad to have when he has important differences with his acquaintances. The fact is Australia feels safer, stronger, surer, now that she has got in touch with her American brother, and it's a mighty comfort to her that he's big, because other folks will be more inclined to pay strict attention to that sign which she has hung out for all the world, especially Orientals, to read: "This bit o' the world belongs to us."

Not that Australia has the remotest idea that Uncle Sam will ever come down this way to help her in a scrap, but, don't you see, there's a great moral strength in snuggling up to a big brother as you walk along the street and you know that just around the corner there's a pack of youngsters eager to pounce upon you, give you a trouncing and take away all your pennies; and your mother far, far away and busy with other things. Oh, yes, a big brother is mighty handy at times, as we all have found out.

There! Now you have an insight into this kangarooing, this wild leaping for joy of Australia over the Americans. It was for these reasons that you heard that "Big Brother" song in barrooms, in clubs, in drawing rooms, at public meetings, at formal dinners, at garden parties,

everywhere. The minute some one started it a great shout arose. Men got to their feet and danced around as they sang it. Women waved their handkerchiefs, and the printing presses were kept humming night and day to supply the popular demand for copies. Those who have heard "Dixie" sung in the South under stress of great excitement will understand the fervor of Australia. The "Watch on the Rhine" and the "Marseillaise" cause outbursts that are feeble compared to this kangaroo hymn of exultation.

If Australia had any need of unification upon a national policy this visit of the American fleet and the jingle of Heine Dryblower, who has now reached the proud state of being able to say that he cares not what statesman formulates the national policy so long as he can write the song, have done it. Do you wonder now that Australia had a gulp in her throat this morning as she said good-by?

The fleet's last port of call in Australia was Albany, a little town of about 4,000 inhabitants, with an outer and an inner harbor, the outer one picturesque with scar-faced rocks, up the smooth sides of which the swells dash themselves in fury frequently for 150 feet. The wind catches the spray at its highest leap and sends it back across the tops of the rocks in clouds of mists that spread rainbows when the sun shines over the barren landscape. The town itself is set upon a sloping surface on the shores of a large bay, far removed from the clash of waves and rocks, and is girt about with lofty hills and mighty precipices of bare stone. Albany is about as far away from home as an American fleet could get and be in immediate touch with a modern city.

Although a comparatively new place Albany has a past. The town is now almost in a non-progressive stage. It used to be the first port of call in Australia for steamers coming out from Europe and the East, but these enterprising Western Australasians improved the harbor of Fremantle, some 400 miles further up the west coast, and now the steamers call there, and Perth and Freemantle get the benefit of constant calls of commerce. Albany, while not decadent, is at a standstill. The fleet was sent there as the most convenient place in which to coal. Officers and men rejoiced over it, because they thought they saw an opportunity for a recuperation and that there would be a release from official entertainments.

Well, there was a letup to some extent, but little Albany of Western Australia got its back up and there were things doing — a parade, official dinners, receptions, illuminations; oh, yes, Albany had its hurrah, and for a little town it ranked well with the big ones.

The call gave some of the visitors an opportunity to learn something about Western Australia, which for Americans is probably the most interesting of all the Australian States. It has the largest territory of the six States and the smallest population. Western Australia has an area of nearly 1,000,000 square miles and a population of only about 270,000. And yet this little community of people in a vast territory have shown such grit, such confidence in themselves, such superb fighting spirit in overcoming nature's hostilities as to command the instant admiration of all who become familiar with the courage displayed.

Moreover Western Australia is in the pioneer stage that the American people experienced in the '30's, '40's and

'50's of the last century. Almost all of the soil is in a virgin state, nine-tenths of it is at any rate, and such of the people as are not engaged in the rich mining fields or in business occupations in the one large city and few small ones of the State are grappling with the forests, clearing the land, building up homes in the bush and in short conquering a mighty wilderness. Nothing like this work by Anglo-Saxons has been seen in any part of the world in recent times, and it was the knowledge of these circumstances that made the American heart go right out to the Western Australians.

Western Australia stands conspicuous among all States for one of the greatest feats of engineering that the world has known, and the story of that feat reveals more of the characteristics of the people, probably, than anything else they have done. Suppose that an immense deposit of gold had been found nearly 300 miles away from an unoccupied territory and out on an arid plain, from which no adequate water supply could be secured. Suppose that this deposit contained the richest mile of gold diggings in the world. Suppose that thousands began to flock to the place. Suppose that the only water that could be secured was from distilling salt water found say fifteen or twenty miles away. Suppose that water was so valuable that men paid half a dollar a gallon for it just to drink and to water their horses, and that they went for weeks and months themselves without washing their faces, to say nothing of their bodies and their clothes. Suppose that the Government leaders recognized that this gold field meant great riches and prosperity and immigration to their land. Suppose that each day the cry for water grew louder until the fate

of the State seemed almost hanging upon the solution of the problem. Suppose all this. What would an American community do under similar circumstances?

Well, all these things did occur in Western Australia when that State had barely more than 150,000 people in her domain. Western Australia solved the problem under the wise leadership of a great explorer and statesman, Sir John Forrest, the Premier. Western Australia simply built one of the largest weirs in the world, impounded something like 5,000,000,000 gallons of water up in the mountains near Perth, where there is an annual rainfall slightly greater than that of New York, and then laid a pipe line through the forests, over the hills, across the plains a distance of 350 miles, capable of supplying the outlying desolate country with 6,000,000 gallons of pure, fresh water daily, and the supply is so conserved that enough is kept on hand constantly to insure the same daily supply for five years in an absolute drought. No such water pipe line was ever known before. It cost that State about \$15,000,000, and that at a time when there were only a few more than 150,000 persons in it. It took tremendous courage and energy. What has been the result? A population of 60,000 exists in three cities and several towns far out on the desert. The prosperity of the great Golden Mile of Kalgoorlie depends upon that water, for those highly refractory ores that are now being brought up from the depths of 2,000 or more feet require vast quantities of water for their treatment.

Away out there on the plains are modern cities with every convenience and comfort. Trolley cars go dashing through the streets, the shops are up to date, and if you

should attend one of their racetrack meetings and see the fine millinery and rich costumes of the women folk you would marvel at the far reaching stride of modern fashion. Everywhere there are happy homes. Good schools abound. There may be a lack of shade trees, but the laughter of children, the hum of business and the smoke of the black belching furnaces of that Golden Mile tell a story that cannot be duplicated anywhere in the world.

And such in a general way is the story of wonderful Kalgoorlie and its neighboring city — both really one community — Boulder City. Fourteen years ago the place was a howling wilderness. The place naturally was as forbidding as any of the arid plains in the United States. Man's greed for gold overcame the difficulties of existence there, and a far-seeing Government did it by supplying water from a reservoir 350 miles away. It was almost an inspiration to courage to look this great work over. Few of the American officers could get leave to go to Perth, more than 350 miles from Albany, but most of the newspaper men with the fleet were taken there.

About twenty-five miles from Perth in the Darling Mountains, a range that runs parallel with the coast, there is a natural reservoir, with the small Helena River flowing through it. A concrete dam 750 feet long and 100 feet high was thrown across this reservoir. The dam alone cost \$1,000,000. It made a lake seven miles long, with a drainage area of 350,000 acres. The area of the lake itself is 700 acres. It required several years to fill this basin.

Catching water was one thing; distributing it was a far different task. The Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie gold fields

had been discovered about three years when this enterprise was begun, in 1896. The gold fields struggled along as best they could until 1903, when the first water from the Mundaring reservoir was supplied to it. Pipes had to be laid, a reservoir in the hills near Coolgardie had to be filled, and it took a month for the water to travel the distance from reservoir to consumer.

No less than 66,000 iron pipes, all made in Australia, each twenty-eight feet long, thirty inches in diameter and three-quarters of an inch thick, except in places where the pressure is strong, and there they were made slightly thicker, were laid down. The line was placed upon the ground and dirt heaped up over it, the joints being exposed. There is no frost there to plague pipe layers and in that the promoters of the scheme were circumstanced fortunately. There are eight pumping stations and reservoirs along the route. The water is raised on its journey a total height of 1,290 feet, but pipe friction adds to the head so that the pumps have to raise the water to an equivalent of 2,655 feet. Out near Coolgardie, forty-three miles from Kalgoorlie, is a reservoir called Bulla-bulling, where a large supply is impounded for the district in case the pipe line should break down. From Bulla-bulling the water runs by gravity to its final destination.

It was something almost uncanny to go to Kalgoorlie with a population itself of 20,000 and see all the prosperity that goes with a great gold field, with happiness and contentment on every side, with just a touch of rough life as the camel trains come in from the desert and all depending upon the safety of that water pipe line. The railroad lives upon the water. The people now take this

supply as a matter of course. The vast mills fairly slop around in it. Life, joyous life; riches, vast riches, have sprung from a spot of desolation, and all in the short space of fifteen years. Man waved a magic wand over the desert when that water supply was sent to those gold fields and the result is a fairy story, a real one.

It's a far cry from the Kalgoorlie of to-day compared with the spot under an old gnarled eucalyptus tree when a prospector named P. Hannan first discovered gold in June, 1893. He got rich and the chief street of the town, also the brewery, bears his name. Not quite two years before that two prospectors named Bayley and Ford left Perth to explore the desert to the east. Their horses gave out, and they had to return for a fresh start. They reached what is now known as Coolgardie and Ford picked up a half ounce nugget of gold. In three weeks they had 200 ounces. Their supplies gave out and they returned for more, keeping silent about their discoveries. They soon found the cap of the reef of gold-bearing rock. Bayley in the following September came in with 554 ounces of gold, let the cat out of the bag and started back with 150 men and teams. Then the rush began.

At that time the railway from Northam to Southern Cross had not been completed. Men travelled through the waterless tract of country on foot, horseback, bicycles, and in vehicles of all descriptions, while food, stores and tools were sent forward by horses or donkey teams, or on long strings of camels. Along the track were occasional huge dome-shaped bosses of granite, some of which covered large areas of ground. On their tops and sides were holes and hollows that held water after rains, while along their

bases were "soaks" in the sand where water could be obtained in a few feet of sinking, but the supply was small and uncertain, in view of the great demand being made upon it. Enterprising men quickly began to do a thriving trade by condensing the salt water to be found plentifully along the route and disposing of it to the thirsty teams at as much as 2s 6d a gallon, or even higher.

Diggers swarmed over the flats for miles around Coolgardie, pegging out claims which, in a large number of instances, yielded rich fortunes. A town sprang up as if by magic. Bag and "hessian humpies" rapidly gave way to wood or iron structures or to more permanent buildings of wood or stone. Coaches for mail and passenger traffic, and team upon team of horses and camels for the carriage of stores were rushed to the fields. The nearest telegraph station being at Southern Cross, 113 miles distant, messages were despatched by Afghans on swift camels, or by the corps of cyclists which was soon established, to keep up regular communication, while the extension of the telegraph line was being completed.

Within a year the railway was completed to within fifty miles of Coolgardie, the Government began to conserve the meagre water supply and Ford & Bayley sold out their claim for \$30,000 and one-sixth interest in the mine. From Coolgardie, Hannan and Flanagan set out and discovered alluvial gold, where Kalgoorlie now is. In a few weeks 2,500 diggers were throwing up the ground. The great gold reef was soon discovered from which in a few days no less than 4,000 ounces of gold were extracted. Large nuggets were also found, one of which was estimated to be worth \$17,500.

That settled the gold field's future. Then came the problems. The Government rose to the situation with the great Mundaring water scheme. The Golden Mile became developed. There are something like thirteen great mines in that mile, with a good sized city surrounding them. The Rand, in South Africa, has richer individual mines, but no one mile of territory in the world has produced so much wealth as Kalgoorlie's Golden Mile. As a result of all this the modern Kalgoorlie exists with well paved streets, schools, parks, thirty miles of electric lighted streets and every adjunct of modern city life. Most of the stock of the mines is owned in England, but the fact that the business is done in Western Australia has justified the Governmental work of transporting that water supply.

The consumption of the water thus far is about 1,700,000 gallons a day, or one-third of the capacity. The scheme does not yet pay. The plan is to provide for a sinking fund of about \$400,000 a year. The revenues are insufficient at present to meet that charge although there is a surplus over running expenses, and the State of Western Australia taxes itself for about that sum. The revenues are increasing, however, and it will probably be only a short time before the scheme is on an entirely self-paying basis. None the less, the daring of the scheme attracts all the more attention and approval because of the willingness of the people to bear the burden of its support.

Yes, Kalgoorlie is modern. Weren't the newspaper men met at the station by the Mayor and town officials, to say nothing of two of the State Ministers? Well, they were. And when they were escorted to the Town Hall and the

usual libations were offered up (Australia is strong on that), and to the relief of the visitors no speeches were made, the Americans could scarcely believe their ears as the Mayor explained that he would be unable to go to the mines himself, using words that made the visitors gasp:

"Gentlemen, I will ask you to kindly excuse me from going with you to the mines. You are in good hands. The reason that I can not go is because the Town Clerk and myself have got a lot of grafting to do to-day."

Then the Mayor disappeared in the direction of the town safe.

"Holy Moses! Mr. Mayor," exclaimed one of the Americans. "Aren't you pretty frank about it? We knew you were up to date, but is grafting done publicly by public officials down this way?"

"Of course," said the Mayor, gravely. "Everyone has to graft here if he wants to get along. We are all grafters in Kalgoorlie."

"What kind of grafting do you do so openly?" asked the newspaper man from America, eager to get points on some new line that would have made George Washington Plunkett, the American Apostle of Honest Graft, envious if he could have known of it.

"The hardest kind of hard work, that is all," said the Mayor, and then it came out that grafting in Australia means honest work and that the greatest compliment you can pay a man down this way is to say that he is a grafter.

The mines use wood for their fuel. There are vast quantities of it in Western Australia, but the Americans, knowing the story of denudation of forest land in their

own country, shook heads and did not hesitate to speak a warning as to the future of Western Australia, if that denuding policy was kept up many years. The West Australians smiled about it. They know there is an ample supply of coal not far away. The Government encourages gold prospecting. It lends money and even sets up plants for the miner.

Western Australia did not stop with the Mundaring water scheme in the line of great improvements. It recognized that it must have a harbor near Perth, its capital. It proceeded to build a great breakwater at Freemantle, at the mouth of the beautiful Swan River, twelve miles from Perth. That was completed three or four years ago, and now Freemantle has supplanted Albany as a port of call, and both Freemantle and Perth are humming. One thing more is needed to make Western Australia a real kangaroo State. That is a transcontinental railway over to Adelaide. The survey parties are now out. There is a distance of only 1,200 miles to be covered. It is through a cheerless and almost waterless country. Destiny demands its construction.

As the correspondents were being taken from Albany to Perth along a line where there is a large annual rainfall they passed through hundreds of miles of wooded country. Now and then there was a clearing and a home. Land may be had literally for the asking, and in Western Australia in addition money is loaned to the settler by the Government at cheap rates to develop it. The same general policy is followed all over Australia, but it is especially liberal in the western country.

For \$20 — \$12.50 down and \$7.50 paid in a year —

any settler can get a free homestead farm of 160 acres from the Government. He must reside on the farm or on rural land within twenty miles for the first five years. He must make improvements to the extent of \$1 an acre within two years. He must fence one-half of the land within five years and the whole within seven years. Of the improvements, at least \$150 must be spent upon a house in seven years. So much for a free homestead.

The settler in addition may take up 2,000 acres of land under conditional purchase at \$2.50 an acre and may pay for it in forty semi-annual payments without interest. He may also take up 5,000 acres of grazing lands at about \$1 an acre and may pay for that in twenty years, semi-annual payments without interest. He may take up pastoral lands in addition to all these at from 75 cents to \$5 an acre. His family as they grow up may take up lands with him, and all the holdings may be joined into one tract where such is possible.

Railway fares to permanent settlers are refunded. Guides are provided to make a selection of the land. Immigrants are met and cared for on arrival. If the settler has only a little money the Agricultural Bank lends him from \$125 to \$2,500 on his land, taking a mortgage as the security. That loan draws interest at 5 per cent. After five years the money is repaid in semi-annual installments for twenty-five years, the interest being reduced with each payment. Additional money is loaned on improvements. It is not stretching it to say that land is not only given away, but that money is lent to develop it.

How much land is there? Well, Western Australia contains about 625,000,000 acres. A large part of it is arid,

to be sure, but of all the land only 4,000,000 acres have been sold. About 10,000,000 are in process of alienation. About 165,000,000 are held under pastoral leases and 450,000,000 acres are still unoccupied. There are fully 50,000,000 acres of good land still awaiting settlement.

But what about Australia itself? What did the American visitors think of it? What have they got down here and how fares life's existence? In the first place consider the size of Australia. Its area is 2,974,581 square miles, which according to Australian year books is 4,351 square miles more than the United States proper contains. This great continent has a population of only about 4,500,000, more than three-quarters of whom are Australian born. There are about 8,000 American-born in the country and nearly 4,000 Japanese. Australia doesn't want any more of the latter.

Of this comparatively meagre population, which represents only about 1.5 persons to the square mile, compared with about 30 for the United States and 600 for Great Britain, just about one-third actually live in the capitals of the six States. Australia, the most sparsely settled of any civilized country in the world, presents the great anomaly of having the largest percentage of urban population in the world. Only a tremendously rich country could support such a proportionate city population. How it is done is a study worthy of the attention of the best public economists.

Every kind of climate, except that of severe winter, is presented in this continent. Everything that a tropical or a temperate zone can produce can be grown in Australia. The soil of the interior is fertile enough if mois-

ture could be applied to it, and there are hopes that artesian wells will supply the needed water. According to the returns for 1906, its total exports and imports amounted to \$540,000,000. That of the United States, with twenty times the population, amounted to \$3,165,000,000. Australia's foreign business therefore was about one-sixth that of the United States.

Although commerce with other nations is the chief feature of Australia's present development, it is now recognized that the future of the country lies in the growth of agriculture. The great desire of the Commonwealth is to preserve the land for the people. The land in all States is sold to actual settlers on the easiest possible terms of long payment. Immigrants are assisted by the payment of passages and by loans. Up to the present time only about one-twentieth of the entire area has been sold outright. About one-fiftieth is in process of alienation from the Crown. About two-fifths is under lease from the Crown and more than one-half of the entire area is unoccupied in any way.

All over the Commonwealth the Governments are paying close attention to the conservation of water. A great authority in irrigation, Elwood Mead of Washington, is just now being employed by the Victorian Government on mighty schemes similar to those under operation or contemplation in the United States.

Since gold was discovered in Australia in 1851 the total production reaches the enormous figures of \$2,375,000,000. About \$75,000,000 is being produced each year. Western Australia now produces more than one-half of the output. The great gold fields of Ballarat and Bendigo,

in Victoria, still keep up their average output, but the fields in the West have far outstripped them in the last five years. Such has been the effect of the Mundaring water scheme.

The day of the discovery of great nuggets has probably passed, although rich deposits are frequently found in pockets of the mines. The first large nugget of gold discovered in Australia was found at Hargreaves, in New South Wales, in 1851. It weighed a little more than one pound. The Burrandong nugget, found near Orange, in the same State in the same year, weighed 2,218 ounces, and the "Brennan," found later, was sold in Sydney for £1,156. The "Jubilee" was found in 1887, and it weighed 347 ounces. In Victoria a nugget was found in 1853, near Canadian Gulley, which weighed 1,620 ounces. The "Welcome," found near Ballarat in 1858, weighed 2,217 ounces. What is said to be the largest mass of gold ever found in one lump was discovered in a claim at Hill-end, New South Wales. The specimen was 4 feet 9 inches high, 2 feet 9 inches wide and about 4 inches thick. It had only a little quartz mixed in it. An offer of \$65,000 for it was refused. Of course there are other metals — copper, silver and lead — but the fascinating side of mining centres in the gold production.

The manufacturing industries in the Commonwealth concern themselves with those things which are chiefly essential for daily living, such as furniture, clothing, pottery, food and drink products. There is great wealth in the forests, the fisheries and other ordinary resources. Of the purely agricultural crops wheat takes the lead. About 6,000,000 acres are under wheat cultivation, and it is in-

teresting to note that Australian wheat for several years has brought a higher price in London than that grown in any other country in the world. A large quantity of oats, barley and corn is grown, and up in the north, where the tropical climate exists, sugar cane and tropical fruits produce fine returns. The great trouble there is to get workers for the hot fields.

But the best crop of any country is educated children. Australia is well supplied in this direction. There is a public school for every 500 inhabitants of the country. Primary education in Australia is in a splendid condition, and will bear close comparison with the best records in the United States. In secondary education, however, the Commonwealth is sadly deficient. High schools are seldom found. The four universities of the Commonwealth suffer in consequence because of the lack of natural feeders. While the condition of university education is fairly good, it will not reach its full development until the universities of the various States make them out-and-out State institutions, with free instruction to those who attend, as is done in most of the Western States of America. With the establishment of proper secondary schools, the universities will flourish, provided the States treat them liberally. As it is, the States provide for about one-half of the revenue of the universities, but the students make up the balance with fees. The American system of university education is followed largely. For example, in Sydney there is a medical school, a school of mines, a school of science, a schools of arts going to make up the university. In Melbourne the denominations, Episcopalian, Presbyterian and Methodist, have established colleges, which practically

cover similar ground and are regarded as denominational by many persons. Western Australia has no university, but there is a movement just begun toward establishing a State university along the lines of Cornell, in New York.

The various States are going in for technical education and for agricultural instruction. There are many champions of higher learning, especially technical instruction, the foremost probably being Theodore Fink of Melbourne, whose advocacy of that work and whose labors in developing the University of Melbourne have brought him the unusual distinction of being thanked publicly by Parliament and also have given him a wide reputation beyond the confines of Australia. He is education's strongest champion in the Commonwealth. As for statistics, it may be said that Sydney University has about 1,000 students and seventy-five professors; Melbourne, 850 students and seventy professors; Adelaide, 625 students and thirty-six professors; Hobart, 62 students and nine professors. Women are admitted to all the universities, as might be expected in a Commonwealth where women have the franchise.

Australia, as is well known, is committed to the State owned system of great public utilities, railways, telegraphs and telephones especially. There are about 15,000 miles of State owned railways and 1,000 miles of private lines. The latter can be taken over when the authorities see fit. The figures show that the railways pay 4 percent. on the cost and that just now they have an average net profit of about \$5,000,000 a year. This sum is used chiefly for betterments. All the people seem satisfied with this system. The most serious drawback to railway de-

velopment in the Commonwealth is the fact that the States cannot agree upon a uniform gauge. New South Wales has a gauge of 4 feet 8½ inches, Victoria, 5 feet 3 inches, the other States 3 feet 6 inches. The largest number of miles is in the narrow gauge group.

The unwillingness of the various States to yield any of their prerogatives to the Federal Government illustrates a peculiar phase of governmental development that is now going on. The State rights conflict is on. The Federal Government is trying to secure as much power as possible and to be supreme. State jealousies are trying to prevent this. The contest is determined on both sides. It is to be largely a battle of wits, aided by the sober judgment of the people. Just now prejudices are having full sway. What will be the result when the sober intelligence of the people is exerted in years of calm deliberation no one can foretell exactly, but it is altogether probable that the States will yield even more to the Federation than they have already done, on the broad theory that what benefits one benefits all.

Australia is fortunate in its public men. The Governor-General, the various Governors, all Crown appointments, are liberal minded and strict advocates of the policy of non-interference, except where the rights of the Crown are involved. The Premiers, who are the real Governors of the States, and the Prime Minister, the real ruler of the Commonwealth, are men of great patriotism, generally optimists, and are fearless in their advocacy of all kinds of advancement. The American visitors met most of these men.

Alfred Deakin, the Prime Minister, when the fleet was

there, charmed every one with his eloquence and the lofty spirit of his ideals. Mr. Wade, the Premier of New South Wales, is of the judicial cast of mind. He is a mighty fine speaker, but talks slowly and thinks in straight lines. Sir Thomas Bent of Victoria is the Uncle Joe of Australia. Mr. Price, in South Australia, a labor party Premier, won the approval of the Americans in a speech he made in Sydney. It was of the rough and ready order, but he expressed sentiments of coöperation for the good of the entire country that made the Americans applaud heartily.

Over in West Australia the Premier is a comparatively young man, a surveyor and explorer, an authority on land and an optimist of the first degree when it comes to considering the future of that State. He is Lieut.-Col. N. J. Moore, M. L. A., a native of the State. He was fairly pitched into the Premiership two years ago after having been Minister of Lands for a short time. He is a large, slow-moving man, with a keen eye, just an ordinary speaker, but with unusually fine executive powers. The very night when the existence of the Government was in question at a general election he gave a dinner to the newspaper correspondents with the fleet at Albany and nonchalantly looked over the election returns as they were brought to him at the table. Later in the evening his good fellowship went so far that he sat at the piano and played the music for the "Big Brother in America," and led the singing, not once, but a dozen times.

The country has a great climate, great resources and possibilities, and a vigorous and alert people. Nowhere on earth is there greater personal liberty. Nowhere on

earth are there such opportunities for outdoor life. Nowhere on earth are there greater possibilities for the man who will work. War has never blighted the country's history nor injured its prosperity. So long as Australia remains under the British flag there is no prospect that devastation or injury by war will ever come to the land.

What Australia needs most of all is more people, white people. She wants no others and she wants Great Britain to see to it that none but whites go there. She looks forward with eagerness to the day when the Panama canal will be opened. With subsidized steamships of an ordinary size Sydney will then be within twenty-five days' steaming of New York city. Australia wants American immigration and with the canal finished she thinks that she will get them from America. She can take care of them by the millions upon millions. She can offer them every advantage that the United States can offer and some more, with the exception of citizenship under the American flag. She thinks the Union Jack a pretty good substitute for the Stars and Stripes, especially as she can show a personal liberty that can not be surpassed anywhere in the world.

If any person in the States wishes information as to what Australia will do for him let him write to the Premier of any of the Australian States and he will be flooded with literature. If a contented people is a sign of good government, then Australia must have such government, for there is probably no place on earth where there is less poverty and more contentment than in this new empire of the Southern Hemisphere.

Probably it was because Australia sees that it must obtain the greatest amount of its immigration from the

United States that it rose to the tremendous welcome of the American fleet. Probably it was because of the Big Brother sentiment. Probably it was because Australia was lonely, away out on the outpost of civilization fighting an Anglo-Saxon fight all by itself with little attention from the mother country and the rest of the world. Probably it was because she feared the Yellow Peril, only a short distance from her very doors. It may have been any one of these causes, or all combined, which brought about the uproarious demonstrations in honor of the American fleet.

One thing is sure, she was terribly lonely; she hungered for a visit from some of the rest of the family; she was overwrought while the visit lasted; the hardest thing she ever had to do was to say good-by. So put it down that the enthusiasm was due mostly to the fact that she was lonely. This extract from the editorial columns of the *West Australian*, in Perth, on September 16th, one of the best editorial articles printed in Australia on the fleet's visit, has a direct bearing on the lonesome phase of the Commonwealth:

“We are the pioneers ‘blazing the track,’ as the saying goes, and until just now no sound but that of our own axes broke the stillness of the wilderness. But in fancy Australia hears the hum of the legions marching behind. The gaps are being bridged, the links which are to join us to the western world, from which we have sprung, are being forged — we are not forever to stand alone.

“This, more than any political significance — the cry for social intercourse and communion, for community of thought and aspiration with the white races — is voiced

by such demonstrations as have everywhere proved the unanimity of our welcome to the American fleet."

Poor, faraway Australia, young, beautiful, endowed with great natural wealth and adorned with fine raiment, but, oh, so lonesome! No wonder that Dryblower phrased the pathos of the visit in these words:

Jonathan is visiting the lonely kangaroo;
Lonely by the old Pacific sea.

CHAPTER VI

LOOK BACKWARD AT AUSTRALIA

Things Which Stuck in the Minds of the Visiting Americans — Humor Like Our Own — Jokes Didn't Need Explaining and Even Our Slang Was Understood — Good Newspapers There but Literature is Still an Infant — The Ships Bore Away Many Strange Birds and Beasts, Most of Which Soon Died.

U. S. Battle Fleet,

JAVA SEA, September 27.

IN endeavoring to depict something of the real character of the tremendous welcome Australia gave the American fleet and also in trying to tell the story of Australia of to-day, many things which a conscientious story would like to have said have been left unsaid because of the confused mental condition in which Australian hospitality left the visitors. There wasn't a man in the American fleet of whom it could not be said truthfully that he was all in a jumble, especially when asked to tell what he thought about Australia and Australians. You see, those Kangaroos kept you on the jump with them all the time and the Americans weren't used to these long and high leaps. If you should insist on receiving an answer from the visiting Americans as to what they think of Australia and its people probably ninety-nine out of every hundred would reply:

"Australia is a great country!"

"How about the Australians?"

Well, the answer would be:

“The Australians are great people all right!”

And there you are! Even without the din and hurrahing and acclaim a visit of a month is short enough time, goodness knows, in which to form an orderly, consecutive, fair-minded opinion of a country and a people visited only once. And with all due respect to the high and mighty men of the fleet, the Admirals and Captains, they are the last persons in the world to interrogate if you wish to get a satisfactory answer. Just imagine yourself getting into several kinds of uniform each day and then being hurried to this and that function, parade, luncheon, reception, afternoon tea, dinner, show, and what not, and all you could learn about the place and your hosts was between mouthfuls, or when the din let up for a second or two, and you had no time to yourself to accept private invitations, to go about the streets, to visit the shops, to stroll into the country, to talk with the people, man to man, to visit the parks, to breathe the air and enjoy the glorious sunshine calmly, to say nothing of getting wet in the rain like a decent Christian who isn't afraid of water — just imagine all this and you can also imagine what kind of a story those Admirals and Captains will have to tell about their trip.

So please don't ask and please don't expect the Admirals and Captains to give you much real information about the wonderful people and the wonderful country that undoubtedly are to be found in Australia. Neither does it seem altogether proper that the newspaper correspondents should be expected to supply this information. They too were hurried all over the lot, as the expression goes, but they managed to hide sometimes when the invitation man

came around. Still they had dinners and "blow outs" of their own to attend to. Each of the correspondents had no less than sixteen public speeches to make in the Commonwealth, and one of them who suddenly found himself proclaimed as a great story teller was reduced to the shameful extremity in his last speech of telling that old story about the Irishman who was blown to pieces in a quarry, thus illustrating his own condition, that he was practically dead. But all had to qualify as long-distance orators and then suffer the humiliation of seeing how utterly puerile it looked in print.

Hence these "trained observers," as the Australians delighted in calling them, have no right to speak even with pretended authority about their hosts and Australia, although they did manage to get about the country a good deal and to see for themselves some of the interesting characteristics of the place and the people. There was no opportunity for close study, and therefore if one wishes to know what kind of folks these Australians are one had better get it from first sources, as the historians say, the Australians themselves.

No better summary of the characteristics of Australians has been presented, in the judgment of the writer, than that by Frank Fox, a well-known Australian publicist, whose sketches have frequently adorned the pages of the *Bulletin* and *Lone Hand*, extremely attractive Australian publications, and some of which Mr. Fox gathered together in book form under the title "From an Old Dog." Mr. Fox sums up his conclusions on "Our Australian Type" under four headings — heredity, climate, general natural conditions and general environment. If you wish

to know what Australians are like read some quotations of what he says. For example:

The Australian citizen is not by any means an over modest man; he has quite a sufficiently good opinion of himself. But in his community life his assent is tacitly given to various propositions most hurtful to national pride—that he cannot manufacture things like the Europeans or Japanese, that he cannot defend himself but must hire his defence from outside; that he cannot pay his way like the ordinary man but must exist on debt. The Australian is good enough stuff to make a nation of but so far he lacks the community feeling. He has not been taught how to effectively extend his personal pride into a national pride, his individual desire for supremacy into a collective dignity and vigorousness. But at the same time he is “good stuff.”

All that was written some time ago, but it must be said that if the Australian lacked national pride before the American fleet came he did not seem to do so in July and August, 1908. Speaking of heredity Mr. Fox strikes a happier and perhaps a truer note when he says:

Now, hereditarily, we Australians are very happy. The first stock of the land was pre-eminently lusty and vigorous. The convicts, whom some affect to think of as a reproach, were in reality rough hewn foundation stones of the best kind. The Judges who sent them out might have been expert colonizers instead of stern punishers. Three-fourths of the convicts sent to Australia were criminals only in the sense that their spirits were out of sympathy with the cruel bondage of their times—Scotch crofters, Irish rebels, English Chartist and offenders against the brutal game laws. These were the best of stock for the breeding of a new nation and the subduing of a wilderness. To them were added in the fulness of time all the most hardy and adventurous spirits of Europe and America, attracted by the free land, the free gold, the free life of Australia.

No nation could have had a better start, and the vigor of that pioneer stock still pulsates through Australia and is felt in every vein of her body. It was, true, a little weakened by environment. There

was a deplorable lack of enemies in the new country; there was neither an effective savage nor a civilized and hostile neighbor to cope with. It is not good for man to be alone without an enemy. He is thus encouraged to forget the dependence of the individual upon the community. There was not even a ravening beast tribe to suggest the comfort of one human shoulder finding another in touch.

Mr. Fox therefore concludes that from the aspect of heredity the "Australian comes of an extraordinarily strong, adventurous stock, a little weakened by lack of danger during four generations of its environment here."

Speaking of the climate as a great "factor in the evolution of a national type," Mr. Fox says:

Over the great part of Australia there is no winter severity. Nine-tenths of the inhabitants do not know what snow means. In almost all parts of the continent an open air life has no hardships at any time of the year. This has an important effect on character. The hearth (the Focus of the Latins) loses its power. In a cold climate the family of necessity clusters around the hearth. Fire, shelter, cannot be done without. In Australia the family bond has no support from the elements. Almost every day and most of the nights can be spent out of doors without suffering. There is a consequent loosening of family discipline which is the ultimate basis of all respect for personages. The patriarchy weakens and with it the allied reverence to presbyters and rulers.

Another effect of the Australian climate, exuberantly bright and sunny, is its encouragement of the holiday spirit. On a rough average, over the greater part of the populated part of the continent there are 300 days of the year on which to work seems a sin against Nature and to mine for gold in the dim caverns of offices a madness. The constant temptation is to drag one's food out to the forest there to "live and lie reclined."

Mr. Fox therefore concludes that while the climate of Australia is favorable to happiness, it is unfavorable to discipline and energy, prompts a weakening of family life

and encourages a holiday spirit. He says that natural conditions correct to some extent the tendencies of climate and adds:

Australia produces practically no food from the unaided bounty of nature. There is no banana to be the upas tree of civilization. All that man gets he must work for, and work for regularly and intelligently. The soil gives very rich rewards to the careful tiller. It gives nothing to the idler, little to the spasmodic worker. Over the greater part of the continent, indeed, irrigation is necessary, or very near necessary, for profitable tillage. Just as there are no wild beasts of prey to combat, there are no natural food beasts to eat. Man must breed the meat he wants. A cautious, scientific practicality is thus taught by Australian natural conditions. There are no geographical features to suggest awe. The need for irrigation prohibits superstition. But splendid guerdons encourage those who use their hands and heads to overcome Nature.

As to the effect of artificial conditions on the Australian type of man Mr. Fox says:

The Australian is almost unique among the peoples of the world in the fact that he started with practically no "class" distinctions, and there has since been very little stimulus to their growth. The Australian of every class wears about the same sort of clothes. There is no "peasant's dress" anywhere. All eat about the same food. There is no class which can not afford to have as much meat as it cares for, and it would be a hopeless restaurant, even in the poorest quarter, which did not offer its customers a "poultry dinner" on Sunday. All this tends to a feeling of equality. When every man, roughly, eats alike and dresses alike it is difficult when all come to vote on terms of absolute equality to try to maintain that one is of meerschaum, the other of more common clay.

Now, what have all these influences upon the development of life in Australia produced in the way of a man? What kind of people are the Australians, what are their peculiarities, anyway? Here is Mr. Fox's answer, and

doubtless it is a far better, far truer, more thoroughly founded answer than one which any American who was in Australia with the fleet or any American who had only a few weeks or months in which to study the matter could give:

The warring influences of climate, urging to indolent basking in the eternal sunshine, and natural conditions sternly commanding "work or die" lead to a curious alternation of work and play. The Australian works harder than any other man on earth, and he plays harder. He crowds as much as he can into his working days and then rushes with feverish intensity to his frequent holidays.

In short the Australian is not an unworthy or degenerate type. There are faults, but they are not of degeneracy, but of a too happy and indulged childhood and likely to vanish with the first experience of hardship and misfortune. The pleasure loving instincts of the Australian are very blessed pledges of sanity and good health, and his pleasures are in the main earned by hard work. The touch of stoicism and cruelty in our national character is at least better than the mawkish sentimentality which flourishes between quarrels in vegetarian and peace societies. The intolerance of tyranny, the contempt for class distinctions and the scorn of superstitions are all proofs of high mental development. The most serious blemish in the Australian character is a lack of communal dependency, due to the too easy conditions of first settlement. With growth that shows a tendency to disappear.

But as he stands to-day, free without being lawless, impatient of control but generous and warm blooded, pleasure loving but industrious, clever and resourceful far beyond the average, a little "flash," a little inclined to the cynicism of early youth, absolutely fearless, the Australian is emphatically "not a bad sort," to use his own term of high praise. He is not worthy of his opportunities, but he gives every promise of being so one day.

Read that last paragraph over again and you will begin to understand what kind of a welcome the American fleet received from the Australians. Really there could be only one kind, the warmest hearted that any human folk

could produce, and that was what it was. If the pace was swift and if most of the Americans were worn out and deprived of seeing all they wished to see it was solely because the Australians did not know how to check hospitality.

One thing about the Australians that pleased the Americans very much was their keen sense of humor. They are Americans in that respect. You don't have to explain a joke to them. They seemed even to understand American slang instinctively. Rarely did they ask what our slang words meant. They simply said, "You mean so and so by that word, don't you?" Almost invariably they were right. Then they compared slang words. They had an American football game in Melbourne and thousands came out to see it. An American said to an Australian friend that he was going to see the game and root for his ship's team.

"When you say root we say barrack," the Australian replied.

Scores of similar expressions were swapped. The Americans had to make a lot of speeches. After the American fashion they told a good many stories, some of them with a point that was strictly American. To the credit of the keen Australian mind let it be said that not one of the stories the Americans told fell flat. Then the Australians started in to swap yarns, matching the Yankees every time.

The Americans and Australians got on all right when it came to fun. There was instant appreciation of national humor. What could be more American than some of Dryblower's fun? Under an Albany date line one of the

Perth newspapers printed this item about the American fleet:

A Perth firm is despatching two tons of sausages a day to Albany for fleet week.

Forthwith Dryblower got busy, and this is part of what he produced:

Chain the dear domestic dog, safely coop the cat;
 Rather trusting populace of Perth.
 Keep indoors the poodle and the tabby, sleek and fat;
 Give the butcher man a broadened berth.
 Some one's got his eye on 'em, some one has a cart,
 Where the brown retrievers prank and play!
 And the weird announcement gives our systems all a start:
 "Two tons of sausages a day!"

Long has Fido frolicked on the safe domestic mat;
 Long has Carlo rambled on the road;
 Times and oft we've noticed many a comfortable cat
 Basking near his mistress's abode.
 But around the streets to-day the butcher man abides,
 Seeking various animals to slay.
 Since an enterprising local firm for Albany provides
 "Two tons of sausages a day!"

You should also lock the steed, a trifle thoroughbred,
 And the brumby, broken at the knees;
 Else toward the chopper will the straying ones be led,
 Minus the formality of "please."
 Many a Yankee sailorman will glue his Yankee gums
 To that which never uttered more than "neigh,"
 And the officers will help the sailors bulge their rummy-tums,
 With "two tons of sausages a day!"

"To what base uses," some one said, "may come a noble thing;"
 A racehorse may become a breakfast feed;

And obedient to the summons of the luncheon ting-a-ling
Come the sausages of Pomeranian breed!
But the great Chicago country on which Upton Sinclair shed
A rather lurid, disconcerting ray,
Should have no keen compunction, though its sailormen are
fed
On "two tons of sausages a day!"

Of course the Australians were keen over President Roosevelt. They know almost as much about him as Americans do and they shout for him as enthusiastically as any crowd of Westerners would in our own country. They knew all about race suicide, and the way one of their versifiers put a local twist to the subject amused the Americans. This skit appeared in one of the newspapers:

Mr. Teddy, rough and ready,
To the crowd doth cry:
"See the rabbit!
Get the habit;
Go and multiply!"

When it comes to rabbits the Australians have a vivid idea of what race suicide does not mean. A large part of the good earnings of the farmers is spent in providing fences to keep out those pests. The law requires the farmers to fence them out, and it's a mighty big burden! The States do something in that line, and there was something dogged and highly determined in the way that Western Australia spent thousands upon thousands of pounds building two great fences in the desert hundreds of miles long to keep the rabbits from coming over into that pioneer State. The camel trains with their supplies of lumber and wire and carrying water and food were out for

months. West Australia has succeeded thus far in keeping these pests, which with the dingoes, the wild dogs of the country, are the greatest nuisances in the land, from her territory. The effort was worth the money. There was grim humor in that jingle.

The Americans liked the newspapers of Australia exceedingly. They would do credit to any country and to any city. When one thinks that the entire population of Australia is only a little more than that of New York city and probably no more than that of New York if the suburban population is included one marvels at the excellent newspapers produced by the hundreds. Newspaper publication in Australia is profitable business. The men engaged in the work are the keenest minded in the community. The reports of the doings in connection with the fleet were marvels of accuracy. The lighter side of things was portrayed delightfully. American reporters could not have done it better.

Except in the makeup the newspapers were really American. The English style of using indirect discourse in reporting speech is employed and small headings are the custom. But big black headings and box devices and all the other American tricks were used in telling the fleet story. Of course the English style of using the first page for advertisements was adopted and putting your best news inside as far as possible, but with that exception the newspapers were just as presentable and entertaining as can be found anywhere.

The Americans found some old friends in these publications. One that pleased them was the obituary poet who went out of business in Philadelphia several years ago.

They have a way in Australia of printing "In Memoriam" death notices of those who have passed away years before. The idea seems to be that it affords some relief to the afflicted to let the world know they are still grieving.

Then there are our old friends the matrimonial notices. Here are some culled from the columns of a morning newspaper:

A—LADIES, Gentlemen contemplating Matrimony, Consult Proprietors HOLT'S CHAMBERS, specially erected by proprietors for marriages, costing £4000. Established 1886. INTRODUCTIONS privately arranged between eligible PARTNERS, VIEW MATRIMONY. Only letters containing stamp answered. All communications treated confidentially and managed solely by proprietors, thereby ensuring STRICTEST PRIVACY. Telephone 3654.

A—MARRIAGES (fee 5/6) Solemnized at or through Holt's (as stated above) are treated confidentially, as hitherto, and never at any time advertised.

A—All Marriages Solemnized daily, Rev. John Hosking, ordained Protestant clergyman, Manse, 101 Gore-st., Fitzroy; home or church; 10/6; witnesses available.

ALL Marriages, all beliefs, 10/6; appointments, 2d floor, Beehive-ch., op. G.P.O.; any distance; notice unnecessary; witnesses. Rev. A. J. Abbott.

A—REV. Fergus Ferguson (Edinr. Univ.) solemnizes Marriages, 10 to 10, at parties' home or manse, 3 Victoria-par., corner Smith-st., Collingwood. Fee 10/6.

MARRIAGES, 10/6, absolutely legal; Protestants, Catholics, others; notice unnecessary, 10 to 10 p. m.; correspondence confidential. Minister's residence, 24 Brunswick-st., Fitzroy. Witnesses.

Before the subject of newspapers is dismissed it may be said that those Americans who went up to Perth in Western Australia were much amused at a letter from a

Sydney woman printed there, telling of Fleet Week in her city. She closed her letter:

Some people's record of Fleet Week in Sydney: Thursday, hic-hic; Friday, hic-hicker; Saturday, hic-hickest; Sunday, blank; Monday, hic-hoorah; Tuesday, hic-hooroor; Wednesday, hic-hoo-rush; Thursday, hic-who's-off?

You hear it said frequently that Australia has as yet produced no real literature. Comparatively that may be true, but the delightful Bulletin of Sydney, which is the Spectator of Australia, has brought many a sweet Australian singer to public notice and few sonnets have ever risen to the height of one written by the late William Gay of Bendigo on his couch of pain when he glorified Australian federation and wrote what is regarded by many as the greatest Australian national verse. Dozens of these singers have charmed Australia and dozens of prose writers have told their stories in the Bulletin.

The Americans were inundated with letters of hard luck stories, pamphlets advocating this and that reform, poems that were printed privately, because no one else would print them, attacks on this and that Governmental policy, and it all added more or less gayly to the occasion. Some of these letters were even sent to Americans who were not members of the fleet, and perhaps the strangest of that kind that the presence of the ships brought was received by Miss Margaret Anglin, the American actress, in her tour of Australia. She was astonished one morning to receive this in her mail at Sydney:

MADAME: I must protest to you, as one of the distinguished Americans at present in Sydney, against the action of President

Roosevelt in treating so lightly the cadets who were guilty of "ragging" or "hazing" a junior to death. It will be a good thing when national quarrels are settled by arbitration, and then there will be an end to the military life.

EDGAR J. GODFREY.

There is no record that Miss Anglin caused the cable to sizzle with any message to the President, but she did decide at once to give up living in a hotel and took a private house because she wasn't quite sure what kind of callers might be intruding upon her in a semi-public place. She hasn't got over wondering yet what she had done to have this thunderbolt aimed at her.

Of course the Americans took intense interest in the animals and birds peculiar to Australia. Nearly every ship got a kangaroo or a wallaby, which is a kangaroo of moderate size, for a ship's pet. They couldn't get used to ship life and many of them soon died. The dingoes were interesting and Col. Moore, the Premier of Western Australia, sent two or three to the fleet. One came to the Louisiana, and while he lasted he was a great favorite on the ship. He came on board in a big box with stout bars in front of it. A dingo is a wild dog, a sort of coyote. He is tawny in color, with a wolf head, sharp nose, glaring eyes, long stout legs, a rather small body and a beautiful bushy tail. Dingo came from a zoo and so wasn't entirely unused to seeing people. He didn't snap or snarl, and so one day they let him out of the cage. He began to slink away from those on the ship and he ran about continuously. Gradually some of the crew got near him. He showed no tendency to bite. He even manifested some liking for the man who fed him. It wasn't hard to catch

him and then he was tied up, with his box door standing open.

Constant visits were made to him and he began to feel more at home. In a day or two he began to play about the quarter-deck. The men would rush at him and off he would go in great leaps. Back he would come with a rush. Then it was hide and seek. When by himself he would run fast and take enormous leaps, landing upon the canvas covered winches. Several times he tried to scale the after 12-inch turret. Some one tossed him a ball one day. He ran from it. Then he approached it carefully and pounced upon it gingerly. He soon began to enjoy playing with it.

Dingo got to be a favorite. There was one man he always ran from. He was a steward who has whiskers. A beard was more than an Australian wild dog could stand. Well, Dingo took to running risks. He loved to go back to the after end of the quarter-deck and go out upon the deep sounding grating there and look at the water. Then he got to climbing out on the sponsons on the sides of the quarter-deck. That was his ruin. He was out there one morning just before the ship got into the Java Sea. The ship gave a lurch and Dingo went overboard. He swam bravely enough, but the Virginia's prow came along, hit him and he went under to be seen no more.

The ships were fairly overloaded with pets — dogs, emus, birds — until most of the vessels resembled floating zoos. The Louisiana got what the people regarded as the boss pet of them all. It was a laughing jackass. You don't know what a laughing jackass is? Well, it isn't a jackass at all! It's a bird, one of the strangest birds that

lives in the world. It belongs to Australia and is so revered by the people that rarely is one allowed to take a jackass out of the country. The Louisiana's came from a zoo.

A laughing jackass is the solemnest looking bird in all creation. It is about the size of a crow or a magpie, gray in color, with brown or beautiful blue wings, with a long, sharp beak, and it sits around on trees and posts and buildings hour after hour, the most forlorn looking thing your eyes ever rested upon. It is a flesh eater, loves snakes and insects and any other kind of meat it can get. When it chooses, generally at sunrise or sunset, it lets loose its cry. There is no fun in that bird, but its cry is the most tremendous guffaw human ears ever heard. You can't listen to that cry without shrieking with laughter. It is the catching kind of laughter. If you want to start the day in good humor just have a laughing jackass come around and get you up. Lest the reader may think that this is drawing a pretty long bow read what W. W. Shoemaker, of New York, says in his "Islands of the Southern Seas" about this bird:

The name appeared on the cage, but that did not simplify matters. The only way to settle the point was to request a laugh, which we did, but with no result. We stated that we had come 12,000 miles to hear one, and also that we were victims of melancholia and would be greatly benefited thereby, but all to no purpose. No one laughed, and the birds in their cages settled themselves on their perches with a firm manner, fully giving us to understand that they were not "matinee girls" and that if we wished them to perform we must come at night and pay full price. Several kangaroos hopped up and joined in the consultation, seemingly siding with us. A grave "adjutant" contemplated the scene from his vantage post on one

leg, but the feathered kingdom, save for an impudent parrot, was deadly silent.

Our only hope lay in strategy, and we moved away as though in despair. After a visit to some superb black panthers and royal tigers, we returned stealthily. Still the same silence and the same watchfulness on the part of the feathery kingdom, but suddenly, from a hole in the rear came a ghostly guffaw, that, heard in a solitary place at night, would drive a strong-minded man daft, and shortly the vicinity would have rivalled the violent wards of a mad-house, such was the guffawing and demoniacal laughter that roared all around us.

The most innocent and wisest-looking birds of the lot were the jackasses. They are about the size of a magpie, dark brown as to wing, light brown on the breast, with a mop of feathers on the head, which stand up like the gray hair of a Hottentot and deeply shade a pair of wise-looking eyes. The bill seems shaped like a pelican's but it is not so flat. We sat there and laughed as much as they did for a season, but as abruptly as they had commenced they ceased, and the shrewdest detective would never have had the slightest suspicion that any one of that congregation had been guilty of aught save the most solemn demeanor for a century back at least.

When these birds "spot" a snake their habit is for one of them to lay hold of it in a part which renders the snake powerless to bite; then the laughing jackass soars up into the air for a considerable distance with the snake in its beak, and lets it fall to earth from an altitude which instinct tells it is sufficient for the purpose. As soon as the snake reaches the ground it is instantly seized by another of these courageous little birds which is patiently awaiting the opportunity. Up into the air the snake is carried again and the same process is repeated as often as may be required to kill the snake. Then with a loud ringing chorus the laughing jackasses seem to compliment themselves upon their achievement and go off in search of fresh prey. Penalties are provided for destroying these laughing jackasses, but no one would ever dream of doing such a thing, knowing what little heroes they are in attacking and destroying man's greatest enemy in the Australian bush.

The Louisiana's jack was silent for several days after he came on board, but a few days ago he began to laugh

at reveille and at sunset, and every one who hears him has a good time. It wouldn't be a bad investment for Uncle Sam to provide laughing jackasses for all his men of war.

Of course there are a few other strange animals in this, the oldest continent of the world, as geologists declare, and some of the strangest are the kangaroo rats and mice. Most of these are really diminutive marsupials, but through some freak of nature there are really kangaroo rodents, little mice and rats, with long hind legs and diminutive front ones. There are some splendid specimens of the latter in the fine collection of natural history in Perth, where under the leadership of men like Dr. Hackett the closest attention is paid to securing valuable collections of fauna, as well as other branches of natural history. And all this is in connection with a fine collection of art.

CHAPTER VII

MANILA IN HARD LUCK

Disappointment the End of the Fleet's Visit — Cholera Scare to Blame — Sailors Could Not Land and the Welcome Was Not Given — Great Hopes Had Been Based on the Coming of the Battleships — A Successful Fight Had Been Made Against the Epidemic — The Loss of Prestige Felt Most in Manila — Wonderful Changes Achieved in the City Since the United States Took Possession.

U. S. Battle Fleet,

MANILA, P. I., October 10.

THIS is a hard luck story. It's about the visit of the Atlantic fleet to Manila from October 2 to October 10 in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eight. The unusual thing about the visit is that there wasn't any visit. The ships steamed in on October 2, and as much of Manila as could get afloat came out to see them. The ships steamed out again eight days later, and Manila didn't come out to see them go, but turned away her head, said nothing and did a lot of serious thinking.

During the week that the fleet lay at anchor in Manila Bay there were practically no dealings between city and fleet. Manila had been indiscreet enough to have the cholera. Although the epidemic was practically over, the new cases numbering from five to ten a day only, as a matter of precaution the sailors were not allowed to go ashore. A few officers were allowed to land, it is true, but none was allowed to stay over night except by special

permission. The sailormen who had to be sent ashore for the mails and on sundry errands had to carry their own drinking water with them. Orders were issued that no city water should be drunk and no food eaten except that which had been cooked on board the ships of the fleet.

Manila was cut off from the fleet at a time when the fleet meant much to her. The city had been having troubles, many and varied, besides the cholera — business troubles and political troubles. The one ray of gladness in this critical time was the coming of the Atlantic fleet. Something of the majesty of the United States was to be expressed to Filipinos and Americans alike by this visit. The American people, it was also thought, would now hear Manila's story, and the Americans in Manila thought that those at home might wake up and realize and think and no longer ignore and trifle, but might speak out definitely and the American pioneers in the possessions at last, in the parlance of the day, would know where they were at. A week's possession of the great American fleet, Manila hoped, would work wonders for her and for the Philippines and would mark the turning of the tide.

As things turned out the arrival of the fleet simply added to the gloom. It was so thick that you could cut it. It was a Black Friday. Manila's cup of joy turned to one of bitterness. The city refused to be comforted. She had raised about \$120,000 to entertain the fleet. She had begun the erection of arches on her principal highway. Her merchants had laid in supplies, largely perishable. She had her lights and her bunting ready to be put up. She had grappled with the cholera and had ceased to worry about it. She had prepared herself for ten days of

happiness, and it all came to naught! She was stunned, then angry, then sullen.

Truly it was hard luck! And the cholera did it. Certainly Admiral Sperry was not going to take chances. One case of cholera on one of those sixteen battleships would not only be likely to disrupt the fleet and mar its progress, but make it an object of the world's pity. No commanding officer could be blamed for not caring to face such a situation; no commanding officer could be blamed for exercising every possible precaution to conserve the health of his men and to avoid criticism. This cholera scare has done undeserved harm to Manila nevertheless. There were some good features about the city's fight against cholera and some that were not good. The good features centred about a persistent struggle, begun too late. The bad features centred about a neglect to wake up to the seriousness of the situation early.

Manila and the Government of the islands had not the excuse of unfamiliarity with cholera. An epidemic swept over the islands in 1902. There were 103,076 recorded cases then, with 66,837 known deaths. All parts of the archipelago were affected. It took hard work to put down the disease. Occasionally since then cholera has appeared in the islands, just as it appears all over this part of the Orient. Sometimes it passes off without becoming epidemic and sometimes it does not. As early as January last it was known that there was cholera in the north part of Luzon. Manila merchants were notified of its existence in at least three provinces. Word came after a few weeks that it had disappeared in Bulacan, Pampanga and Zambales provinces, but word also came that it had started

up in Dagupan and was becoming more threatening in Pangasinan province.

A few cases appeared in Manila, but they disappeared and the health records as compiled and printed by Dr. Victor G. Heiser, Director of Health in the Department of the Interior, over which Commissioner Dean C. Worcester presides, show that from April to the end of June there were only six cases of cholera in Manila. Still it spread in the provinces to the north. It rapidly approached the city along the lines of travel. The Government urged the various municipalities to fight the scourge. One province, Capiz, set aside \$750 for this work and good results were reported. It was hoped that other municipalities and Provincial Governments would follow that example, but local self-government prevails among the Filipinos in these places, and that does not provide for war on disease. They are not used to such measures.

As Dr. Heiser said in his report of July 7 last, it must be remembered "that a large proportion of the people are ignorant and inaccessible; that much superstition exists; that one of the most popular beliefs is in the supposed injurious character of boiled water; that the cost of fuel is comparatively high, making sterile water and cooked food difficult for the masses to obtain; that the majority of people cling tenaciously to the mode of living which has been customary with them for hundreds of years; that food is conveyed to the mouth with the fingers from a receptacle used by all the household; that more than 60 per cent. of the population are afflicted with intestinal parasites; that with the possible exception of the supply for a few hundred thousand out of a total of 7,000,000

the drinking water is obtained from shallow surface wells; that physically the people are weak and unresistant, and that funds and skilled physicians needed to combat this condition are very limited."

All of this is true, and Dr. Heiser also said another true thing when he added: "The funds for fighting cholera now are also very meagre as compared with 1902."

So they were, Dr. Heiser, and right there lies a large part of the fault. Who was to blame? Manila has no health department of its own. That is run by the Interior Department of the Insular Government. Dr. Heiser manages the bureau and has done so for four years.

He has done notably good work, so much so that it was by the desire of the Insular Government that he went to America in July to read a paper at the tuberculosis congress, just when the cholera epidemic struck Manila with deadening force. Dr. A. J. McLaughlin, a young officer of the Marine Hospital Service, was left to grapple with the disease. As Dr. Heiser says, funds were scarce, very scarce.

No matter who was to blame, it is known that when the fight against cholera was begun in earnest in Manila, when the hospitals were overcrowded, when the natives were trying to smuggle their dead away, Manila was almost helpless. From the beginning of July the cases had multiplied with extraordinary rapidity. The fleet reception committee saw the danger and advised the Government to get busy. It did, but there was no complete organization, no adequate supply of disinfectants, no plan of action and the head of the Health Bureau was far away, in America!

Orders were sent to various cities in Japan, China and

India to hurry more disinfectants to Manila no matter what the cost. Orders were also sent to the United States. To the general consternation, it was found that adequate supplies could not be secured then in the Orient. There had been a plan of attack adopted against the disease which was working out admirably, but with no disinfectants it was like going into action without a supply of ammunition.

Finally all supplies ran out. A graver crisis never confronted a city grappling with a scourge. Then somebody recalled that when Col. Maus was health officer here several years ago he caused to be purchased a large quantity of formaldehyde. It had never been used under the administration of his successor. The alleged excuse was that it was too expensive a material for disinfecting purposes, especially at a time when the desire was to economize and to keep within the limit of appropriations. The formaldehyde was brought out and it saved the day. On September 21 the steamship St. Patrick arrived from the States with 1,200 gallons of carbolic solution. That kept things going until October 6, when a large and adequate supply arrived from various cities, and Manila again rested easy.

In the meantime the situation was most grave. The hospitals were jammed. Deaths were numerous. Bodies of cholera victims were found floating in streams. Here and there newly made graves in out of the way places told the story of natives hiding the disease. Manila had no health organization. The Government turned to the city authorities to help them out. All hands were enlisted in the war. All were aroused to the danger that the fleet visit might be turned into a fiasco and all realized that

whether it was or not common humanity demanded the finest fight that could be made.

The city commissioners took hold of things in coöperation with the health officials and the Government. There was no appropriation available, but plain common sense was used. About 12 per cent. of the city police were put on sanitary inspection and taken from their regular work. About 100 sanitary inspectors were appointed. Every house in the city was inspected every day. Every case of sickness was reported and special physicians were sent to examine. All unclean places were disinfected.

Manila has four chemical fire engines, and the city officials used them in the cleansing work. Whenever a case of cholera was found one of these engines was sent to the place and the house was doused outside and in with disinfectants. The dwellings were not burned and the natives began to report cases. Secret burials were given up. The hospital situation became cleared when private hospitals began to set aside wards for cholera cases and the overcrowded San Lazaro Hospital was relieved of its congestion. The Bureau of Science, a magnificent institution established by the Americans, had been making researches into cholera germs and its services were effective. A liberal policy of allowing relatives to stay with afflicted persons in the hospitals was adopted. Relatives were also allowed to visit the sick every day. This had a reassuring effect upon the natives. Tracts and other information about cholera were given to the school children every day. They took all these home and the people began to be educated in means and methods of fighting the epidemic.

Finally the number of cases began to go down. Manila

was cleaned up, a comprehensive system of fighting the disease was in force and soon the cases were numbered by the tens rather than the scores and late in September it began to look as if cholera would soon be a thing of the past. There was absolutely no public fright over the disease. The fighting was effective. The great epidemic of 1902 had disappeared in October. This would probably do the same.

Meantime the fleet was approaching rapidly. A wise policy of not concealing the truth about epidemics had prevailed, but it was to cost Manila heavily. The news of the situation was communicated to Admiral Sperry. As the fleet drew nearer the details became clearer. Wireless telegraphy is a wonderful thing, as the people of Manila now realize. The work of erecting arches, of providing entertainments on a large scale, of putting up decorations, of preparing plans for extending the glad hand and of receiving the glad hand just when that exchange of civilities was needed most in the islands went on until it became known that Admiral Sperry would grant no shore liberty to the men and that the officers would not be allowed to stay ashore over night except in unusual cases, that no food or drink must be purchased ashore, and then Manila — well, Manila fell in a heap.

She could not deny that she had cholera. She said that it was practically all over; that all drinking water in public places was sterile; that all filth had been cleaned up; that all the ice in the city was made by the army in the splendid cold storage plant it runs and came from artesian water found 750 feet deep; that there really was no danger; that it was absurd to make these restrictions; that

if it was all to end this way she was sorry the fleet had come, etc. In other words, she acted as any half-hysterical, grievously disappointed woman would have done, and she remained sullen until the fleet sailed away.

Nevertheless up to October 1 there were more than five hundred cases of cholera, with more than three hundred deaths in Manila, most of them in the last three months, and in the islands the cases numbered 21,456, with 13,611 deaths. Nor did it avail Manila anything to point out that this epidemic was not nearly so large as that of 1902, that the death rate in the cities was unusually low for the disease, being about 55 per cent., when often it has gone to 90 per cent.; that very few whites were attacked with the disease. All this showing, with the great fight that has been made — and that fight ought to be long remembered in the annals of Manila — convinced the people that there was no danger in allowing the most friendly relations between the ships and the shore, but Admiral Sperry decided otherwise. What hurt Manila most was not the loss of money; Americans stand up to that gaff like true sports. It was the loss of prestige. She wanted to tell her story to the American people under circumstances that would give her the full hearing that she thinks she has deserved.

But why shouldn't that story be told? If Hard Luck came, all the more reason for presenting what she would have said. So, let some of it, at least, be told right here to the American people.

In the first place it should be said at the outset that the writer of this, with only a short stay in Manila, makes no pretensions even to pretend to solve in the remotest degree what is known as the Philippines Problem. Others may

pick up live coals with bare hands if they wish, but that in no wise prevents a man from pointing out where the live coals are and from telling what those most experienced in handling them say about the work.

In the city of Manila alone there are more than 5,000 Americans out of a total population of about 250,000. Now there are about 5,000 opinions among the Americans as to the way to run things, differing in minor details, but there is only one opinion among them on one most important matter — the broad policy of governmental control. It is that the United States should govern these islands with a strong, rigid grasp; that a well-defined policy should be laid down and adhered to strictly; that the cry should be: The Philippines for the Americans, as well as for the Filipinos.

Whether that is the right view to hold, it is absolutely true that it is the view held by those Americans who have spent years here, who have invested their money here and have given their time and energy to the pioneer work in the country and who believe that all the United States has to do is so to rule that it will be a veritable promised land for the United States and her people. Right or wrong, there is no difference of opinion among those on the ground, those in absolute contact with situation, those who know the Philippines problem as it is in actual daily life, as to what our Government should do in a broad way.

And they give reasons for it. The average American, they say, is beginning to realize that world politics will never allow the United States to give up these islands to another nation, and is beginning to see that it can not, in justice to the Filipinos, give them up to the Filipinos.

That Open-Door policy of John Hay means something tangible to the United States and it will require, the Americans in Manila hold, something more than a naval station or two in the Philippines to make sure that China's door will remain open. There is not a man familiar with the conditions in the East who does not assert that the Open-Door policy means the continuous exercise of American sovereignty in the Philippines. So much for that.

The Manila Americans assert that even if there were no Open-Door policy to maintain the true interests of the islands and the Filipinos themselves require continued American control of the strongest kind. They assert that there is untold wealth in the islands and that there are opportunities presented here for Americans such as no land ever had presented to it before. They declare that the Filipinos are so constituted that they never can develop these opportunities and that the good of humanity and the advance of civilization demand that American energy and American ideals be allowed to have full sway here. They declare openly that President McKinley made a mistake when, under the pressure of the anti-imperialists and with the desire to placate political opinion, he declared for the policy of the Philippines for the Filipinos. They assert with equal boldness that down in his heart Mr. Taft, who inaugurated that policy and obeyed orders, knows that it should be modified to some extent.

They also assert that the United States has a perfect right to say that the Philippines should be for the Americans and say it boldly. They declare that the islands have never really belonged to the Filipinos and that there is no reason in good sense or justice why they should now be

given up to the Filipinos. They say that the United States is now in possession of the islands because of a superior power in civilization to that which Spain exercised and that if some other Government should come along and present a form of civilization, of justice and of honor superior to that of the United States, that other Government would have the right to take the islands and keep them.

They declare that it was far more than the exercise of the power of war which turned these islands over to the United States; it was the moving advance of the great forces which have changed the map of the world all over the globe in the last two hundred years, forces that have used war as their agent, but forces nevertheless that can not be resisted in the march of events. They therefore declare boldly that these islands are American territory; that they never were Filipino territory; that the Filipinos can never govern them, as right government is known to-day in the world, and that there should be only one thought in the minds of the American people and that is that the United States flag is here and is here to stay.

Nor can one blame these Americans with their years of experience here for holding these views. They will point out to you that about only five per cent. of the Filipinos, at most, are fit to exercise governmental control over their fellow men. The kind of governmental control they would exercise, these Americans assert, is of the peonage stamp. They say that giving up these islands means permission from the United States for five per cent. of the Filipinos to hold the other ninety-five per cent. not only in a state of commercial slavery but of practical peonage with all

the injustice and corruption that such a system entails.

Furthermore they point to the practical failure of government control by the present Filipino Assembly. It is literally true that the doings of that body are a stench in the nostrils of the Americans in the islands. There are men in that body who buried American soldiers alive in the ground up to their necks and then sprinkled sugar over their heads so that the ants could eat these men alive and subject them to most horrible torture in their dying moments. There are men in that body who are known to be jail-birds. One or more of the men had such records that the Filipinos could not stand for them themselves at first, but reflections settled that problem.

Moreover the United States has now so committed itself that its agents in the islands have reached a stage of compromise with the Assembly. True, the United States can declare it all off, but in view of the political situation at home no one expects Congress and the Administration to be sufficiently courageous for that. Votes must not be alienated. The Assembly, like most lower houses in modern Governments, has the sole power of originating revenue bills. The Philippines Commission is practically the Senate. The law provides that if there can be no agreement on appropriations the old ones shall continue. Of course such a makeshift could not last long. Under pressure from Washington, it is asserted, the Commission has already begun to yield. One of the first things the Assembly did was to raise the salaries of its own members and try to cut down the salaries of the commissioners. It was a time for compromise. The salary raise held good. The cut did not.

Manuel Quezon was the leader of the dominant party in the Assembly. In some way it was thought necessary to conciliate him. And the spectacle presented to the world by this Assembly, with the approval of Washington, it is declared, was to conciliate him by granting him \$17,000 gold out of the Philippines Treasury to be expended by him as a delegate to an International Congress on Navigation in St. Petersburg. Now it is conceded that Quezon knows no more about navigation than he does about the transit of Venus or the best methods to hit a solar plexus blow in a scrapping contest. Moreover it was known when he started for the congress that possibly he might arrive there on the last day of the session. As a matter of fact it is asserted that the congress was all over when he got there. After that he went gallivanting around the world at public expense to the scandal of economical government in the Philippines and with the covert approval of Washington.

So much for the Assembly and its leader. There are those here who use an ugly word when they speak of this spectacular trip of Quezon about the world and the \$17,000 worth of navigation ideas he obtained. They wonder if it will help the Filipinos in the future in learning how to navigate their cascoes, which they now pole from place to place, with sextants and other beautifully polished instruments.

There has been much talk also of extraterritoriality, when the United States should leave the Filipinos to run their own affairs and then our country, "unburdened of the tutorship of the Philippines, would devote all the energies now absorbed in uplifting a race into the task of up-

building her own great power and commerce in these islands and throughout the Far East." Well, one of the newspapers here pointed out what extraterritoriality would mean. It would mean that British, German, French, Japanese and possibly Chinese extraterritoriality would also be established. All hands would be camped right in Manila to see that their people had a square deal from the Government. This newspaper said:

"The United States could not prevent this. Already American interests are too large in the Philippines to permit a complete withdrawal of all watchfulness and trusting to native justice, which under the inevitable caciquism, would be a commodity. Nor would Britain and Germany, whose merchants here have been long established, be content to do otherwise. And Japan, who has not many nationals here now, but who is so near that thousands might pour in within a few weeks, would want to stand on a par with the other Powers."

This conclusion is reached:

"Independence would bring extraterritoriality and extraterritoriality for the Philippines would mean friction, fighting, national debt, territorial seizure, finally the farming of the customs and, in the last analysis, national death."

Perhaps those who clamor for the Philippines for the Filipinos would do well to ponder that subject for a time.

And so you may talk as long as you please with the Americans out here about Filipino independence, but those men who have patriotism in their souls and have something to show for it in the way they have stood by the flag on this outpost and who seek something more than present

dollars, and that is future opportunities and high advantages for America and Americans in the Orient, shake their heads about it and say no. They point out how local government under natives has gone back into corruption and lethargy all over the islands. Isn't it fair to think that, biased as they may seem to be, they know something more of the real situation than theorists and those unacquainted with facts at home know, and aren't their opinions worth real consideration?

You may go six miles outside of Manila and you will find a splendid army post, Fort McKinley. It is the finest establishment of the kind over which the United States flag flies. It is said to be the second largest in the world. Did the United States build that post to give it to the Filipinos? Did the United States build it with the expectation of keeping it when the Filipinos became independent? Read that article on extraterritoriality again. It fits the case.

Perhaps these views are those of extremists. Granted; but they exist nevertheless and they are mentioned for what they are worth and no more. Look at the situation, if you will, from a more aloof standpoint, one with a better perspective, if you please. Governor-General Smith at a dinner given to the newspaper correspondents with the fleet made a notable speech. He said there were three ways to treat the Filipinos. One was to dominate them completely, take the land, rule over it ruthlessly, treat them as a conquered and subject people with no rights and privileges. Such would be the iron-hand rule. Another would be to govern them righteously, justly, fairly, but to give them no hope of participation in the government.

The third would be to govern them justly, righteously and to give them hope. He said Great Britain was governing India in the second way. He was not sure it was wise, because the rumbling of a mighty thunder was already to be heard there. He was convinced that the third plan was the wisest.

Then this Governor-General, whom all Americans here concede to be one of the wisest, most long-headed Governors we have had here, this man who has been in the islands from the beginning of American rule and who knows the problem certainly as well as any other man here, made a plea for education. He pointed out that the benefits of education could already be seen in the way the natives had coöperated to put down the cholera. He said, however, that the school children went back at night with their American ideas to the homes of parents, the homes of superstition, the homes of suspicion, the homes of instincts with the weight of generations behind them, and then he asked, what of it all? The deliberate answer of Governor-General Smith was that not for a generation, probably not for two generations, possibly not for three generations would the Filipinos be ready for independence. No one could tell. Education might solve the problem; nothing else would.

And so, if there are those who would let the Philippines go, take it from this wise man now in charge of affairs in Manila, the only way to do it is by wholesale education and then let that education come to fruit, if it ever will. Put your schools here, anti-imperialists, and see how it will work out. If you want the American flag hauled down in the Philippines let American education be your

agent and nothing else. If the problem is to be solved Governor-General Smith and a lot of other far-seeing men, wise in their generation, say that such is the only way. Can anyone suggest a better?

Ah, but there is the spectre of holding a subject people; all contrary to the declared principles of the United States Government. True enough, but the people out here tell the story about the boy being unable to let go of the bull's tail. They also ask pointedly about subject people in our Southern states. They say there are ways of withholding the franchise, legally and, some of them say, justly. They say: Why not people these islands with Americans, establish not a manhood but an educated franchise, and then keep the Philippines with the Filipinos no more a subject people than the negroes are a subject people in the United States? The spectre of a subject people has no terror for Americans now in the Philippines.

One can not escape the conviction that about the best American thing that could happen to the Philippines would be a first-class gold rush. There is gold in plenty, the experts say. If there could be a great influx of Americans here a large number of the bothersome questions would be solved and among them might be that one about subject people. All agree that what is needed out here is Americans and American capital. Will the Government adopt a definite policy, one that will stand for a definite time, to bring Americans and American capital out here and then see what will happen?

But it is pleasanter to contemplate what has been done by the Americans in the last ten years. There were men on this fleet who came here right after American guns

proclaimed this territory American and the United States paid Spain \$20,000,000 for it. What a change to-day! Then you could scarcely go on horseback through some streets in Manila. The highways were lighted with oil lamps. There were no signs over the shops on the Escolta. You had to go into a store and haul down the goods to see if they had what you wanted. A miserable street car hauled by diminutive ponies occasionally dragged its way through the street. The walled city was almost impassable. Filth was evident everywhere.

Now Manila is modern. It still has the cheerless, gray, musty appearance of the old days, and the mediæval architecture helps this out; but in five years as much building has been done as there was in fifty years before. The streets are clean and well paved. One of the best trolley systems in existence anywhere is in operation. An up to date fire department, installed by the late Hugh Bonner, is in operation. It is the pride not only of Manila but of the entire Orient. A modern police department exists. Modern sanitary conditions prevail. Parks have been developed. The Government is building a new harbor system so that vessels may come right up to the wharves inside the breakwater, and a new business city will be built with the Custom House as the central feature. The walls of the old city have been punctured and easy egress and ingress is now afforded. Electric lights are everywhere. It is a modern city with ancient settings and it is as picturesque a place as one can find.

Education in English has so spread that children speak with you in the streets in your own language. Within a year even the modern institution of boot-blacks has been

established, and it is one of the sights of Manila to see a native getting his old shoes shined when the money he has to pay for it would help to fill his empty stomach. A complete system of sewers is being established in the city. The new supply of pure water from the hills twenty-five miles away is in operation. All over the islands something like \$5,000,000 a year is being spent for school houses, good roads and other public improvements. Nearly 1,200 miles of railroad are being finished in the various islands, the interest guaranteed by the Government, and the Government is paying its own expenses. One could fill pages with the stories of the improvements. They are making the Philippines a livable place. Why, nearly 5,000 shade trees have been set out in Manila alone recently.

One work in the Philippines, purely American, has escaped general attention. It's the kind that's done with a microscope and so doesn't attract public notice like building bridges and roads and sewers and water works and harbor improvements. It is the work of what is called the Bureau of Science. That work has been worth millions to the Philippines. It grew out of the necessity of examining water supplies, of making analyses of foods, of investigating agricultural problems, making vaccine virus and serums for certain diseases, as well as studying insect pests and making assays of mineral products. Gradually all these functions and many more were centred in one institution to investigate the natural resources of the islands, to study diseases, to standardize weights and measures and to form a great scientific library. There has been all sorts of chemical work done for the benefit of agriculture.

All kinds of germs have been studied, cholera, plague, dengue, surra, rinderpest and the like, and serums have been prepared for them. The ravages of rinderpest have been stopped largely through this work. Vaccine virus as fine as any in the world has been produced in large quantities. More than 60,000 botanical specimens have been collected. A fine scientific journal is published and has made itself known throughout the world. Amœbic dysentery, which carried off thousands of Americans in the early days, has been fought down. Study is now going on to fight the intestinal parasites that afflict nearly 75 per cent. of the Filipinos.

Do you wonder that the Filipinos have a reputation for being lazy? It isn't laziness. In plain English it is a case of worms. The Filipino won't be good for much either in the way of government or of industry until you get these worms out of his system. Well, the Bureau of Science is going after 'em.

Then the bureau has been making investigation into the needs of paper making, and it thinks it has solved the problem in a grass fibre found here that will bring relief to the serious condition that confronts publishers and other consumers of paper in large quantities. That of itself may be sufficient reward for the moderate sum expended in this useful institution. One regrets that space will not allow more mention in detail of its great advantage to these islands.

But what about life in Manila and the Philippines? It has its bright and dark sides still. They tell you out here that the climate isn't really bad. Perhaps not, but you have to get used to it. They may tell you that only twice

in forty years has the temperature reached 100 degrees Fahrenheit. Possibly so, but you ought to know that the average humidity is 78 per cent., and if you could see Manila steaming in its marsh lands on a sweltering day, especially after one of those terrible rains here, you wouldn't care much what the records said about the thermometer.

Of course it is delightful up in the mountains. Of course the winter here is as enjoyable as it is in Havana, and that is saying a great deal. But after all a tropical climate is a tropical climate the world over and you've simply got to get used to it. Then you may be able to say the climate is all right, but one week's stay won't do it, nor will six months' stay do it any better.

Manila has still its attractive Malecon drive along the waterfront, and evenings you can go to the Luneta and circle about in your carriage while the famous constabulary band, led by an American negro, gives you as fine band music as you ever heard. They say that band plays "The Star Spangled Banner" better than any other in the world. Certainly it plays it differently from even the Australian bands. There is a quick, dashy movement in certain parts and then a corresponding deliberate movement in others. The shading is exquisite in places and the close of the tune most impressive. However, the effect is of the theatrical kind, and it is a question if the national air is improved with this juggling with certain bars. It is impressive to see thousands of the natives with heads bared and to see all traffic stopped while that tune is played at the close of a delightfully cool evening. A typhoon tore down the band stand two nights after the fleet ar-

rived. The last piece of music played there was "The Star Spangled Banner."

Of course Manila is as picturesque as ever. The river life on the Pasig is simply fascinating. The river seems as crowded as the Thames at London. All sorts of traffic is going on up and down. The old and new in every form of navigation is presented. In the city itself the water buffaloes drag their carts about and do the heavy dray work. The sprightly Filipino pony furnishes transportation for the family of means and for the lowly carametta, as the town hacks are known.

Home life, with the open balconies and the living apartments built high in the air to escape the marshy ground's influences, is attractive. The place is burdened with mosquitoes, but the dwellers know how to fight them. Dampness pervades everything for a good part of the time, but there is always an effective way of getting along if you know how. Social life is charming, especially in the foreign colony, and altogether if you accommodate yourself to circumstances Manila, even Manila, down on the marshes and away from the cool hills, is really a delightful place in which to live.

CHAPTER VIII

FLEET IN A GREAT STORM

Test of the Battleships on the Way to Japan — Fair Weather Record of Cruise Broken — One Life Lost — A Thrilling Rescue — Minor Mishaps on Board — The Vessels Shipshape Again at Tokio,

U. S. Battle Fleet,

OFF TOKIO BAY, October 17.

THE United States Atlantic Fleet can no longer be called a fair weather fleet. After cruising 20,000 miles on its journey around the world it had its first shaking up just above the New Zealand coast. That lasted nearly two days but was a mere incident. Going from New Zealand to Australia it got a severe tossing of five days clear across the Tasman Sea. But on the way from Luzon to Japan, on October 12 and 13, it encountered a real storm.

In the navy they have a way of minimizing storms, as sailormen the world over do, but the storm that raged about one hundred miles north and a little to the east of Luzon on October 12 and 13 was logged as a whole gale. It gave Uncle Sam's show fleet the ripsnortingest, slambangiest time that any of the ships had ever encountered. Three of the ships each lost two lifeboats. One ship had its foretopmast carried away and its wireless telegraph put out of commission for four days. Three ships lost men overboard. One of the men was drowned, but the

other two were rescued by following ships under thrilling circumstances.

All the fleet had to slow down. One division was told to go off by itself and make as easy weather as possible, joining the fleet later. It did join us to-day, after five days' absence. The ship which lost its foretopmast was off by itself nearly six days. All the ships had little injuries of one kind or another. All were most uncomfortable, decidedly unpleasant places for sleeping and eating.

It was one of the severest gales that the old salts ever went through. All the men of the fleet are proud of the showing the ships made. It delayed the arrival of the ships in Tokio Bay one day, it is true, but in the old days the delay might have been three or four days. A little more coal was used than was expected. The ships made a headway of only about five knots at times, but all came through fairly well, even the old — no, the new — Kearsarge, whose foretopmast was carried away.

It was not until about four days before Auckland was reached that really rough weather was met for the first time by the fleet. The ships rolled about, the seas had big hollows in them and great humps, just a jumping, lumpy sea. Some of the youngsters became seasick, but the moderate gale was just an interesting incident. The hospital ship Relief reported a hard time and so did some of the auxiliaries, but the battleships rolled about half lazily, as if to say that it was only a frolic and they enjoyed it.

Crossing the Tasman Sea it was blow and plunge all the way over. That storm might be termed a fresh gale. The Louisiana had to suffer the humiliation of having table racks put up for the first time. True, it was only for one

meal, but the record was broken. Then coming around South Australia, in the great bight, the fleet met those tremendously high swells that run clear around the southern end of the globe without hindrance. They were truly whoppers and kept you from walking straight, but they were simply diverting.

Then came another period of fair weather sailing. Up the west coast of Australia it was bright, sparkling weather, with the blue waves laughing and dancing and life on the rolling deep as joyous and entrancing as was ever known. Still more placid and kindly was Neptune to become. When the fleet entered Lombok Straits at the east end of Java even the light swells departed and you passed into the Java, the Celebes and Sulu seas, where there was no more motion to the water than on a ten acre lake without a breeze to ripple the surface. For hours and hours, clear out of sight of the land, the ships steamed on with only ruffles of water at their bows to mark their progress, and the topmasts under the stars at night never swayed an inch. And so the fleet swung into Manila Bay, and every one was convinced that the minor storms off Australia were mere flurries and that it was once more a fair weather fleet, so to remain until possibly it should meet heavy weather when it crossed the Atlantic in stormy February next.

The fleet arrived on Friday. On Saturday while the Manila marshes steamed hot in the humidity that made one's entire body clammy and wringing wet there came some telltale clouds in the heavens — long feathery streamers of the cirrus type, darting far across the sky above the heavier clouds which began to canopy the horizon.

Manila's weather bureau began to hint things about a typhoon and sharp eyed skippers and energetic executive officers began to make things snug.

Sunday dawned gloomy and the wind began to freshen. Just before noon word came that No. 7 signal had been hoisted. It meant a blow. By 1 o'clock in the afternoon the typhoon was raging. It seemed to express some of the feelings of Manila because Admiral Sperry would not allow the men to go ashore on account of the cholera. That night at midnight the storm subsided, and the next day the ships were riding at anchor as placidly as if there had never been a storm. All this made those on the fleet still more convinced that nothing could ever seriously shake up these ships.

The fleet started for Yokohama on Saturday, October 10. Sunday was pleasant, and shortly after noon the fleet curved past the north end of Luzon, making the straits into the Pacific, where it entered just before sunset between the mainland and the island, close to which the ill fated United States cruiser Charleston, the first one, went down several years ago. The moon, one night after the full, came up, the sea was smooth, the air was invigorating, and a common remark was:

"We'll get it this way all the way to Yokohama. Isn't the air refreshing after that moist, depressing atmosphere in Manila Bay? Why, there's life in this air; you can feel it."

So they all turned in. They were right. There was life in that air, and before they turned out they began to feel it in an unexpected way. Before daylight executive officers had been stirring. Orders were given to unship

ventilators forward and to make everything secure. The sea was jumping about, lashing itself into foam, leaping into hillocks and then fading away into deep hollows. There was little wave form; it was all irregular mounds and scooped out depths.

The wind was blowing at the 4-5 rate, according to Beaufort's scale, which means about 25 land miles an hour, and it came over the port bow in a way that made the rigging shake. By breakfast time the ships were staggering about, seas were leaping over their bows and the wind was up to the 6-7 gauge, which meant about 38 miles an hour. There had not been the usual diurnal change in the barometer the night before. The mercury began to slide slowly down. At 1 a. m. on Monday it was 29.89; at midnight it was 29.69 and still falling. By eight o'clock that night the wind had gone up to 45 miles an hour. During the day there had been gusts of rain; now and then a patch of blue sky was seen, with fast darting clouds in the upper strata.

The ships labored heavily. Distance between them was extended to 800 yards, speed was lowered to eight knots and finally the Fourth Division with low quarterdecks and under Admiral Schroeder was told to make headway by itself at the most advantageous speed. By Tuesday noon the wind had a force of 8-9, fifty miles an hour, and by 7 o'clock that night the force was 9-10, or about sixty-five miles an hour. Then it began to slow down and by daylight it had got back to twenty-five miles an hour and the gale so far as the wind was concerned was over. The barometer had slipped down on Tuesday afternoon to about 29.58, but by midnight it began to rise rapidly

and had reached the 29.81 mark. Then was the time to breathe easy.

So much for the meteorological side. All of Monday morning it was seen that the fleet was making heavy going. Great splashes of sea came over the bows. They raced along the fo'c'stle decks, struck winches and turrets and then splashed up the sloping sides clear to lower and even upper bridges. Everything was drenched in spray. That afternoon the seas rose so high that even solid masses of water leaped over the forward turret of the Louisiana, danced a highland fling on the lower bridge, and when the ship careened came bounding into the chart house with a chuckle and a slapdash, as if to say that while it was an unusual place in which to find itself, the chart house, fifty or sixty feet in the air, looked pretty good, and anyhow the sea was entitled to a frolic when a big storm was on. Twice that evening was the chart house deluged, and you had to climb on stools to get out of the four inches of water that was sloshing around.

No one could sleep. You stuffed all the pillows you could find about you, but every seven seconds you would roll one way and then every seven seconds you'd roll the other, and you had to grip tight to keep from being tossed out. The sea was roaring and bellowing, the whistling in the rigging reminded one of a bullfrog chorus in early spring and the ship would take leaps and then stop and shudder and shiver like a frightened colt. One could look out and see the billows rising ten or fifteen feet above the quarter-deck as they went by. All the upper decks inside the superstructure were flooded.

The night was hot and the men wanted to lie around and

sleep instead of swinging in their hammocks. There were few dry places. The decks were sloppy. All ventilation was shut off throughout the ship and it was a steaming, rolling, nauseous place, and those in the sick bay suffered worst. Every one's nerves got on edge. Still the storm raged. The ship dashed here and there, rose up and shook herself, plunged and fought her way with angry protests into the mass of swirling water. It was the same with all the other ships, only more so with those with low quarter-decks.

The first mishap occurred on Monday. In order to supply fresh air to the sick the Virginia's ventilator had been left in place on the forward deck. A big sea leaped over the bow and snapped it off with a roar and then went dashing down the hole to torment the ailing. Other seas followed it and the Virginia had to drop out of column and swing around to get things fixed.

Soon word came that the Virginia had also lost two of her lifeboats. Then came the darkness and the tossing of the night. In the morning word came that just at daybreak a sea had jumped on the quarterdeck of the Rhode Island and a gunner's mate named William Fuller had been snaked off into the sea. The Rhode Island was the last ship in the first squadron. She paused, but nothing could be seen of Fuller. No boat could live in the sea, and the Rhode Island went on. The entire Fourth Division by this time was out of sight, under orders to make easy weather.

About 11 o'clock that same Tuesday morning word went around that the Minnesota had a man overboard. There was a rush for glasses and the entire fleet slowed

down. The man overboard flag zipped and slapped itself furiously from the Minnesota's signal yards. Every one held fast to a stanchion and watched. The Minnesota slewed around. Would she try to lower a boat? There were some signs of it but no boat sank toward the water. Some one threw a life buoy overboard. The man in the water was seaman T. E. Gladden, a first enlistment man and therefore not experienced with the ways of the sea. He had stepped out on the quarterdeck to look at the storm and the sea reached up and seized him and then snorted at the ship.

Gladden was used to the water, however. He comes from Seattle and that may account for it. He is a beautiful swimmer. He never lost his nerve, and when he saw the life buoy go overboard he swam for it and was favored by the slant of the wave in which he was struggling. Fortunately he grabbed the buoy. The Minnesota was swung around to make as much of a lee as possible and then off floated Gladden down in the direction of the Vermont.

The Vermont did a beautiful piece of work. Those in charge caught sight of Gladden, headed the bow for him, let him slip by on the port side and then swung the ship around to port, furnishing him another lee. They were planning to get out a lifeboat, but to the surprise of those on the Vermont Gladden started to let go his life buoy and swim to the Vermont. The sea was carrying him this way and that. Through hands held at mouths the Vermont's officers shouted to him to stay with the life buoy. They feared the youngster had lost his head. Gladden thought he knew best. With a glance of

confidence that those on the Vermont could see he struck out.

Every man on the Vermont who could see the swimmer was in a quiver. It would be too bad to lose any man, especially a plucky man like that. A boatswain's mate seized a stout line and threw it overboard. The Vermont's lee, although the ship was rolling heavily, made comparatively smooth water. Gladden had his wits about him, saw the line, swam to it, caught it, and tied it about his waist, and willing hands gave a long pull and a strong pull and Gladden found himself on the deck of the Vermont with dozens of men dancing and cheering around him like mad. He was nearly exhausted but he smiled and never weakened as he came from the jaws of death. He took the congratulations of the officers with unaffected thanks and was the hero of an hour.

Later in the day word came from the Fourth division, about thirty miles behind, that a man had been swept from the deck of the Illinois and had been rescued by the Kentucky in the way Gladden had been saved. During that same afternoon word also came that the Wisconsin and New Jersey had each lost two lifeboats. It was on Monday that the mishap to the Kearsarge came. In a fierce gust the foretopmast went down with a crash. The Kearsarge dropped out of column to see where she was at. She is a part of the Fourth division. The other ships of her division went on. Soon the Kearsarge was out of sight. With the crash of her foretopmast had gone the wires of her wireless telegraphy outfit. For four days nothing was heard of her. The other ships of her division sent their positions by wireless, but nothing was

known of the Kearsarge. There was no apprehension for her safety, but there was anxiety as to her condition. Finally a wireless came from her. She had drifted to the west and had come in sight of the Loo Choo Islands. All was well and she was putting on extra steam to catch up.

The Fourth division also took on a spurt. Last night the Connecticut talked with the Wisconsin by searchlight shafts, and this morning Admiral Schroeder had his three ships slightly ahead of the fleet and before noon had dropped into position. The fourth ship, the Kearsarge, was on the horizon and during the night will catch up.

The fleet will enter Tokio Bay early to-morrow morning, sound in wind and limb, a little battered up in appearance but everything shipshape. It will be one day late, but considering the tremendous forces it had to encounter the wonder is that it will not be two days or even more late. Every ship had some minor accidents—a jackstaff destroyed here or there, a ladder twisted, a winch sprung, a piece of metal from this or that object broken off, a port or a shutter wrenched—but these were not worth mentioning. Everything has been straightened out, the ships are being spruced up as much as a last stormy, disagreeable day at sea will permit, and to-morrow morning the Japs will look on sixteen American battleships spick and span as if storms at sea might be heard of occasionally but never encountered.

Looking at the ships as this is being written they present as fine an appearance as they have on entering any port of their journey. They weathered the terrific gale beautifully. Good ships and good seamanship did the

trick. The American navy is all right in a storm. And one thing more. Going to sea on an American battleship when it's work all day and sometimes far into the night and when frightful storms rage is not pleasure yachting. There are 14,500 witnesses on this fleet to prove it.

CHAPTER IX

JAPAN PROVES FRIENDSHIP

Her Greeting to the Fleet One Long Banzai — Climax of the Cruise —
All the Nation Joins in a Cordial Welcome — Friendly Expressions
From Every One From the Emperor Down to Little Children —
Sailors of America and Japan Fraternize — Great Demonstration.

U. S. Battle Fleet,

EN ROUTE TO AMOY, October 25.

THE visit of the Atlantic fleet to Japan was one prolonged banzai. It marked the climax of the cruise. At home there may have been some feeling of trepidation over the outcome of this visit; on the ships there was practically none. Every one in the fleet knew that the reception would be most punctilious, most elaborate, most cordial in outward aspect. Every one on the ships knew that there would probably be no trouble of any kind, that no untoward incident would mar the harmony of the occasion and that above all things Japan would be most polite. It was so written in fate. Japan could not be otherwise. As it was written, so was it.

As the fleet steamed up the great bay a week ago, steamship after steamship, six of them, all crowded black with Japanese, passed down the line, and on the side of each, painted in letters each as big as a Japanese house, was the word "Welcome." Those on board cheered and waved Japanese and American flags by preconcerted signal, after the effective method of Japanese cheering. From the first

moment those cheers came ricocheting across the water through the morning haze it was made plain that the welcome was to be a greeting from one people to another that for heartiness would and could be excelled nowhere. There was a ring of sincerity in the cheers. The greetings on shore confirmed this belief, and in less than twenty-four hours the Americans were saying:

“No more sincere exhibition of friendship between nations was ever made. Japan is our real friend, has always been our friend, and this reception gives every promise that she will always be our friend. If this is not sincere then sincerity is a myth and truth does not lie on the lips or in the heart of men!”

And so we went away this morning, every man convinced of Japan's genuine friendship. This is the opinion not alone of high officers and newspaper writers to whom special courtesies were shown. It is the opinion also of the enlisted men. Not a man in the fleet came away doubting Japan's complete sincerity; not one of them believes that there was anything sinister in her welcome.

Moreover, Japan's welcome was that of a hurt people. She could not conceal that fact. She was pained that reports had been spread broadcast throughout the United States that she was secretly hostile to us; that she had designs on our territory; that she was planning to get the mastery of the Pacific; that she was even seeking a cause for war; that she was chesty, spoiling for a fight. Japan said that all those things were not true. Politely she said that she knew that intelligent persons, like those on the ships, never could and really never did believe them. Still her feelings toward us as a people had been misrepres-

sented, she said, and there was nothing left for her to do but to prove her true sentiments. She used every means of writing and of speech to try to do this. She gave of her hospitality boundlessly. Nothing that could be done was left undone to show that there was no thought, open or latent, of hostility toward our country. Indeed the entire nation with gladness and smiles rose up to do honor to the visiting Americans.

One clever American put it this way:

“An Emperor’s rescript might put cheers in the throat and lies on the lips of his people in a despotic government, but, by cracky! no Emperor’s rescript can put a smile on the face of every child and toddler in his empire when there is hate in his people’s heart; an Emperor’s rescript cannot make innocence the agent of deception. Oriental subtlety cannot go that far.”

It was the children that convinced the Americans first of all. There seemed to be millions of them, all as glad as if a victorious army was marching home. And, by the way, there is not even a suspicion of race suicide in Japan. There is motherhood and fatherhood and childhood in that kingdom to burn. It is the commonest thing there is. Aside from royalty and rank it is the most exalted thing in Japan. It is religion; parenthood and childhood are sacred things.

But those children! They lined the streets in double rows by tens of thousands wherever it was known that the American officers would pass on the way to some function. They stretched themselves out into picturesque garlands, in their bright costumes, even in the fields of villages through which trains passed bearing the Americans. They

ran out from their homes by hundreds when Americans, even one American, drove unexpectedly through some narrow highway or in some out of the way place. In every case the banzai-cheer went up. In every case there was a bright happy smile on the face. In every case there was the uplifting of hands and the shout of good cheer and sincere welcome. Flowers were tossed into your ricksha. Flags were thrown at your head. When you stopped tiny gifts, little trinkets, were thrust into your hands. Of all the banzais those from the children had the profoundest note.

Do you know what banzai means? Literally, "ten thousand times." If it is a cheer of welcome it means that you should multiply it by ten thousand. If it is good luck, good wishes, desire for prosperity, for happiness, for anything, it means ten thousand times the number that is given to you.

Now who put all that enthusiastic greeting into the hearts of those children? Why did they cheer? Parents or teachers told them to do so, you answer. Right! Those parents or teachers told them about Commodore Perry; about the return of the Shimonoseki indemnity; about the sympathy of America with Japan in the recent war with Russia. They must have done so. Did they tell them that Japan at heart was unfriendly to the United States? Bet your life they didn't! You can't make trained actors out of babies when the mentors are not there to tell them just what to do and when to do it. Did the parents then deceive their children as to the real feeling of the nation? It is a dangerous thing for parents to deceive children at any time and about anything, especially in Japan, where

the children are looked upon as the coming protectors and saviors of the land.

And besides, any one who believes that such a thing was possible on a national scale does not know parenthood in Japan. Nowhere in all the world are children more loved than in Japan. Nowhere is greater care taken in their training. Nowhere are mothers more devoted and fathers more deeply bound by ties of parenthood. The most dangerous thing that Japan could do would be to lie to her children. No, those children were truth speakers and truth spreaders when they shouted their shrieking banzais. Their parents and their teachers had told them what was in the hearts of the people. The children's cheers revealed the whole story right at the outset. The cheers never let up during the entire stay. A nation's children cannot be taught to be everlasting hypocrites in one night, or one week, or one month, or one year.

And so these children shouted their welcome in the streets, in the fields, from the housetops, and spread the glad tidings of a nation's welcome. Each child, when the children were assembled in companies, carried two flags of exactly the same size. One was Japanese and the other American. At a shout of "banzai!" up would go both hands, and, as the last syllable was strung out the flags would be fluttered. Then the hands would drop, only to go up again with another banzai, and then it would be repeated for a third time. This uplifting of the hands made a movement with the concerted cheering something like that of keeping time, and it also added most effectively to the spirit of the scene. American college students don't know all the game yet in concerted cheering. The fleet

learned something about that from the Maoris in New Zealand and it learned something more in Japan.

Nor was the children's welcome confined to cheering. Whenever it was possible thousands of them were assembled to sing "Hail Columbia." When Admiral Sperry emerged from the Shimbashi station on his entrance to Tokio a thousand school children greeted him with that song. Most of the children did not know what words they were using. With painstaking care the words had been taught them. The accent was strange, but you could hear every word distinctly. At several other meetings, notably the civic welcome in Hibiya Park, the children sang the same song. The programmes called it the American national air, but the Japanese knew better. They had really tried to sing "The Star Spangled Banner," but made hard work of it in practice. Then a consultation was held. It was decided to ask the American Embassy if it would give offence if "Hail Columbia!" were substituted. It was explained that the children could sing it better. The authorities were told that it would not "make insult," as the Japanese put it, and so that song was sung instead of our real national anthem.

The welcome of the masses was as hearty as that of the children. You could not gauge it as well, for, be it made known frankly, it was all ordered by the Government. In America and most of the Western nations public opinion rules. The rulers do what the people want as soon as they can learn definitely just what the feeling of the people is. In Japan it is otherwise. Public opinion in Japan comes from the top and not from the bottom. What the Emperor wishes the people do. So it is the custom to tell

the people how to act on international occasions. That was done with this fleet. The police went around and told each household just how many flags and lanterns to hang out, what the sizes were to be and how they were to be made and all that. In that sense the welcome was Government made. But the people did much more than they were ordered to do. No orders could be given for special emergencies, and every time one arose the people were just as frantic, just as hysterical, if you please, as our cousins the Australians were. Indeed, this fleet's cruise has been garished with one continued round of public hysteria, and Japan was no exception to the rule.

The result of the Government's orders and of the general desire to exceed them caused the public decorations to be more elaborate than any others seen on the cruise. Moreover they were arranged with daintiness and exquisite taste. For every Japanese flag put out there was an American flag. Every lantern was made especially and every one had the two flags crossed. Now consider what this meant in expense alone. Hundreds of thousands of American flags were made for this visit. It was improper to display the Rising Sun without the Stars and Stripes. They were not cheap flags. When silk was used in the Japanese flag the American flag was of silk. When bunting was used both flags were of that material. When they were made of cotton both were of the same material.

Now it was not the main streets alone that were decorated, the streets where the Americans would be taken. Every highway, every byway, every alley was decorated. Remote villages and mountain sides had flag and lantern displays. Thousands of streets in Tokio where no Americans

entered were decorated. From the eaves of every building the emblems of welcome were pendent. You could look down these cross streets and see that they were as much ablaze with color as the Ginza or other great streets.

Moreover the American flags were of the latest pattern — forty-six stars, if you please. Thereby hangs a tale showing the infinite pains these people took to do exactly the right thing. A committee came to the American Embassy to inquire about those stars. Their American flags had only forty-five stars. Would the Embassy kindly inform them how the new field was arranged? Now the Embassy had not yet received official information about the arrangement of the stars for the forty-six States. The Japanese were informed that forty-five stars would do and it was pointed out that the Embassy flag had that number in it. That might do for the American Embassy but it would not do for Japan. The flag had to be absolutely correct and so the Embassy had to hustle around to get things entirely straight. The result was that every American flag that was displayed in the public decorations was of the newest pattern and conformed to the regulations exactly.

Then the lanterns! They were of all sizes and shapes, but every one had to have the two flags crossed on it. Hundreds of thousands, it would be no exaggeration to say millions, of these lanterns were put up. An immense amount of industry was put into preparing them. It was the work of weeks and months. There was none so poor that he could not put out flags and lanterns. The very poor even denied themselves the usual supplies of food in order to purchase them. The lowest price for an outfit

was about 55 cents. That meant two days wages for many a laboring man. It meant deprivation. But no one growled. The Emperor wanted his people to display their good feeling. There was no reasonable limit to which they would not go. They went beyond it.

Those decorations breathed the national spirit of art, of love of the beautiful. They were arranged in beautiful masses of color and form. The streets were also hedged in with great bands of color. Poles were decorated with red and white. Hanging parasols were arranged along some streets and everywhere there were artificial cherry, apple and other blossoms that were so real in appearance that you had to feel them to tell whether they were artificial or not. Arches of the freshest greens were erected at every important street junction. At night thousands of electric lights blazed out their welcome signs. Indeed the signs reading "Welcome" in lights or in flowers or greens or flags were everywhere; they were as thick as the mosquitoes were down in Manila, but there was nothing pestiferous about them.

Such was the public aspect of the welcome. Now add to that every form of public and private entertainment that one could imagine and garnish it with everything planned and carried out perfectly to the smallest detail, and embellish it with all the delicacy and daintiness that the Japanese people are capable of, and you may begin to form some idea of the completeness of it all. If you had experienced it you would not have doubted its sincerity. In addition to these entertainments there were the constant spoken words of welcome. Thousands of people learned to say "We are glad to see you." They uttered the words

with machine-like accuracy, but their hearts seemed to be in the greeting every time.

You were convinced of the sincerity when you saw hundreds of students piloting our sailors around the sightseeing places; when you saw Japanese and American man-o'-warships arm in arm parading and shouting and swinging through the streets; when you saw the elaborate places of refreshment, with free beer and free food for the men of the fleet; when you saw American sailors swinging through the highways and parks with paper umbrellas, highly colored, above their heads advertising some brand of Japanese beer; when the good cheer amounted to almost a riot of good fellowship and jollity. You were sure of it when you were at some Japanese entertainment and you had Japanese chow sitting on the floor in your stocking feet and wearing evening clothes or a frock coat, and the geisha girls after dancing for you came and snuggled up to you and helped you eat with chopsticks and then purred:

“I lofe you ver’ much!”

Then you were near the gates of a Japanese paradise, for no matter what unkind persons may say about geishas, be it known that they represent the most refined manners, the most graceful accomplishments, the most delicate of personal arts and attractions, to say nothing of bright conversation, that the world knows in womankind. They may not conform to some Anglo-Saxon ideals, but if any one attempts to class them with persons of unstable morality, as the world knows it generally, he makes a mistake. They are children in intellect in some ways and are children in moral ideas in other ways, but they are not common.

Again you were sure of the welcome’s sincerity when

you went shopping. By orders from the Government prices were not raised. Permanent residents went with you and assured you of this. No ricksha man attempted to swindle you. No sampan man mulcted you when you missed your last boat and had to be sculled out to your ship. You were also sure of the welcome when you saw the souvenirs, the rich gifts, the gold medals for the officers and the silver medals for the men, the potted plants that were brought aboard each ship as soon as you cast anchor, the beautiful railroad passes for officers, the railroad cars specially painted with the crossed flags of the two countries to be run in special trains to Tokio a dozen times a day just to carry the men from the warships up and back free of expense. You simply had to believe in the sincerity; there is no truth in humankind if those Japanese did not mean genuinely everything they said and did to and for the Americans.

Other evidences of the depth of feeling came in unexpected ways. Here is a delightfully quaint letter that came to an officer on the Louisiana from a man whom he showed about the ship one day, and it is reproduced just as it was written:

TOKIO, 24th Oct., 1908.

MY HONORABLE AMERICAN OFFICER: I am very glad to be favoured with a good fortune to welcome you at Yokohama in the 18th of October, and much obliged to you for your kindness on that day.

If you please I beg you to have a honor of your acquaintance. Indeed the relationship of these two countrys "Japan & America" were performed by your Senior Admiral Pellee (Perry) further fifty years ago. Henceforward we were induced & conducted by you; favourable American, and you made us a most brilliant victorious peoples in the world. Nowadays having triumphed over three great wars, we could gained a high reputation on the globe. [Evidently

globe.] But this admirable developments of our country must be caused by your gracious conductions.

Thank our respectful American brethren.

Herewith I beg to offer you a history with references to the account of your senor's admirable human conduct served for our brethrens as memoration. Yours truly,

T. OAKL.

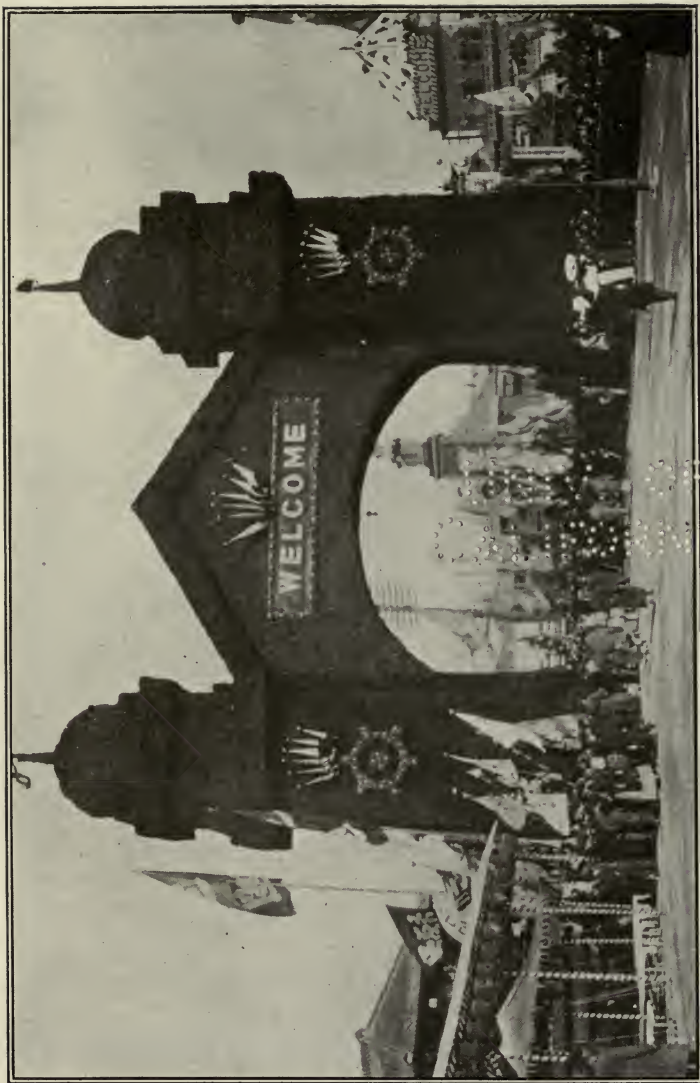
The history was a large, beautiful volume of the early doings of Japan and of Perry's work and influence. It was a costly book and beautifully bound. Was not that man sincere?

Another evidence of the same feeling came to the Americans in the form of a pamphlet, entitled "Recollections of American Friendship," written by Saburo Shimada, M. P., and presented to the officers and men by Baron E. Shibusawa. It recited the story of conditions in Japan when Perry came and subsequent relations with America and dwelt at length upon the kindness of America in every way to Japan. It said in closing:

There is one thing which we cannot leave unnoticed. It is the outbreak of anti-Japanese sentiment in some parts of the American Republic, which has of late to some extent endangered our friendly relations to it. While we are fully aware that this sentiment is by no means that of the whole country, there is one consideration which should be kept in mind.

Fifty years ago when a strong anti-foreign feeling was in force in our country America did not look upon that feeling as at all representing the national idea, and her attitude toward us was so full of faith and confidence that she was ever steadfast in her friendship. Now that the condition seems to be in some measure reversed we would cherish the same attitude, firm in our faith that no anti-Japanese sentiment represents the real heart of the people of the United States.

The visit of Perry's fleet resulted in the opening of our country, and the expected coming of Admiral Sperry's magnificent armada is regarded by us as a like mission of peace and good will, inasmuch



Photograph, Underwood & Underwood

WELCOME ARCH IN YOKOHAMA



as it cannot fail to dispel and remove whatever misunderstanding about the attitude of our people may yet linger in the mind of Americans. The opportunity given to see our country and its people as they are surely must result in a better understanding and in the enhancement of the singularly cordial relations between the two nations.

We regard these two official visits, though separated by a period of half a century, as one and the same in their kindly and benevolent purposes. The great fleet now comes to us, as before, with a message of peace. It visits us in order to bring the two nations even closer together than before. While the wonderful success of Perry's mission is fresh in our memory we look for an even greater result as the outcome of Admiral Sperry's visit.

Now who is going to take the responsibility of saying that words like those are not sincere? The tone of the newspapers, those printed in English, those printed in Japanese and those printed in both languages, was the same as that of Mr. Shimada's pamphlet. There was not one unkindly reference to the United States. If there are any Japanese jingoes they were most assuredly "lying low." Our embassy and consular officials, our merchants, our missionaries, who looked over the newspapers thoroughly, said that morning, noon and night all were overflowing with one sentiment toward our people — Gratitude and welcome; welcome and gratitude.

Repeatedly the Americans were reminded of the Bushido code, the outgrowth of chivalry, a sort of philosophy which is more the real religion of Japan than anything else. Its fundamental principle is gratitude. The Japanese mind cannot conceive of an ingrate. Sentiment still forms the abiding texture of the national and home life. Teaching is venerated above most callings in Japan. It was explained that Japan regards the United States as its

teacher, and therefore the Japanese mind cannot understand how any one could conceive that she would have other than reverential regard for her great national teacher. This attitude need fool no one. Japan would look out for herself even against a teacher if it were necessary, but until such a contingency arises Japan's attitude toward the United States, it was explained, would continue to be that of a deep regard for a teacher. No deeper grade of affection and friendship, it is said, can exist in that country.

When the fleet was in Yokohama Bay there were two other representative American bodies in Japan. One was a delegation from the chambers of commerce along the Pacific Coast and the other was the commission to the Tokio exposition in 1917. The gentlemen composing these bodies were treated as cordially as were those from the fleet. The Pacific Coast delegation came by special invitation, largely because of the hostility to Japan that had been shown in the Western part of our country. About twenty-five Americans, most of them with their wives, were in the party. They were overwhelmed with hospitality. Here is what one of them wrote out for The Sun correspondent:

Unfortunately the Pacific Coast has been mixed up in some anti-Japanese affairs. Emigration is one and the Japanese schoolboy incident is another, and the whole people have felt very keenly that the Pacific Coast appeared to have no use for Japan.

They have told us in every way a nation can tell us that they have a high regard and a lasting affection for America and its people and are trying to show to us merchants what this feeling is in order that we may convey to our countrymen the sentiments of the merchants and the people of Japan from the highest to the lowest.

In fact they cannot understand that rumors of war could ever arise and be for one moment credited on our side when they are so full of affection and gratitude and so far away from any desire whatever to have even the slightest disagreement with our nation.

We are going back to America impressed with the sincerity of the feeling of deep regard Japan has for our people. We hope to spread that sentiment and we think that together we shall be able to do something toward increased commercial relations.

That is from a representative body of Americans, and it simply clinches the opinion those with the fleet soon came to have.

And so the assurances went on and reached their culmination in the speech of the Emperor, a being sacred to the Japanese. It is worth while reproducing his speech to Admiral Sperry when the latter read him the telegram of good will from President Roosevelt. The Emperor said:

It affords me especial pleasure to welcome you as the representative of the American navy and to receive through you from your respected President his very friendly message. I request you to assure the President that I most sincerely and most cordially reciprocate his sentiments of friendship and good will.

It is a source of profound satisfaction to me that the most cordial relations of regard and good correspondence exist between Japan and the United States, and my thanks are due to the President for affording my subjects, by your visit, an opportunity to give new proof of their sincere attachment for your countrymen. I also wish you to convey to the President this message:

"The historic relations of good understanding and genuine friendship with the United States I count as a valued heritage of my reign, and it shall be in the future, as it has been in the past, my constant aim and desire to weld the ties of amity uniting the two countries into indissoluble bonds of good neighborhood and accord."

Thus from the highest to the lowest there were only kindly words and deeds.

So much for the sincerity of the welcome. Now to give some idea of what the Japanese did for the fleet. It might be easier perhaps to ask: What didn't they do? One cannot begin to tell about the various entertainments, the dinners, receptions by princes, counts and barons, secretaries and high dignitaries generally. Then there were theatre parties, garden parties, dances, Japanese chow gatherings with geishas galore. Also there were the gifts and souvenirs. Only a few things can be described.

The fleet arrived in a thick haze that made its approach practically invisible from land. It was at anchor before those on shore got a glimpse of it. Thousands afloat sent up their banzais in unison and day fireworks by the ton were sent up. These bombs broke in the air and Uncle Sams and American eagles and flags and banners floated away. Three Japanese warships escorted the fleet to the double line of anchorage. As our ships passed the sixteen Japanese warships at anchor the crews of the Japanese vessels cheered frantically. Our men, following our stiff and sedate fashion, kept absolute silence and stood at attention. Those Japanese must have thought us most unresponsive. When the anchors were cast it was seen that the Japanese fleet consisted of six battleships, six armored cruisers and four cruisers, all in war paint. Smart looking vessels they were, too! One of the battleships was the Asahi, which used to be the Russian Peresviet. One of the cruisers was the Soya, which used to be the Russian Variag that was sunk off Chemulpo. Every Yankee ship had a Japanese mate and calls were exchanged between mates only. For sixteen sets of officers to go calling on sixteen

sets of other officers would have been too much. The programme was too full for that kind of thing.

Directly when anchors were down tokens of friendship began to come on board. Then came the visitors. The Yokohama official welcome was on that day. The American officers drove through miles of cheering people. Yokohama was mad with delight. But down the bay further, at the village of Uruga, where Perry landed, a celebration was going on. The American Friends Association sent many of its members there to witness the fleet pass. They just caught a glimpse of the white ships. Then they spent the day in veneration of the Perry monument. They found several old men in the village who were youngsters when Perry came. These old men were made to tell the story of the fright and anger of the people on that momentous day. They described how all the children ran away, and that amused the crowd very much. Over and over again these old men gathered groups about them and detailed their stories. Then they recounted what America had done for Japan. This meeting lasted for hours. It was one of outspoken gratitude for America. Several hundreds of Japanese lingered all day at this simple meeting. It was one of the significant things that marked the visit.

On Monday morning the officers went to Tokio. Crowds everywhere — singing and shouting children on all sides, madly hurrahing people jamming the highways, decorations and day fireworks giving color to the occasion! Then came official calls. On Tuesday the Emperor and Empress received the Admirals and Captains in the palace

and the Emperor entertained them at luncheon. He and his staff sat on one side of the table and Admiral Sperry and his officers on the other. The Emperor was delightfully cordial and almost informal at times. It was plain to be seen that he was in fine spirits over what had been going on. His people had responded to the fullest to the spirit of the occasion; he was truly happy.

As it was with the Emperor so it was with all the officials. The joy was general and the plain people were in it with the rest. They had had enough instructions, goodness knows. One of the amusing things of the visit centred about the instructions given by the Governor of Kanagawa, of which Yokohama is the chief city, to the people as to the way to treat the distinguished visitors. Here are a few extracts from his proclamation:

That shopkeepers shall not charge any excessive price to foreigners for goods sold.

That another dog shall not be set on, or sticks or stones thrown at dogs accompanying foreigners.

That no comments or ridicule or mean words shall be given in regard to the dress, bearing or words of foreigners.

That staring shall not be made at foreigners, except when necessary.

That no disrespect shall be displayed toward foreign religions, or words to the same effect shall not be written on the sign boards of shows.

That it shall be borne in mind that foreigners are disgusted with the habit of spitting anywhere and of scattering about the skin of fruits and cigarette ends in the train or on the ship.

That the finger shall not be pointed at the foreigner.

That when a foreign lady enters a room the gentleman shall take his seat after the lady has been seated.

That when visiting a foreigner such a time as is most convenient to him shall be chosen.

That punctuality shall be observed when discharging any engagement.

That when clearing the teeth or nostrils in the presence of a foreigner handkerchief shall be used.

That when meeting with a funeral procession due respect shall be paid to it and any despising words shall not be uttered.

That the notion shall be destroyed that the foreigner pays as much as demanded.

That when accosted by a foreigner silence shall be avoided, even if the man accosted cannot understand the language spoken, and such an answer as he thinks proper shall be given in Japanese.

That those who are learning foreign languages shall not try unnecessary talk with foreigners for the mere purpose of practising their tongues.

So far as known the people observed all these cautions and don'ts. There were five times as many as have been quoted. Educated Japanese laughed over them, but said that some of the people were boorish, people of what we would call the slums, and nothing must be left undone to make the visit happy.

Of all the scores and scores of functions that left little time for sleep each day, several stand out as worthy of brief mention. One of these was the city of Tokio's welcome to the officers and 2,500 men in Hibyia Park, the public playground of the city and one of its most beautiful places. That reception was preceded by a controversy precipitated by certain missionaries. These good people got about 400 Americans and other foreigners to send letters protesting against the employment of 200 geisha girls to serve out the free beer to the sailors in Hibyia Park. It appears that when there was a celebration of the Anglo-Japanese alliance several years ago and the British jack tars came ashore they had geishas to wait

on them. Some of the tars actually hugged those geishas right there before folks with laughter in their eyes and merriment in their voices, and later in some of the cafés a geisha girl or two actually could be seen sitting on the knees of the tars and having their pictures taken. Now these missionaries decided that the American sailor should be protected from the geishas, and forthwith the controversy broke into print.

The Rev. A. W. Woodworth wrote to the *Times* pleading for ice cream and soft drinks for the sailors' refreshment. He said that if hard liquor were served and the women were employed "many will recall the Bible story of how when the Moabites could not conquer Israel they sent their women to debauch them." Various persons wrote other letters. The upshot of it all was that the Mayor of Tokio, not desiring to offend any one, missionaries included, forbade that geishas should be employed to wait on the tables where food and drink were served to the American sailors, and they had little opportunity to test the truth of a statement made by one of the newspaper writers that "the geishas resent boldness, and Jack ashore will have to admire the bright eyed little maidens from a greater distance than he thinks fit."

Well, the city had the big show anyway. The sailors came up in special trains and brought their bands with them, and then they were turned loose in the park. There were no less than twenty-five great platforms erected in the place, on which shows of various kinds were presented. There were sword dances, martial arts performances, all kinds of jugglery, clownish acts, ladder climbing and other athletic feats, to say nothing of the dancing of artistic

things by 150 geishas high up on a platform where an American sailor would have had difficulty even to throw a kiss.

But a mistake was made. The geishas had to march through the grounds to get to their platform. They carried artificial cherry blossoms to be given to the sailors. They handed them out. Jack chucked them under the chin occasionally, said that if others called "them children" pretty he had his opinion about the others, scoffed a little at the idea of caring for his morals and said when he was tempted he wanted to be tempted by something real and not a pretty picture or by babies, and that was all there was to it.

Jack had all the free beer he could drink and a great big feed in a monster tent. And if you had seen him rolling about arm in arm with Japan's Jack, the American shouting "Banzai" and the Japanese shouting "Hooray" you would have said that international amity had reached its highest pitch. Not since the American sailors entertained the bloomin' Britishers of Battenberg's squadron down at Coney Island several years ago has there been such an exhibition of brotherly love between warship crews as there was that afternoon in Hibiya Park.

One of the most enjoyable entertainments was that at the Kabuki-za Theatre, given to the officers of the fleet by the bankers of Tokio. It was probably as elaborate a performance as was ever given in the famous theatre. The streets outside the place were packed with banzai cheering mobs. Inside was as distinguished an audience as ever assembled in Tokio. The place was decorated elaborately. The evening opened with a geisha dance

illustrating the meeting of the stars. This explanation was given by a dramatic critic the next day:

The geisha dancers come on the stage and translate into gesture and motion the meaning of the words sung by a choir to the accompaniment of a samisen orchestra. The words are to this effect: The trees are heavy with ripening fruit and the fields radiant with autumn flowers. Flowers cannot talk, yet they have their language. For, lo! how they smile, how they blush, how they bend forward! It is their welcome nod. They have musicians in the little singers in the bosom of their leaves and in the soft breeze that rustles among the trees — it is the song of joy of meeting that they are singing.

Yes, the joy of meeting! Once a year it is; but the pledge exchanged is for thousands upon thousands of years. Sing for joy, dance for joy, here and everywhere, all over the land — sing banzai for our visitors!

Then came a tragedy in which a princess was killed in a love affair — all beautifully done according to Japanese stage ideals; and this was followed by a comedy representing the funmaking of a cherry party something like 300 years ago. This was followed by a geisha dance of the maples, explained as follows:

This dance was composed originally on the occasion of Gen. Grant's visit in 1879 and was presented, to the boundless delight and appreciation of the veteran soldier. Some changes to fit the present occasion were made. The songs are of a popular style and the spirit pervading them is that of warm friendship and fraternization, expressed with poetic fervor in the language of love and wooing.

They begin by singing praise to the joyful stars of heaven, made sweeter by long waiting, and calling the moon to witness that the pledge of love shall hold good for ever and ever. The moon and stars lighting up the calm, clear sky — they are the signs of ripening autumn, when the maple leaves are in their splendor. Dance to the glory of the maples!

Following this strain the songs break forth into a fancy that the golden leaves drifting on a calm sheet of water form a bridge across.

From one end of the bridge comes a sweet message and from the other is sent back an answer equally felicitous. Messages repeated develop into warm feelings. A meeting yearned after takes place and a single night is found too short for all the heart pourings to be told. The night is talked out, and when the morning comes—behold! forty-six bright stars shed their glorious lustre over the great peaceful waters.

So the entertainments went on. They were delicate, poetic, embellished with all the art of these people to whom sentiment is the breath of life.

Admiral Togo's garden party in the favorite garden of the Empress attracted a throng. Only once before in recent times has it been opened to the public, and that was when the Anglo-Japanese alliance was celebrated. It is a foreign garden of great expanse, a park, we should call it. There were large meadows and beautiful lawns, pretty prospects and delightful clumps of trees and lakes and flower beds in profusion and a zoo. The Empress likes to go there because it is so different from Japanese gardens. It was a great compliment to throw it open.

As the visit drew to a close the fun grew furious. The spirit was best typified at a dinner and reception given by Admiral Ijuin on Friday evening. The dinner was given on the *Fuji* and the reception on the *Mikasa*, Admiral Togo's old flagship. Of course all the big naval men were there. On the *Mikasa* there was a beautiful waterfall on the quarterdeck. There was also a moving picture show. Before the Americans left there were many banzais and hoorays, followed by tigers.

"Ah," said a Japanese, "we can explain what banzai means after our cheer, but you can't explain what your tiger means. What has a tiger to do with three cheers?"

He had us. Admiral Sperry started to say good-night. The Japanese seized him and tossed him three times in the air. An Admiral going up into the air with his epaulettes flapping and his legs twisting this way and that is not a dignified object. What did the Japs care! It was time to cast dignity aside. Admiral Schroeder next took a trip three times skyward. Then the slender Wainwright formed a lightning rod for the cheers and roars of laughter. Ambassador O'Brien came next and then the Americans started for Togo. He had gone, but the other Admirals got it good, and the evening ended with a round of cheers of good fellowship that few flagships have ever witnessed.

On the last night of the stay about 400 sampans, those peculiar harbor boats that are practically small lighters, came out from behind the breakwater and forming in line, all decorated with swaying lanterns of divers shapes and colors, wound in and out and through and around the fleet. The boats were filled with singing and shouting people. The outlines of the craft could not be seen and the entire effect was that of an illuminated sea serpent, miles long, twisting and turning among the ships. Navy men of many years' experience said they had never seen anything so beautiful on the water.

Thus the visit ended. The next morning the fleet sailed away with every man on it loaded down with souvenirs and gifts, with purchases galore. There was scarcely a man who did not take account of stock a few hours after we were out. One curious business card is dropped on the table as this is being written. It is that of Mr. Hasegawa, a dentist. He is welcome to the free advertisement. The

card says: "Welcome! Welcome! Welcome! American fleet!" Then it goes on to say that Dr. Hasegawa "is now very willing to remedy toothache of the crew without charge during her stay in the harbor. All dental operations are skilfully done with moderate charges. Be fetched this card to me in your visiting my room."

It is not known how many cases of toothache the interesting dentist cured, but if it was a question of curing heartache it would take several thousand expert operators, for every man in the fleet is leaving Japan with something of a heartache, and every one in the fleet is going away with the kindest, most cordial feelings toward the country, one and all convinced that she meant all she said and all she did.

And now, what of it all? A pretty keen sort of an American who had been sizing up things all around and studying out their significance made this remark:

"All very nice; wonderfully beautiful; absolutely sincere. Still, I guess Uncle Sam had better keep on right along building battleships."

And there is one other thing to be said: If this fleet was despatched around South America and then across the Pacific as a sort of object lesson to Japan, any lesson that was intended was well learned before the ships arrived. The Japanese made it perfectly plain that they are now following the usual path of the Star of Empire. In all history that has been to the west. Japan is spreading toward the west, to Corea and Manchuria, and as Count Okuma, the aged statesman, the retired Bismarck of Japan in some respects, said in his palace to The Sun man:

"We are trying to do for China what America, begin-

ning with the arrival of Perry, which I remember well, has done for us. We are going to the west."

Banzai, Japan! All good fortune be yours!

Hooray, America! Just keep on building battleships!

CHAPTER X

CHINA A LAVISH HOST

A Week's Welcome for Our Fleet at Amoy — Gratitude Inspired It — A Little Town Practically Built for the Occasion — The Visitors Impressed by the Chinese of High Rank — The Fleet Sent Away Laden With Gifts — China's Greeting Different.

U. S. Battle Fleet,

HONG KONG, November 6.

CHINA gave a good old-fashioned American handshake to the second squadron of the United States Atlantic fleet when it arrived at Amoy on October 30. The welcome was different from the greetings at other ports. It was exclusively official. A few gentlemen of high rank, great refinement and superior intelligence came from Peking and they and the officials of the province of Fukien, of which Foochow is the capital and Amoy the leading city, said they were very glad indeed to see the Yankee sailormen of high and low degree and then gave of China's hospitality cordially, delicately, profusely. High-bred courtesy was the keynote; gratitude to us as a people, the well sustained theme of the occasion. There were no reservations in the welcome; it was formal but not perfunctory; it was punctilious but none the less from an absolutely open heart.

China was sorry that only one-half of the fleet could come because of the need of beginning the battle practice

preparations of a month in Manila Bay, but she was as profuse in her welcome as if the entire sixteen instead of eight ships had arrived. She received the squadron with unfeigned gladness; she parted from it with unfeigned regret.

It was a matter of some surprise that China elected to receive the squadron at Amoy, but there were good reasons for it. Amoy is known far and wide as the dirtiest seaport on the China coast; it probably is, but none of those in the squadron can speak with knowledge on that point because not a man entered the city during the stay. There was supposed to be plague there and cholera also, and undoubtedly those diseases were prevalent in the city. The reason why Amoy was selected was that it was the most available place. It is strictly a Chinese port. Chefoo was not available because the anchorage is bad there in October and November. Shanghai was out of the question for two reasons. The squadron could not get within several miles of the city, and there are so many foreign concessions there that the reception would have fallen largely into the hands of foreigners. Hongkong is an English port, and of course China could not receive there. Amoy has a fine harbor, and China exercises full control of it, and hence it was decided to ask the ships to go there.

At once there came up the question of what to do with the men and officers when they came. The Chinese solved the problem by building a place of entertainment two miles below the city at what is known as the parade ground and the racetrack. Temporary buildings were put up around the great oval of the parade ground, and it was turned into a great reception place for the officers and an

enormous playground for the men. Then came the matter of food and drink. Nothing of that kind must be obtained from Amoy. There was danger of epidemic from that source. China surmounted that problem by bringing all supplies from Shanghai and in addition to that brought even horses and carriages, rickshas and mandarin chairs, and the men to work with them from the northern provinces. In fact, although the reception was held at Amoy, it was as far removed from that place as if it had been held a thousand miles away. The enormous work evolved was performed with a marvellous perfection of detail.

Not only did China send all this material down to Amoy and practically build a little town and establish a separate community for the squadron, but she showed her keen interest in the visit by sending to represent her some of her most eminent and able men. At the head of the commission was Prince Lang. The princes of China are of four kinds. The first is that of the immediate royal household, members of the family of the Empress Dowager and the Emperor. The second are immediate relatives, but not of the household. They are such kin as cousins and uncles of the Emperor and Empress Dowager. The third are the immediate descendants of former Emperors. The fourth are the princes made by royal favor for distinguished services. Prince Lang is of the third class. He is a grandson of a former Emperor, about 40 years old, of moderate stature, has a thoughtful, kindly face and a head with a dome on it that suggests at once the scholar. He was most affable, but simple in manner and unassuming. He never failed in dignity in any way and in intel-

ligence, culture and gentleness was a fine type of the Chinese gentleman. It is a pity that so few Americans know what a Chinese gentleman is.

With Prince Lang came a most interesting man, Liang Tunyen, vice-president of the Waiwupu, or Board of Foreign Affairs, and practically Secretary of State of China. In addition to that he is a Yale man of the class of '82, the famous "Ting" of those days, pitcher of his class baseball team, master financier of the problem of making both ends meet in a college town when your income is limited, and all around good fellow. Last year China selected him for Minister at Washington to succeed Sir Chentung, but just as he was about to depart for his post it was decided to send our old friend Wu back as Minister and to make Liang Foreign Secretary. It was probably the greatest disappointment "Ting" ever had officially. He wanted to see America again; he had not been back since he left Yale.

Then there was Viceroy Sung of the Fukien Province, a most capable man. Then there was Tong Kaisan, Yale, '84, special assistant to Prince Lang. In addition there was Dr. Mark, really Mok, formerly Li Hung Chang's physician, and as such his companion in Li's famous trip around the world the time that he visited the United States. There were also secretaries and minor officials and eminent men generally, fully one-half of whom spoke English. On the navy side there was the slender, urbane, ever smiling Admiral Sah, commander of China's north naval squadron.

It was such men as these that China sent to greet us — the best that China has. If you want to know what China

is judge her from these men and not from the coolie class seen in America. You began to realize something of the real China when you talked with these men. You understood then something of the reasons why commercially China stands on a high plane. You caught something of the force that makes China exalt the scholar rather than the soldier. You could begin to see why great reverence is paid to old age, why obedience to elders is required, why the code of daily life requires the highest integrity, self-sacrifice, gentleness and uprightness of every kind. You then learned how a thousand years ago China practised many of the precepts of living which adorn what we call modern civilization.

In addition to sending such men to greet the squadron China took extraordinary pains with the entertainment. Dr. Mark, who is taotai of the Tientsin merchants and got his English education entirely in China, was put in charge of the details. China set apart something like \$700,000 in gold to do the thing handsomely and told him to go ahead. He went to Amoy and trouble began at once. Because he could not purchase supplies there the local taotai became disgruntled. Dr. Mark was his own architect. Around that parade ground he put up a dozen large buildings. One was of a permanent character. It was the reception and dining hall for the American officers, and back of it — part of it in fact — were the dwelling places of Prince Lang and Mr. Liang and their retinues. It was necessary to build an electric lighting station, as Amoy has no electric lights; and to construct a little railroad to haul the building and other materials about the grounds. Then a modern road had to be constructed

through the grounds to the famous Nan Pu To temple. Storehouses of various kinds had to be provided. A large force of cooks and servants had to be employed, horses and carriages and other means of conveyance about the grounds had to be secured and transported, decorations had to be looked after and then a plan of entertainment had to be finished in detail.

It required an enormous amount of work and executive energy to bring order out of chaos, and just as all the building work was nearing completion the typhoon which tossed the fleet so badly on its way from Manila to Yokohama came along and wrecked and ruined everything. Three feet of water stood on the parade ground. It came down from the hills in a flood and it swept in from the harbor in a bigger flood. There two weeks before the arrival of the squadron stood Dr. Mark facing a scene of desolation. In addition, Amoy was hostile to him. He had to have help, and quickly too. Dr. Mark showed grit. He could get no building materials at Amoy. He cabled to Canton and Hongkong. In a few days hundreds of skilled bamboo workers were on the ground with new material, hundreds of coolies were used as helpers, and the day before the squadron arrived the energetic doctor had the satisfaction of seeing his buildings all finished, his arches up and decorated, his supplies of all kinds fully up to the requirements, his conveyances all on the ground and so far as Americans could see everything in perfect order.

It was a great feat fought out under unusual difficulties. Not the least of Dr. Mark's troubles was the fact that the Taotai of Amoy impeached him in a memorial to the Throne. In turn Dr. Mark impeached the Taotai and that

little quarrel is still to be fought out. Mark's friends did not seem to worry much about the result and Mark himself had the placid indifference characteristic of the Chinese when he was asked about it. He was burdened with a mass of detail, but Tong Kaison jumped in and helped him out and Mark had one night off with the naval boys which he will remember to his last day. If there are any echoes of the song "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" bumping around loose against the Pacific coast of the United States they came from that party of good cheer where Mark was an especial guest. He deserved all the praises he got and then some more. The reason he did not get more was because a time is always set in a fleet when the last launches leave the beach.

When Mark had finished his preparations it was seen that there were on the grounds six great pavilions, each capable of seating 500 sailors at tables. There were two large Chinese theatres. There was a Y. M. C. A. bungalow, which was burned through fireworks sparks two nights before we left and about which expensive cables were sent doubtless to the United States, although the total loss was 10,000 postal cards and the shack material of bamboo of which the structure was made; the total cost might have been \$600. There was the permanent building for the reception of the guests and the dwelling place for the Prince. There were three beautiful arches ornamented with some of the most minute and beautiful decorations that China can produce. There were enormous storehouses and kitchens, and there was an organized force of thousands of men to run the big enterprise.

And the electric lighting apparatus was at work!

When the flood came that went by the board. Repairing it was almost too much for Dr. Mark. He had not the skilled workmen for that task and he could not get them. Well, the German gunboat Niobe was in the harbor and electricians on her heard of the plight of Mark and came to his assistance. For three days and nights they worked on it and they had the satisfaction of having the plant run perfectly all the time the Americans were there.

The commissary was a big undertaking. Not only were dinners given by the Prince every night but two of the stay, but luncheons were served every day to all officers ashore. Then there were about 2,500 sailors to feed twice a day. All drinks were free. All the food and drink had to be brought from Shanghai. It required fine planning to have enough of everything. The servants had to be fed and housed, actors from Canton had to be provided and cared for and the populace had to be kept away from the grounds.

Nor was this work all that had to be done. A great landing stage had to be erected for the navy launches. The tide at Amoy frequently rises as high as eighteen feet. A very large structure had to be projected into the water. Each ship had its own landing stage. Then just off the landing a lot of little buoys were anchored for such of the launches as had to remain inshore, but not at the landing stage. In no port yet visited had such care and such provision been made for boating. Then the sampan men were organized to take the Americans up to Kulangsu, more than a mile away, and about the harbor, to and from the ships, when launches were not on hand. There were also great firecracker poles and also staging

for a display of fireworks on the last night of the squadron's stay to be put up. Surely Dr. Marks and his assistants had a big job to prepare all this.

But the trouble was not all ended there. Viceroy Sung was sent down from Foochow, and it was said to be his first official visit to the region of Amoy. He did not have an altogether happy time. Anonymous letters were received from Singapore threatening him. It is not recorded that he was frightened or that any member of the imperial commission was unduly nervous, but it was decided that no chances should be taken. No one wanted the squadron's visit marred by a tragedy, big or little, or by any other unfortunate event. The consequence was that Sung stayed on one of Admiral Sah's warships when not engaged in official duties on shore in the recreation grounds. The threats had the effect of causing the Government to order about 3,000 soldiers to be brought down from the north. There were altogether about 3,500 soldiers stationed around the grounds, most of them at picket intervals. Companies were always held in reserve. Bodies of men were stationed at the entrance to the grounds and in other places to render appropriate military honors when occasion demanded it. All these soldiers had to be fed and sheltered. Of course this fell on Mark and his assistants. Viceroy Sung never betrayed any concern over the threats against him. A Major-General of the army was on hand to see that he was protected. Sung, so it was reported, used the Chinese equivalent of our expression, "Let the other fellow do the walking," and the Major-General did it. He did it so effectively that Sung was still on earth when the squadron sailed away. The Chinese of the commission

did not take the threats seriously. It appears that there is a decided revolutionary party in China. It consists of malcontents who seem for the most part to be "agin the Gover'ment" to the extent that they would cause it trouble, stir up dissension, drive certain men from office — or in other words, just be common disturbers.

Certain sharp fellows have fostered the movement under various pretexts, but it is declared that they are in the work for the money they get out of the gullibles. They have to send warnings of assassination, it is declared, or have some alleged friend of the supposed victim warn him about coming death so as to make the supporters of the movement believe that the leaders really are at work. Of course these leaders are classed as undesirables, and they have had to flee. They keep their headquarters in Singapore. Being political refugees they are not extraditable, according to the tenets of modern international law, and so the propaganda for an overturn of some indefinite kind in China goes on. The movement is gaining strength in the southern provinces, but it has not yet attained sufficient proportions, it is asserted, to make the Government at all apprehensive. Still Sung's adherents were worried, and everybody was glad, the Americans especially, that no harm came to the ruler of the province and that the festival of international rejoicing was not turned into an occasion of international sorrow.

When the second squadron steamed into the harbor early in the morning of October 30 the mountains loomed up beautifully, but the water was almost as a waste. The crowds that had come out in other ports were missing. A few junks with fishermen at their calling were in sight, but

there was no hip-hurrahing of the masses. Admiral Sah, with four smart looking cruisers, joined the squadron outside and escorted it in. The harbor at Amoy is picturesque. One of the first things that caught the eye was the beautiful pagoda, Lam-Taibu, sixty feet high, on top of a mountain 1,700 feet high at the south of the outer harbor. As the squadron entered the inner harbor, past a gateway of islands, one caught a closer view of the hills, blue with haze, but stern and bleak. Slowly the harbor narrowed and in among the bleak hills one could see the roofs of huts where little villages were clustered and then we began to understand what Amoy is.

There is a sort of central city of about 250,000 persons, packed tightly in a small space, with a little walled citadel in the middle, all huddled close to the water's edge, and there are about 150 villages roundabout. Amoy is on an island eight miles in diameter and the town and the villages all belong to the one municipality, as it might be called. The city is like all Chinese cities, we were told, only more so, at least in respect to dirt. It is unwholesome, crowded and cheerless. Except for nature's surroundings Amoy would be one of the most forlorn places on earth. It belies emphatically its poetic name, a literal translation of which is "the Elegant Gate."

The squadron came to anchor far down the harbor, just opposite the lower end of the parade ground, which was screened from view by an apparently new wall. Behind the new wall the roofs of the Mark buildings and the tops of the arches, one of them bearing the usual word "Welcome," could be made out. Soon Admiral Sah came to call on Admiral Emory. He got a warm welcome. He

knew many of the officers of the fleet personally and was glad to greet them. He was dapper, urbane, delightfully gracious. The Americans were glad to see him. Some of them remembered how he helped to save the famous Oregon when she was on the rocks off the China coast. Later Sah and Admiral Emory went to call on Prince Lang and the rest of the Chinese commission; various officers got ashore for a look around, and soon the news went through the squadron that everybody was going to have a good time at the big playground China had provided, especially the men. China expected 3,000 of them ashore daily and wanted them especially to enjoy themselves.

Kulangsu, the site of the foreign colony, was a little more than a mile up the harbor. There was no restriction on visiting that place. It looked inviting. What appeared to be fine villas dotted the numerous hills. It was decided that it was even more picturesque than Chefu. Well, when you went over there you agreed with that opinion. You found yourself on an island a mile and a half long and half a mile wide with beautiful residences perched here and there on cliffs, on the tops of great boulders, on slopes and rises, all facing the bay and with superb views of the bay and mountains. When you attempted to find your way about you were stuck. The place was crookeder than Boston. All through it run little highways about twelve feet broad, mere lanes or alleys, all bordered with high stone walls. Looking over the tops to the hills you could see the fine houses and occasionally through gates you could see flower gardens, tennis courts, beautiful walks and evidences of secluded life.

Well, these alleys ran twisting and turning about with

no apparent plan of order. You got lost between the walls before you could say Jack Robinson or at least had gone a hundred yards. You had to have a pilot to get about. Chinese servants were toting burdens here and there, peddlers were hawking vegetables, but they could give you no information. You had to wait until some one of the 250 foreigners living there hove in sight before you could get directions for going to any one place. As you wandered about you came upon no less than three crowded Chinese villages; and oh, so dirty and crowded! But you liked Kulangsu. There was a fine foreign club there, many mission churches, hospitals and the flags of the various foreign Consuls flapping in the air. You felt secure and at home. You came across a beautiful tennis park, and when you learned that the place, whose name literally translated means Drum Wave Island, was governed by the representatives of no less than six nations without friction and had been a foreign concession for about six years, you said that international friendship was something more than a fiction.

In shape the boulders on shore, on hills, in the water were the most forbidding looking things imaginable. It was easy to see that a superstitious people would be overawed by them. They seemed to take on the forms of demons, and one look at them made you wonder if the Chinese ever dared stay out of doors at night. There was one familiar to the sailormen who had been in Amoy before that was missing. It was the famous rocking stone. Many a jack tar has gone up to the great pile on the mainland and set it rocking by the mere push of a good strong right arm. Early in the present year a party

of German man-of-warsmen went up there for a lark and they had so much fun that they rocked the thing over and it landed in the valley below.

Some of these rocks had Chinese inscriptions on them. That on the Camel Rock says:

Kulangsu is a paradise on earth.
Amoy is the very best.

There wasn't much untruth about Kulangsu, except in the hot season.

Amid these picturesque surroundings and with a vast amount of expensive and carefully studied preparations the squadron came to receive China's hospitality and assurances of friendship. Did China make good? Well, it isn't a long story. With the exception of one day given up to the foreign colony on Kulangsu all the entertaining was inside the parade grounds. It began on the night of arrival with a Chinese dinner and a theatrical performance given to the officers in the reception hall. The officers were received by the Prince and found themselves in a long banquet hall, whose ceiling was festooned with broad bands of heavy brocaded silk. It made one almost eager to climb up after it. A general comment was:

"My, if I only had enough of that to make a gown for the wife! Wouldn't she go crazy over it?"

Beautiful potted plants and dwarfed trees filled up the floor spaces near the tables. Richly carved screens were placed here and there. It was a most attractive room, decorated with the best taste of the Chinese. At a signal the company of about three hundred sat down. It must be confessed that there was some trepidation be-

cause the bill of fare had been printed in the programme for the week. This was the menu:

Bird's Nest Soup.
Shark's Fins and Crab Roe.
Rolled Fish.
Fried Oysters.
Mushrooms and Bamboo Shoots.
Shrimp Balls.
Fried Duck's Liver and Giblets.
Boiled Ham and Chicken.
Devilled Crab on the Shell.
Roast Duck.
Minced Chicken and Cauliflower.
Li Hung Chang Chop Sui.
Tea, Fruits, Cakes.

Well, it was really pretty good. Bird's nest soup is all right and it is one of the most expensive dishes in China. Shark's fins are also all right if you know the game. Most of the officers ate heartily and said they enjoyed it. The dinner was repeated the next night for those officers who had to remain on board ship the first night. The wines were European and very choice. No expense in the way of service or food and drink was spared. Prince Lang read a speech of welcome and Admiral Emory replied, and the Emperor and President were toasted.

The men of the squadron did not begin to get their enjoyment until the next day, when they were sent ashore. They took possession of the playground, went up to the Nan Pu To temple on the edge of the grounds where a bazaar was held, and ate and drank their fill on the parade ground. Through the Y. M. C. A. the Government distributed 15,000 cigars and 60,000 cigarettes a day free

to them. In every eating pavilion there were free beer and soft drinks. After the first day it was decided that it would be better to serve beer only with the men's meals, but soft drinks were to be had at any time. For two days the men had Chinese chow for their meals and then, as was the case with the officers, it was changed to European food.

It was just a long play spell all around. When the men got tired of loafing around the parade ground they went up to the temple. Several times during the day religious services were being held by the priests. They were praying for good weather and were giving thanks for the safe arrival of the fleet. Every morning and afternoon there were sports until the championships were decided. That brought out the rooters. If you want to see fun go to a baseball or a football match between the men of two warships. There is one aspect of naval athletics that is most praiseworthy. Umpires and referees are usually officers. The sense of discipline prevails on the athletic field as it does on shipboard. When an umpire decides there is no chewing the rag. You can hear almost every kind of a shout except the familiar howl, "Kill the umpire!"

Word had been passed around that the Government had sent most beautiful prizes down. There were gold cups valued at \$1,200 each for the baseball and football championships and miniature copies of the large cups for the individual players. For rowing and field sports there were silver cups. Well, the Louisiana got all the rowing honors, as was to be expected. She fought out the football finals with the Virginia and the Virginia won. That

same day, and using some of the men from the football team, she fought out the final game in baseball, and the Kentucky won by a close score. Prince Lang and Mr. Liang insisted on watching all the sports.

It was on the afternoon of the last day that the full hospitality was realized. Then were presented the costly gifts China had prepared to commemorate the visit. In addition to presents and trophies for the athletes and those who managed them there were beautiful and expensive presents for commanding officers and even for the ships. Every ship received a beautiful silver bowl. The Admiral and Captains each received a beautiful bowl nearly as large as those given to the ships, at least two chairs and a table in ebony inlaid furniture. Then there were lacquer boxes, dressing sets, ivory jewel boxes and a lot of other beautiful things showered upon the commanding officers. In addition each officer in the fleet received a cloisonné vase, in which the flags of America and China were crossed. Each man in the squadron received a cloisonné cup. The squadron was fairly loaded down with gifts. One of the last gifts that came to the Louisiana was about forty wicker cases containing enormous pomelos, a kind of grape fruit. They came from the private garden of the Dowager Empress.

The leavetakings at the landing stage that night were a little hard to say. Admiral Sah seemed to find it difficult to keep down emotion in true Chinese fashion. The Americans had been guests on his ships. They had found his flag-ship a marvel of cleanliness and naval shipshapeness, to use a word which one of the Americans coined. "Never was a private yacht in a more beautiful condition," was a

frequent remark. Sah took it hard, this good-by business, but finally all got away and promptly at 8 a. m. on November 5 the squadron started out of the harbor, Sah in his flagship leading the way. A great cloud of smoke from the millions of firecrackers that were set off along the wall of the parade ground hid the scene of the festivities from sight. Sah finally stopped, honors and salutes were exchanged and the squadron passed out to sea.

When once outside the harbor the Louisiana turned southwest to go to Hongkong. Admiral Schroeder took charge of the seven other ships and they fired a salute to the squadron commander about to be retired. The salute was returned in the usual style.

CHAPTER XI

WARSHIPS IN BATTLE PRACTICE

A Month of Hard Work in Manila — Annual Test of the Fighting Power of the Battleships — Results of a Whole Year's Training Ascertained Under Conditions Simulating Those of Actual Battle — How It Feels to Be on a Warship With the Big Guns Going by Day and the Smaller Guns by Night — The Noise and Smoke.

U. S. Battle Fleet,

MANILA, November 24.

FROM a social point of view the climax of the cruise of the United States Atlantic fleet around the world was reached when the visit was made to Japan. Possibly the same statement might apply if the cruise were viewed from the standpoint of world politics. The climax, from a strictly business point of view, was reached when the fleet returned here from the Japanese and Chinese visits. The folks at home may have conceived the idea that this Atlantic fleet was sailing around the globe having a hullabaloo time of it, the officers and men being entertained lavishly, smothered almost with kindnesses, burdened with hospitality, acclaimed with delight and having nothing else to do but to hurry to the next place and get more dinners, attend more receptions, go on more excursions and listen to a lot of fine words about international friendship and brotherly love. There has been a lot of that, more of it indeed than the world ever witnessed before, but don't get the idea that that is what a modern

battleship fleet is for or that it is the chief end of a modern naval establishment.

The truth is that all this entertainment interfered more or less with the real work of the battleship fleet. That work is to be as nearly ready as possible for war at a moment's notice. The only way to do that is to be prepared to shoot hard and straight. Hence it is that once a year Uncle Sam's warships go through battle practice. An entire year's drilling leads up to that one thing. Lest it may be thought that all the attentions showered on the fleet caused a letdown either in efficiency or in discipline it may be stated simply as matter of cold truth that the Atlantic fleet has been brought to a state of efficiency in daily routine and persistent and well planned work that no American fleet ever reached before.

Never have the officers and men on a fleet worked harder, never have they worked more willingly, never have they been better prepared to do the work for which the fleet really exists. The fleet was in fine condition when Admiral Sperry took charge of it. The foundations had been laid for a fine development of skill through incessant labor. He moved right ahead. There was no satisfaction with what had been accomplished, there was no stagnation of forces. As to what was done in detail it is not proper to speak, and it is almost exceeding the limits of proper information to make mention of general results. There are those who hold that such matters should be learned by other nations in their own way, if they can learn it, but inasmuch as some details of the amount of work done in evolutions and in practice of various kinds have been made public, with the approval of the authorities of

course, it is within the limits of propriety to allow those at home to know that all the social attentions received at the various stopping places have not interfered with the real work of the fleet and that that work has been developed as it has never been developed before in the history of our naval establishment.

The fleet returned to Manila Bay for strictly business purposes. Indeed Admiral Sperry with full propriety might have hung out the sign: "This is my busy month." Furthermore, he might have added to the list of signs and put up notices to this effect: "Callers not admitted during working hours — apply at the office"; "Do it now"; "Visitors will please not talk to the workmen," and so on.

Any matter that requires a year's training to perform must be serious in nature. You wonder perhaps how this battle practice is different from the shooting exercise that is held in the spring of the year and which the Atlantic fleet disposed of with great credit to itself last March in Magdalena Bay. Well, you may be surprised to learn that that practice, lasting nearly a month, was simply one of the preparations for this work in Manila Bay. The spring target practice on our warships is called record practice. Its purpose is to qualify men to shoot in battle practice. In other words, you find out by record practice which men can shoot the best and then you set those men to training for the real work of battle practice.

In record practice each gun or set of guns is fired individually. In battle practice the guns, in a general way, go off in a ripsnorting slambanging style apparently, but not so actually, and you shoot as if you were banging

away at another warship, and you let 'er go just as fast as you can, everything roaring and booming at once or as often as possible. Record practice is more or less tedious. A ship may be two or three days doing the work, with long pauses between the individual shots. In battle practice the work is of only a few minutes comparatively, and while it lasts you are on a volcano with fireblasts belching out only a few feet from you, with vast clouds of smoke swirling around, with the smell of gases almost choking you and with a score of thunderclaps buffeting you and making you jump and duck and wish that it was all over almost before it has begun. It's spectacular, but no fun.

But what do they really do at battle practice? You may have read last spring the accounts of the record practice at Magdalena Bay. If you did you noticed that there was a lot about noise and smoke and splashes, but nothing was said about the distance of the target, the number of runs made over the range, the number of shots fired, the time of the runs, the results of the shooting, except the statement in a general way that in the main it was pretty good. There was a reason for it all. That is what every navy tries to keep a secret. It is quite true that it never does keep such matters fully secret, but that in no way lessens the obligation of newspaper correspondents to have no part in making such matters public. One of the conditions imposed on correspondents with the fleet was as follows:

“To refrain from giving out for publication, while with the fleet or later, any military information, such as detailed descriptions of mechanism or of methods of drill,

method of handling fire control, tactical manœuvres, scores of target practice, etc.” Therefore no details of battle practice may be given.

As has been said, battle practice by any ship or fleet is going through the motions as if you were in actual battle. You get the range of any enemy and you fire all the guns at him that you would fire in battle and you do it as often and as accurately as you can. The enemy — all this is known to naval people the world over and so one can talk about it — in battle practice is a big target. It is supposed to represent the side of a battleship in the middle section. It is about as long as the heavily armored part of an enemy's ship and as high. You let loose your guns at it while you are in motion and the range varies constantly. After a given time of shooting has elapsed you bring in the target, make an estimate of the hits from the holes and rents and the umpires give you your percentage. You fire all your big guns in one run in the daytime and you fire your little guns at night with searchlights on the targets. You are then supposed to be repelling torpedo craft.

There are many things to be done in preparation. In the first place you have your regular drills at the guns, where you acquire team work and efficiency in quick loading and in getting on the target. Then you have to develop the system of getting ranges and of communicating with the men at the guns to tell them when to fire and how: fire control. But you have to make special preparations in addition. Before you go into battle practice you have to have calibration. What is calibration? The dictionaries may tell you. It is a system of firing a given

number of shots at exact known distances under the most favorable and fixed conditions, with every factor known in advance, and the purpose is to find out and rectify any possible errors in the guns or ammunition. Powder may deteriorate slightly after a time. A gun may perform differently when warmed up than before. There may be errors in the sights and all such things. Calibration therefore is a system of standardizing your gunfire and of bringing all your guns and ammunition up to that standard. You want to be sure that when you fix the range at, say, 2,000 yards, and your deflection is all right and your cross wires on the bull's-eye, the projectile will make a bull's-eye. There is no secret about calibration. All navies have to do it.

The ships for this work went into Subig Bay, where they could get absolutely smooth water and where the opportunities for accurate observation were of the best, and then studied out the delicate problem of adjustment. That was the first special work done. Then came a series of practical tests of one kind and another. All the guns were boresighted as usual, every piece of mechanism was put in good shape. A plan of detailed action for every possible contingency in battle was drawn up and then there came practice runs day and night with everybody keyed up and in a state of tension and everybody hoping his ship would beat out the rest.

The strain of preparation is enormous. Not only is the ordnance officer of the ship worked up over what this experiment and that plan will result in but the tense condition is shared by the other officers and gets down among the men. In record practice the men compete for money

prizes given by the Government. There are no money prizes in battle practice, but the pointers and all the others of the gun crews get worked up into a state of nervous energy as the hour for shooting begins that makes one think they could scarcely be more interested if actual war were on. For days and days, morning, noon and night, little else occupies the attention of those on the ship; and as the great hour approaches a sense of calm settles down over the ship, because with it comes the feeling that the work of a year will soon be finished and it's just as well to be calm and take it as a matter of course.

Preparations all being completed and the day and hour fixed for the shooting you go out on the range. The targets are put in position and you steam up and all hands take a good look at them and then off you go for what might be called a long running start. It is something like the start an athlete takes when he makes the high jump. After the ship has steamed perhaps five or six miles away and the engines are working finely, so that the standard of speed may be kept up accurately, the turn is made and back you come. Sealed instructions are opened and then you learn at what spot you are to begin shooting, at what speed you must travel, in what slanting direction you must go.

When the proper moment comes a blast is blown on the whistle. It is the signal to begin shooting. You do not know how far you are away from the target. You use your range finders and a whole lot of information instantly goes dashing through the ship to the men at the guns, and then comes a great roar with a shock that shakes the ship, a great cloud of smoke and a sheet of flame burst from a

gun and then all is silent. You wait for the splash. It is a test shot. Perhaps another is fired, and when the corrections are made another shot shows that the correct range has been obtained. All the time the ship is getting closer or going further away from the target. Then comes the storm.

The men at the guns know just how to fire. It is a busy time. All over the ship the stalwart youngsters are loading, ramming, sighting, training, and then come commands to fire. Perhaps the guns are fired separately and perhaps not. All the spectator knows is that roar after roar, jump after jump, jolt after jolt comes. The battle is on. The game is to destroy that target. Your ears are stuffed with cotton, and you also hold your finger tips in your ears. The smoke clouds your eyes, the gases rush into your nostrils, you are somewhere in the neighborhood of what you have always imagined chaos to be like.

You watch that target. Great geysers are leaping up in front, behind, beside it. They rise to a height of more than a hundred feet. They stand in the air an instant. They even obscure the target. If the wind is brisk they fall to the bay in beautiful showers and are quickly blown aside, a rainbow perhaps fading with them as an omen of good luck. Your eye can even see the large projectiles curving through the air. Straight they seem to go at first, but just before they drop they sometimes curve aside a little. The target is a mere speck. How could anything be made to hit it, say four miles away? Well, those shells keep hurtling on. Soon there is a great gash in the target. You are afraid that more shells will go through that rent and your ship won't get credit for hits.

Ah, there's a beautiful hit; ripped things right and left! There's a splash 'way off to the right.

You have heard sometimes at a horserace a madly yelling crowd shouting directions to this and that jockey telling him exactly what to do? Of course he cannot hear a word, but it lets off steam to yell at him. Well, you feel like yelling at the gun pointer to get back on the range when you see that splash. He could not hear you, but the impulse is strong. Then come some shots over the target and you wonder if that man will ever get straightened out. Ah, but there were three or four beautiful shots! See, the target is sagging! A hole is torn in one corner. "Don't bite 'em off on the corner," you yell. "Get 'em over a little! That's right! Bully boy! Eat 'er up!" Talk about baseball rooting! That's boys' play compared to the rooting, straining, bending, hip-hipping that goes on as this rain of shells passes over the water. You forget all about the noise.

Perhaps the cotton in one of your ears gets loose. An awful roar shocks you and you clap your hands to the sides of your head. That target is getting a good lambasting. Surely the time is up. What? Only half gone? Well, they are the longest minutes you have ever known, unless it was the last few minutes of that gruelling race you rowed when you were just ahead and you feared you couldn't last ten seconds more. Back your attention goes to the noise and shocks and just then you forget all about the target and your mind gives itself up to wondering if you forgot to secure the soap dish in your room. A lot of fumes sweep into your face and you get to snorting over them and then comes a blast of several guns

which happen to be going off at the same time. The ship shakes and heels over a little and you know what a big earthquake is like, or you think you do. Your footstool is trembling and you are lunging a little.

The ship is all alive. Hell has been let loose and you are right in the portals. Will they never finish the run? That target is all ripped up in the centre! The practice has showed that the men can shoot straight. Your nerves are getting overwrought. What is the use of wasting any more good powder and projectiles? Rip! Boom! Chug! Brrrrrrrr! Crash! Crash! Crash! All the demons in creation are dancing jigs, spitting fire and swearing at you. Ah, let up; that's enough! Then the whistle! What, only so many minutes? It seemed an hour.

It's all over, the ship steadies herself, you pull the cotton from your ears, you fill your lungs with good fresh air in long drawn breaths, you catch your mate by the hand and shake it and then you wonder what is the result. Out there miles away is a torn and tousled bit of canvas tottering on a raft and you say that you're glad it wasn't a ship and you hadn't had to do all that carnage in reality. Well, you steam in close and the ordnance officer comes around and says this thing and that worked well and this and that didn't, and he's afraid the whole thing was a failure. He didn't really expect to make every shot a hit, but he's disappointed that he made so few of them.

Well, it's all very well for a modest ordnance officer to talk that way, and you wait eagerly until the boating party brings the target on board. The umpires gather around and the men gather the edges of this and that shot together. Here and there are big, clean holes with black-

marks two inches wide around them. A glance tells what kind of gun made them, but a sort of gauge is applied to make sure. You are surprised to find really so few of them. But then there's the great rent in the centre of the target. You can see the marks of at least one shot on the edges. What, all that hole was torn by a splash? But lots of shots must have gone through the hole. Wait until the observers who were out at the range and who could see the shots go over the target report. You don't get a good allowance for that hole? Well you are astonished! And only just so many 12 inch, so many 8 inch, so many 7 inch shots are given to you? Well, with your own eyes, even though you were miles away, you saw twice, yes three times that number of hits made. You are sure of it, but those cold blooded umpires insist on making this a strictly business matter and you feel like pitching them overboard.

When the decision is announced you go around and hunt up the ordnance officer, shake him by the hand and tell him you know he could do better another time and that next year you are sure he will bat the eye out of the target. He thanks you and says they might have done worse and just as you are beginning to be miserable with him you are surprised to find him quite cheerful again and, the inconsistent man he is, really happy over the day's performance. Then if you are a mere spectator you wonder what business you have on a warship at all and why you were ridiculous enough to get worked up over the matter.

Then comes the night practice. That's a different story altogether. You are on the range once more. The

searchlights shoot out as the whistle blows. There you have picked up the targets! Instantly a new set of demons cut loose. The projectiles all have what they call tracers on them. They are little tails which take fire in the air. You are firing with comparatively small guns now. Twice as many shots are in the air as in the daytime and you can watch the course of every one of them. The little rockets dart across the water in beautiful curves. They reach the top of the arc and then they curve down. Splash after splash springs up. Those rods of fire are going home. Some attraction like an immense magnet seizes them in their flight and draws them to the target.

"You can't get away from me!" it seems to say. "Come here! Come here! Ah, I've got you!"

Then your ears get to aching, your eyes are blinded with the flashes. If there is any noise on earth more devilish than that of a three inch gun no one has yet recorded it. It seems to want to try to tear your ears to pieces. There is no great shock. These sound waves come bursting in on your ears and you feel like trying to beat them away. Still the arching rain of red hot rods goes through the air. A little canvas speck all lighted up with searchlights is being peppered and you say you feel sorry for any torpedo boat that would have to meet that fire. The whistle blows. What, that was only half as long as the daylight run? Fully twice as many shots were fired? Well, it is hard to believe it, but in comes the target and again you are surprised that the thing is not full of holes. Ah, but there are hits there, any one of which might have put a torpedo craft completely out of business. A good many hits too! And when it is all

over you see the real value of this training and that night you can sleep feeling sure that if the ship ever does get into action the other fellow will know a good deal about it.

Ship after ship goes through this performance. The days go by rapidly and before you know it a month is nearly gone. The fleet may have had a good time here and there. That was partly business and mostly social. This battle practice is all business and when it is over you know that while a part of the United States navy has been gallivanting around the world it has not allowed pleasure to interfere with its real work and that the same development that has been made in other matters must also mark the shooting department's work.

What were the results? Nothing on that, if you please, unless it is the vague statement that the country need not feel ashamed of the fleet. In its own good time, if it decides to be wise, the Navy Department may make public some of the results of the shooting. You'll have to wait for that. But didn't those ships — never mind the number — that seemed to smash the targets all to pieces do remarkably well? Ask the Captains about that and perhaps you may guess, or you may not, from the peculiar look in their eyes what the answer is. A dilapidated target doesn't always mean magnificent shooting. Sometimes it may, but not always.

This much may be said in conclusion: The year's great business task of the Atlantic fleet is practically over. The fleet is now ready to go home. It has shown great capacity for a feast or a frolic the whole world 'round. This battle practice shows that it is also ready for a fight.

CHAPTER XII

REMAKING THE PHILIPPINES

Samples of the Good Work Americans Are Doing — Model Prison at Bilibid — System That Turns Criminals Into Good Citizens — A Hell Hole of the Spanish Administration Transformed Into a Great Training Institution — The Weather Bureau's Work — Lumber Resources of the Islands Being Developed Conservatively.

U. S. Battle Fleet,

OFF SINGAPORE, December 6.

HOW many persons in the United States really know what is going on in the Philippines? Very few. How many care? It's a pity that they too are few. Still one can report, even though his stay has been no longer than that of The Sun's correspondent with the Atlantic fleet — a month all told — that satisfactory progress is being made. The making of men is going on there. The making of a nation must be subservient to that.

From the top to the bottom, from Governor-General down to the lowest in rank in the army and navy, to the man furthest down in the civil establishment, to the American merchants and professional men in the islands, the thought prevails that the Philippines are worth toil and struggle, that some day they will be invaluable to the United States, that large opportunities in men building are presented here; and so the little band of what might be called pioneers has gone on fighting the battle without

much encouragement, believing in American destiny and hoping that in time these islands will become American in reality; that they will be the home not of a so-called subject people but of a people transformed into Americans and regarding themselves as such, with Americans from the homeland to guide their progress, and all loyal to the American flag.

As one goes about Manila and sees something of the great game that is being played he becomes intensely interested. He already finds a transformed Manila, a city with all modern improvements and an excellent and economical city government. He finds that the general government has failed only where there was reversion to the old manner of things; that is, in allowing the Filipinos to manage their own affairs. Local self-government has been an acknowledged failure. The Federal Assembly is a laughing stock. The administration of justice by the Filipinos themselves is a farce. If one thing has been settled it is that the Filipino is not now ready for self-government.

The fact that the Filipinos do not yet seem to appreciate what has been done in no way discourages those who are upholding American interests in the islands. A fine system of education may not impress the adults, but in time the children will grow up and realize what it means. A series of splendid roads and bridges may cause some Filipinos to laugh at the Americans for spending so much money on their behalf; but when easy transportation comes to mean money for those who enjoy it there will be a change of opinion. The administration of real justice may impress the Filipino as absurd compared with the old

system when money or friendship or relationship secured special privileges and exemption from the law's penalties.

It's all hard work to get things going, but the machinery of making men, real men, is in progress actively and the experiment is most fascinating. Hence it is that when one stumbles upon some unexpected thing of superior excellence in the way of administration or of development he is not altogether surprised after he has looked the ground over for a month or so. Now there are several institutions in and about Manila that arouse the visitor's enthusiasm and create in him a desire to let the folks at home know what is going on in them.

Ever hear of George N. Wolfe? No? Ever hear of Bilibid Prison? Well, Bilibid Prison and George N. Wolfe are not exactly synonymous terms, but they have come to mean almost the same thing, and that is an institution of direct, hard manhood making which deals in the rawest of raw material to be found anywhere. It is done in a way that makes any American who knows the facts of the case proud of Bilibid, proud of Wolfe, and proud of the Americanism that both exemplify. Bilibid is the State prison, the penitentiary of the islands. In the Spanish days it used to be one of the greatest hell holes on earth. It was a breeding place of disease, physically and socially. It was the vilest place in the Philippines, a festering sore, an abode of horror.

Bilibid is said to be the largest prison in the world. It will hold 4,000 prisoners comfortably. About 5,000 are even now consigned to it, but only about 3,000 are actually there, the rest being out at work. In the old days Bilibid used to become overcrowded. Under Spanish rule the

easiest thing in that world of intrigue and bribery and dishonesty was to get into jail and the hardest was to get out. The Americans when they came liberated hundreds of men from Bilibid who had never been committed legally. When its crowded condition became unbearable you are told the Spaniards used to draw up a company of soldiers at night, fire into the sleeping places, kill men by the score, just to thin the place out, and announce that another mutiny had been suppressed.

And talk about cruelty! Why, one of the favorite pastimes of brutal keepers was to tie a man's arms and legs and then lower him head foremost down a well and watch him squirm to keep his head from going into the water. They only desisted when the victim became unconscious. Then they drowned him if the place was too full, or pulled him up and revived him, to have some more fun with him another day. As for dirt and disease, every epidemic of cholera, yellow fever, smallpox, or what not, if it didn't start in Bilibid raged there, and the inmates had small show for their lives. The place was a hell hole, all right.

What is Bilibid to-day? Not only the largest prison in the world, but probably the best managed. There is a gray stone wall of moderate height running around the seventeen acres of the prison, and in the enclosure there are about fifty buildings. Armed sentries are posted in towers at the various angles, and from the outside you can see an elevated runway to the middle of the place where there is a central tower with more guards, all with loaded rifles. From the outside the place looks like an ordinary prison.

But go inside. What do you see? A prison where there isn't a cell; where the prisoners sleep in barracks; where military ideas are so enforced that one might think he was in a garrison; where there is not only comfort and cleanliness but even joy in the lives of the inmates; where those confined are simply deprived of their liberty and all are put on their good behavior and encouraged in the belief that they have real manhood in them and that they will come out changed men, useful men to society. The labor of the prison is conducted in bright, wholesome places and, except for the uniforms of those at work, one might imagine himself in a big factory of contented employees. There is no lock step; no corporal punishment is inflicted. There is even time for play, and every night one of the sights of the Orient is to see those 3,000 men on the march in the grounds to the music of a band of nearly 100 pieces. Then comes a halt. The men are formed company front and stand at attention. The signal is given, every hat comes off, the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner" with spirit and exquisite shading, and the flag comes down to the salute of every inmate. A State prison!

Then what happens? Those men are marched about the enclosure, every company falling into its exact place. The enclosure is divided into two equal parts by a high wall running through the centre. There are really two parades, one on each side. The men on one side cannot see those on the other, but the two lines make the circuit of the grounds like two columns marching exactly in conjunction with each other. The parade over, they split up into a column of twos. Back they swing. Each man

has his spoon and plate. They separate as they reach a small group of men where the evening meal has been brought. Each man receives his supper and passes on, all keeping step. The entire 3,000 have their food served out to them in seven minutes! Back the companies march to their barracks. They are counted as they enter, making the fourth or fifth tally of the prisoners. The doors are locked and then what happens? That fine band moves out to a band stand and gives an open air concert of about an hour each day. Who can measure the effect of that music on the prisoners?

The system is all very simple. When men are sent to Bilibid they are told to obey the rules. They are searched, measured by the Bertillon system, photographed, registered and disinfected. They are assigned to various sections and then they are sent to the medical department. There they are quarantined until they are healthy and strong. Then the disciplinary department takes hold of them, gives them a semi-military training and after that they are turned over to the industrial department. Discipline is ingrained in them. Healthy bodies are their portion and you are somewhat surprised, even when you know all this, to learn that every man takes a bath every day and that every day he puts on a suit of fresh, clean clothes. You go into the barracks and you find that they sleep on pieces of stout canvas like the hammocks of sailors, but stretched between steel uprights. There are three tiers of these clean canvas beds. Each man's belongings are tidied up and exactly in place on the bed.

The men work seven and a half hours a day. They do blacksmithing, iron working, carriage and wagon making,

silversmithing, furniture making, wood working, painting, shoemaking, baking, cooking, laundering and lots of things like that. They supply the Government with furniture, they do the washing for a large part of the city, they do automobile and wagon repairing, they work cheerfully and precisely as if they were in a big factory. They converse when they wish and they are a cheerful lot. They have a siesta of two hours in the middle of the day and quit work at 4:30 p. m. for the evening parade and concert. They go to night school and are eager to learn.

What is the result of all this? There are three classes of prisoners, first, second and third. When the Americans took hold of that prison 80 per cent. were in the third class. To-day more than 90 per cent. are in the first class. A large majority of the first class prisoners are rated 100 per cent. in conduct. To get in the first class a man has to be above 90 per cent. To be in the second class he has to be between 80 and 90 per cent. in conduct marking. If he is below 80 per cent. he is in the third class. He gets few privileges then. The high class men get the benefit of lectures and other entertainments, they are even allowed to play ball in the yard and have other recreation. They have all the books they wish, can see their friends at intervals and can write so many letters. No punishments are inflicted arbitrarily. Every complaint is investigated, reported upon and the accused has the right of explanation and defence. After the court which deals with the case has decided what to do the final decision is reviewed by Director Wolfe. About the hardest punishment inflicted is moving a lot of stones or weights from place to place and loss of privileges.

The result is an uncommon institution. Manhood is being developed there, and the strange thing to the visitor is that serving a term in Bilibid is not considered a disgrace among Filipinos. When a man comes from Bilibid his services are sought after. He is a skilled workman; he gets good wages; he is orderly and lawabiding and is susceptible to discipline. He rarely comes back. He usually becomes a respected and useful citizen and his imprisonment is a badge of efficiency. Is there any finer penal work in the United States?

But this is not the whole story. What about the other prisoners of Bilibid who are not there?

Well, a good part of them are scattered about the islands engaged in public works. A lot of them are over at Corregidor, the island at the entrance to Manila Bay, past which Dewey sailed in the night, and they are helping to build fortifications. A lot of them are engaged in making public roads. Others are putting up public buildings.

But the choicest lot of all are at the Iwahig penal colony, a hundred or so miles away. This colony is on the island of Palawan in the Bay of Puerto Princesa. More than 500 live there in a place fifty miles square, and there is not a guard in the entire place! The nearest guard is a company of constabulary seven miles away on the mainland. At this penal colony there is almost no restraint. The prisoners are largely engaged in agriculture. They have their own dwellings where their families may join them. They participate in the local management of the colony. They live a healthful, useful, outdoor life of industry and peace. They have a superintendent with three American and four Filipino assistants to instruct them

and manage their affairs. Their island is a thing of beauty. They are simply deprived of liberty and are being made into useful and happy citizens.

It all sounds like a dream, but it is no dream; neither is the picture overdrawn. There are few happier places than Iwahig. Wolfe has done it all! Who is Wolfe? Well, he comes from Oregon and he was an officer in a volunteer regiment from that State. When the Americans got hold of Manila and Bilibid was found to be in a deplorable condition they told Wolfe to go down there and make an up to date jail out of it. He had never been inside a State prison but once in his life. He knew nothing of penology. He does now; he learned. He is square jawed, of medium size, has courage and brains. He took hold of things. He believed in the good in men. His works justify him. Never had trouble? Oh, yes, but Wolfe knew how to deal with it. There was a mutiny once. The Gatling guns came out and in seven minutes nearly a score of the mutineers were dead and something like twoscore wounded. There's been no trouble since. This stern, kindly man has put in force a discipline which is making real men in the Philippines. He keeps track of the men so far as he can after they leave. He helps to get them jobs. He is the friend of all he has charge of and when the full story of what the United States has done for the Philippines and the Filipinos is written out fully the name of George N. Wolfe should have a high place. He is a credit to America. Hats off to Wolfe!

Another place of absorbing interest in Manila is the headquarters of the Philippines Weather Bureau. Not a man in charge of any craft that plies the busy Pasig

River neglects when he passes the old fort, now the head of the army management, to glance at the old tower. He is looking for the typhoon signals. It's a matter that means not only the protection of property but the saving of life. Enormous loss of life, vast destruction of property used to follow these storms. Nowadays this superb weather bureau can predict two or three days in advance when a typhoon is coming, almost the hour when its centre will be at a certain place, and as a result thousands of lives are saved each year.

When a typhoon is announced Manila sits up and takes notice. Telephone bells go jingling around the place. Warnings are sent by telegraph and cable all over the island. Shipping men begin to make things snug. The great army of fishermen who go out on the treacherous Manila Bay begin to hug the shore closer. By the time the storm breaks the bay is barren of small craft and the marine interests sit tight and wait for things to blow over. This typhoon service has been of incalculable benefit and nothing like it in meteorological service exists in any other part of the world.

There was a great typhoon in September, 1879, in which thousands of lives were lost in Luzon. It caused great suffering and this aroused the sympathy and co-operation of the Jesuit Fathers, one of whom was Father Frederico Faura. He decided to study the weather and established a little bureau. Gradually he interested others and got instruments from time to time. Soon a monthly bulletin was put out. For fourteen years Father Faura studied the data accompanying these storms. The time came when he was sure of his ground and gave out

his first prediction. The typhoon arrived two days later and caused enormous loss. A few weeks later he predicted another. That settled the matter so far as Manila was concerned. From 1879 to 1882 Father Faura announced fifty-three typhoons and made never a mistake. In three cases he was slightly mistaken as to the path of the storm and in two cases the storm spent its force before it arrived. Father Faura died, and his place was taken by Father Algué, now recognized the world over as probably the greatest scientist in meteorology.

Then came the American occupation of the Philippines. Dewey soon found out the value of this weather bureau and asked for coöperation. The army and navy authorities continued to make use of it. The Philippines Commission soon put the weather bureau on a satisfactory basis. Something like nine first class stations, twenty-five second class, seventeen third class and twenty-one rain measuring stations are in operation. Daily cable communication is kept up with Guam, Formosa, Japan and China and the march of improvements has gone on until the weather service is recognized as a vital thing to even the most humble person. The headquarters are in a beautiful, large building in Ermita, in the southern part of Manila, and the equipment is all that could be desired. The work of the bureau is not confined to meteorology exclusively. There are three other departments; they deal with astronomy, earthquakes, and magnetism. All are doing notable work.

Another interesting place in Manila is the Bureau of Forestry, where Major George P. Ahearn is doing a mighty preliminary work for the future development of

the islands. In the first place you run plump into a crowded museum where log specimens crowd the corridors and excite your admiration. There are something like 375 species on exhibition. These woods are of all kinds. Hard woods, soft woods of scores of varieties are before your eyes and at once you want to know something about the Philippine forests. Well, that's what Ahearn and his small band of assistants are trying to find out. A large amount of exploring, surveying and plotting is done each year and the result is that we know pretty well what kinds of wood there are in the islands, their properties, strength and durability and the extent to which they may be cut each year with safety. It has been a great task, but a few years more will see the work fully completed and then lumbering on a scientific and safe scale may be put in full and profitable operation.

With all the islands' resources in timber, you are surprised to learn that every year the Philippines import large quantities of timber from the Pacific Coast. China and Australia last year also took about 150,000,000 feet of Oregon pine. Now the Philippines could supply this market with lauan wood, a fine substitute for Oregon pine. It is estimated that the Philippines could supply fully 300,000,000 feet of timber for the Orient without impoverishment. It is doubtful if there will ever be a large market in the United States for Philippines lumber, except for the hardwoods for interior finishing and cabinet work. The Philippines have beautiful woods of this character. At an altitude of 2,000 feet in the Philippines you get the open pine forests. Along the coasts come the "manglars" where one gets firewood, tanbark and dye bark.

The low coast flat is another forest type, characterized by ipil and a few other valuable species. The tangled forests of the deltas and river bottoms present the greatest variety in species, but are not suited for extensive lumbering. The upland forest is where lumbering pays best. The upland forest growing on deep soils has a fairly dense stand of large trees, principally members of one family, the scientific name of which is *Dipterocarpaceæ*. The best example of this type supplies the woods known as balacbacan, lauan, almon and apitong. There is 32,000 board feet of merchantable timber to the acre in some of these forests.

The great trouble with lumbering in the Philippines just now is that facilities for cheap logging are absent. Labor is cheap, and it is good labor. In the Island of Negros you can get all the help you want for twenty-five cents a day. There are several large operations in lumbering in the islands already. One company in Negros Occidental has a license to cut on a tract of sixty-nine square miles and is now able to sell lauan or apitong cheaper than Oregon pine or California redwood. In northern Negros the Insular Lumber Company is operating a big tract. Right next to its holdings is a tract of sixty square miles of dense virgin forest ranging from 200 to 4,000 feet above sea level. The new railroad on the island passes within three miles of this tract. There is a total stand of about 800,000,000 board feet of merchantable timber on this tract which it is estimated is enough to supply a mill cutting 50,000 feet a day for more than fifty years. In Mindoro, a sparsely settled island near Luzon, there is a tract of 200 square miles close to Lake Naujan with ample means of reaching the coast. All through the islands are

similar opportunities. The Forestry Bureau is mapping them carefully and slowly, and soon the full riches of the islands in lumber will become known. The public forests are not sold, but are operated under licenses. For extensive operations these licenses run for twenty years.

Another interesting place in Manila is the Bureau of Printing, which recently furnished a public printer to the United States in John S. Leech. This bureau has been in operation since 1901. It has been found that it can do public printing 20 per cent. cheaper than in the United States, using the same scale of wages. The employees work only seven and a half hours a day. This bureau is a striking instance of the adaptability of the Filipino in mechanical work. There are about 350 Filipinos on the payroll and only twenty American craftsmen. A training school is in operation and from thirty to fifty Filipinos graduate every year. These instances of what has been accomplished in various fields are only a few of many that the islands can exhibit. They simply came under the observation of The Sun's correspondent. If one could extend his investigation into the manifold other activities going on he would find doubtless the same excellence, the same surprises in other fields. In the army management, the school system, the health bureau workings, the dealing with savage tribes, the public works improvements one could find much worth the attention of the people at home.

Of the final visit of the Atlantic fleet to Manila the circumstances are such that little need be said. As is known, the sailors of the special first class grade were landed. Manila treated them with great hospitality and they enjoyed the shoregoing. The citizens provided a fine enter-

tainment in the shape of an open air hippodrome which was of the Wild West variety and was done in a pouring rain. The holdup of the ancient coach was a real thing. The coach occupants were made to shell out about \$850 in real money. Of course they got it back, but those fake outlaws actually searched the socks of the occupants, to the great amusement of the spectators. There was a race for a bride, Col. Dunn's charming daughter playing the heroine's part. Her father had stolen her from the cowboys and four of them started in pursuit. One gradually drew near and Miss Dunn electrified the crowd by leaping from her father's horse to that of the winning cowboy.

The army boys appointed guides to show the sailors about. Those army fellows would not let the tars spend their money. The proprietors of the cigar factories gave the sailors boxes of cigars and cigarettes. The thoroughness of the preparations was shown by the fact that when one afternoon a small typhoon came up and it was too rough to return the sailors to their ships with safety the committee provided something like 1,200 comfortable beds for those men in the town and gave them a breakfast.

CHAPTER XIII

CEYLON, WHERE ALL SHIPS STOP

Week's Stay of the Fleet at Colombo — Sightseeing Done While the Battleships Coaled — Picturesque Scenes at Colombo — Wonders of Kandy, Where Buddha's Tooth is Kept — A Tribe of Outcasts — Adam's Footprint — Vast Ruins — Ceylon Made Prosperous by Tea After the Coffee Blight Left Ruin — Christmas on the Fleet.

U. S. Battle Fleet,

IN THE RED SEA, January 1.

WHEN you come home from the Orient by way of the Suez Canal one thing is absolutely certain: you have got to stop at Colombo. No modern ship ever goes by without stopping. You must have coal, and the only place to get it between Singapore and Aden is Colombo. It's a matter of pure business in the first place, but it is also a matter of great pleasure. Ceylon is one of the world's delights to travellers. United States naval men know it well, and when the Atlantic fleet dropped in at Colombo on December 13 for a week's stay, to hundreds of officers and men it was like going to see an old friend. Ceylon is a little place, comparatively speaking. It is about three-quarters the size of Ireland. It is 270 miles long and 140 miles wide.

What strange contrasts you see under the British flag! Here is Ceylon, a mite of a place, but with a population of about 4,500,000. In all Australia, where the Atlantic fleet was only the other day, a continent by itself, over

which the British flag also flies, there are only 4,500,000 people. And yet what a difference! Probably the wealth of Australia is a hundred times that of Ceylon; perhaps more. The people of Australia are a hundred times better off in what we call civilization and advancement. There is no poverty, no wretchedness in Australia. Ceylon is better off in that respect than India, but the natives, gentle, superstitious, ignorant, poor, struggle and toil in the heat of the day for a mere pittance to get the few rags wherewith to clothe themselves and the few morsels of coarse food to sustain life.

It is not until you get in actual touch with Ceylon, until you bump up against it in the high seas, that you begin to appreciate it and realize that you will have to hunt the wide world over to find a more picturesque and interesting place. Perhaps you believe in pride of birth, of the lasting influence of great traditions, of family traits, of unbroken lines of descent and things of that kind. Well, Ceylon is veritably a cradle of history. Its people can trace a full developed civilization back for 2,400 years. Back of that they have their traditions and the haze of history. Talk about aristocracy and old families! Why, these Cingalese and Tamils and the others over here have got all the rest of the world's folks in the slang of the day skinned to death in the matter of old families! And here perhaps you have been priding yourself that you could trace your genealogy back some seven or eight hundred years to an Irish King or to some old baron and robber of the Continent who lived three or four hundred years ago!

If you would realize how ancient this island's civilization

is read what R. McMillan wrote five years ago in his book of travel, "There and Back":

"Nowhere in the world, not even in Greece or Rome, is there so much of pathetic, bloodstained history as in Ceylon. When Nebuchadnezzar was taking Jerusalem there was a high civilization in this island, that is not as large as Ireland. When old Socrates was laying down to his Grecian disciples the limitations of human knowledge the Kings of Kandy were erecting mighty temples, building great dams and carving strange gods. When Herodotus was writing of the march of Xerxes, Ceylon was civilized and mighty. When dim and tenuous stories were reaching Greece of some tin islands in the far away North Sea, islands which afterward became known as Great Britain, the Cingalese were a mighty people.

"When the Druidic priests of the far away islands were cutting the sacred mistletoe for the annual feast the Cingalese were cultivated, scientific and dwellers in great cities. When our far away ancestors were painting themselves blue in the long, dark, pre-Cæsarian days, the Cingalese had mighty iron works, and they grew and dyed and wove cotton. The last of the kings of Kandy was Sri Wikrema Raja Singha, and he formed the last link in the chain of 165 kings who had reigned over 2,358 years. And before his line there were kings and kings without end, for the early history of Ceylon lies beyond the ken of mortal man."

Ceylon has had its troubles from invaders. The Malabars came first in 104 B. C., and kept it up for many hundreds of years. The Tamils had come over from lower India and so had various Malay tribes. It was all murder,

invasion, intrigue. The Chinese even came in those dark ages and kidnapped the King. The Chinese Emperor sent him back home with a lot of good advice and told him to pay China an annual tribute. The Portuguese came in 1505 and stayed until 1658, when the trading Dutch drove them out. The Dutch stayed until 1796, when the English pushed them off the island. The British fully conquered the island in 1815.

Why all this invasion of Ceylon? Just one answer: Jewels and spices. Loot is another word for it. Of course all these rulers did not succeed one another without a lot of bloodshed. The Portuguese have left a lot of their names in Ceylon and they established the Roman Catholic religion, which has made the greatest impression upon the natives of any Christian religion. The Dutch were all for trade, but they left a code of law for the island and the English have done the rest. From the early days of the Brahmin and Tamil invaders a record has been kept of it all, and therefore in Ceylon you find a place where sustained history has had a home longer than any other place on earth. It is a place about which the world has known longer almost than any other. Alexander the Great once visited it. The name of the natives is derived from the word "Singa," which the old Aryans used to associate with the lion, and there are those of fanciful imagination who now are wondering if the eternal fitness of things has not come to pass when the British lion is in possession.

For miles before you reach Ceylon you see the high mountains, and one peak in particular arrests your attention. It is a sharp rising cone in the centre of a

range. It is Adam's Peak; more about that later. On the west coast of the island a little below the middle is Colombo, named after the great Christopher, who wanted to discover this island but didn't. It is on low ground. The buildings are not tall and you get almost there before you make out the landmarks of this place of 200,000 inhabitants composed of every nationality on earth. One of the first marks that the eye sees is a large clock tower and lighthouse situated at the crossing of two of the leading streets in the fort, as the foreign business part of the town is called. It was the site of the fort over which the Portuguese and Dutch and English scrapped. Most of it is gone now. It is the centre of the governmental and social and business life of the place; the Pettah or native quarter lies to the west of it.

The harbor first catches your eye. What a busy place! It is the seventh port of the world. Up to about 1875 it was an open roadstead. Then the English got busy and built probably the finest breakwater in the world. It is fifty feet broad and nine feet above the water, of a magnificent masonry that only a Chinese wall can rival. Colombo would be dead without that wall. When the southwest monsoon blows the waves hit the breakwater and send the spray so high in the air that, as the photographs show, it goes above the masts of vessels sheltered behind the wall. Enclosed is 640 acres of water, dredged most of it to a depth of thirty-five feet.

There are about forty-five great mooring buoys in the harbor, and you see every kind of vessel from every kind of place in the world in that harbor. When the Atlantic fleet was there the American flag was flying from about

twenty ships. At first it was said that only one-half of the fleet would be allowed to enter at once for coaling purposes, but the authorities took a hand and one by one they tucked away this great fleet in the harbor, as snug as bugs in a rug, and even the Colombians marvelled at it. Ships big and little were coming and going constantly, but never was the port choked through the great tonnage of the American fleet.

No sooner had the ships been moored than those on board saw one of the famous sights of the place. The "die, die" boys came out. A catamaran made up of three logs and paddled by rude sticks would support half a dozen men and boys with strings about their loins and no other covering. They came alongside and made a terrific chatter.

"Die, die, die, die!" they shouted, meaning that they wanted to dive for coins. Over went the coins and down went the swimmers, to come up with the coins in their hands. They stowed the coins in their mouths, for there was no other place to keep them. "Die, die, die, die!" again they shouted with palms extended for money. When the coins ceased to fall they would break into the old tune, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," and sing it with zest. Then they would shout: "Die, die, die, die, allright, allright, allright; die, die, die, die, Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay; die, die, allright, allright, high die for shilling, make many turns from ship, die, die, die, die, allright, allright, die, die, die; bring up sand from bottom for shilling, die, die, die, allright."

Splash! Over two or three would go, the best swimmer being a one armed man. Up again, and the die, die clat-

ter would continue. The bluejackets tossed them many a coin and there was fun every day and almost every hour of the day. The town scenes were also most picturesque. The men wear skirts, and you can only tell them from the women, whom you see rarely, by the fact that the women wear waists. All are barefooted. The Cingalese are feminine looking. They wear tortoise shell combs in their hair, which is done up in a neat knot on the top. When you got ashore you saw a riot of color wrapped about black skins.

And the headgear! The Mohammedans had tall red fezes and the Tamils had similar shapes of fancy embroidered cloths. Some hats were flat turbans; some seemed made of brass. Even the Europeans had queer hats — gray felt things with double brims, the lower one of which flopped down around the ears. There were helmets of all sizes and shapes, and when some of the big guns of the natives, the very highups, wanted to put on style you saw the hot black derby starting great streams of perspiration down a black face and disappearing in some curve of a fat neck.

Thousands of rickshas were in the street, and carriages that had blackmaria-like slats in them, the slats working on a hinge and thrown out at the sides like a shutter. The most picturesque conveyance was the family bullock, a zebu, that can trot along at the rate of ten miles an hour and give a pony a fine task to keep up with him. Afghans with red and yellow turbans were on the highway. Naked children were frequent. The flamboyant flowers, the red brilliant things that make a great tree glorious, were everywhere, and this color was matched by the purple, green,

red, yellow, plaid petticoats of the men, hundreds of whom were unclothed above the waist.

The streets are wide and some of the buildings handsome, but most of the shops are small and everywhere, in the Fort at least, they seem to contain only one thing — jewelry. You can get good jewelry in Colombo — and you can get lots of glass sold for the same thing. The island produces no less than thirty-eight kinds of gems and there must be millions of dollars worth of them made up into rings, necklaces, bracelets and the like in these humble shops. Street after street has only jewelry as the chief merchandise. These jewelry merchants are the keenest bargainers on earth. Once you fall into their hands you are gone; they sell you something somehow, and if you drive them too low in price you'll get as fine a lot of glass on a brass setting as any man ever purchased. One writer has said of them:

“They are thieves and liars and the most accomplished perjurers on earth. They have no moral sense, as we count moral sense, but they are very religious. They are Presbyterians and Roman Catholics and Buddhists and Moslems and Brahmins and Devil Dancers and Snake Worshipers and they are as all their fathers were.”

As you went about Colombo you were importuned everywhere by beggars, fakirs, snake charmers, and by these merchants. Dozens of men would almost seize you on the street. Nearly all had a ruby worth £3,000 in their shops to show you. It was a wonderful stone, every time.

“No harm — look master,” they would say. “No want buy; just look; no harm; look, master.”

Dodge and squirm as much as you would, they finally got you for something, even if it was for nothing more than a herd of ebony elephants. You couldn't leave Colombo without at least some toy elephants.

And speaking of elephants reminds The Sun correspondent that the ways of Englishmen never change the world over, except in Australia. A young Englishman of good intelligence came out to the Louisiana in Colombo harbor one day to call. After a time The Sun man broke into conversation abruptly by saying:

"By the way, I must get some elephants. Can you tell me where is the best place in town to buy some?"

Now if there is anything commoner in Colombo than those toy elephants, which are usually sold in little herds, it must be dirt. And that literal minded Englishman replied:

"Really, I dare say 'most any place, old chap, but after all I should think the best place would be at Kandy. They catch them alive not far from there, you know."

"But, great heavens, man," said The Sun man, "you don't suppose —"

"There, that will do now, Mr. Correspondent," said a rogue of a naval officer. "It's bad enough having newspaper fellows tagging around with us all the time and keeping an eye on the way we do things. We can put up with that, but can't you see that there isn't any room for elephants on a warship? What would we do with them? Where could we keep them?"

The Sun man was reduced to a proper state of humility at once and he remarked gravely:

"That is so, of course. I never thought of that."

"It would be rawther awkward, I should think," remarked that delicious Englishman.

You could drive out to Mount Lavinia, seven miles below Colombo, and take dinner; you could go down the beautiful open space by the beach and hear the surf roar, and dine at the fine hotel which every traveller knows; you could drive through what is known as the Cinnamon Gardens, the place where the Dutch used to raise cinnamon and other things, but which is now given over to the Europeans for their delightful and in many instances almost palatial bungalows; you could go into the Pettah and see the native crowded city, experience its smells, see its markets, visit its small shops, watch the great parade of umbrellas — the possession of an umbrella seems to mark the social status of the natives quite as much as their caste does. You could visit the fine museum and see the superb collection of birds, fishes, insects, reptiles, jewels, statuary, implements, costumes — everything illustrative of the old Ceylon, its fauna, flora and its anthropology. You could do all these things, and it was very interesting, but you weren't seeing Ceylon.

That was simply Colombo, the great crossroads of the Indian Ocean, one of the half dozen great meeting places of the world on the high seas. To see Ceylon you had to go inland, and owing to the limited stay about the only place to go to was famous Kandy, nearly 2,000 feet up in the mountains and about seventy-five miles from Colombo. Every traveller knows about Kandy and the famous temple, where the sacred tooth of Buddha is kept. The old saint must have been a terror for looks, because this sacred tooth, an eye tooth, is fully two inches long,

a regular tusk, which after all seems to be quite proper in a land of elephants. You don't see the real tooth at Kandy because it is too sacred to be looked at, but you can see the shrine in the temple where they say the tooth is. You are quite sure it must be there because once a year in August the Kandy folks take that shrine out of the temple and parade it around the streets of the beautiful place and there are always forty great elephants in the procession and a lot of high priests and other folks and wonderful costumes and tomtom beatings. You can see a replica of the tooth in the Colombo museum.

For fifty miles on the road to Kandy you pass through the jungle with numerous villages and clearings. You see cocoanut trees in great groves, bananas, bread fruit, beginnings of tea and rubber plantations and everywhere heavy tropical verdure. You catch glimpses of what we would call shacks in little villages and now and then you see a temple. At a crossing you see an elephant or two at work pulling lumber. At every station hundreds of black, shiny folks dressed in all the brilliant colors ever made greet you. There are the fruit venders, the beggars, the happy naked children and — well, you begin to realize that you are about as far away from the Bowery in the matter of contrasts in life as you can possibly get.

Then you begin to climb the hills and you see some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. It is much like the best in our Sierras in configuration. There's no snow, of course, but there are beautiful views, vast valleys, great rocks that stand out against the sky line, enormous cliffs, along the edges of which the train creeps, and down far below in terrace upon terrace you see the rice paddies

where the sustaining element of life on the island is produced. You skirt the edge of Alagalla Mountain with a sheer drop on one side of 1,000 feet, over which the Kandyan Kings used to drop those suspected of treason and soothe them to gentle sleep. A prophet once told a King of Kandy that the kingdom would end when "a bullock should be driven through a certain hill and a horseman ride through rock." Well, you see both these things on the way up. The train goes through that hill and down below in the valley you see the rock where one of the superb roads which the British have threaded all over Ceylon passes right through a boulder on the highway. The ride to Kandy is one of the railroad sights of the world.

Kandy was the last stronghold of native royalty. It is almost in the centre of the island. Its temperature is lower than that of the lowlands, of course, and it is a favorite resort to escape the heat. It has a beautiful lake in the centre of the place; there is an interesting native town; there is the Temple of the Tooth, and near by are the Rodiyas, the outcast tribe, and the beautiful Peradeniya botanical gardens. The place is a fine loafing spot, and there are fine drives and pretty scenery on all sides.

The Rodiyas excite one's sympathy at once. They were once the highest up tribe there was in Ceylon and allied to royalty by marriage. Now they are the most degraded people that can be found anywhere in this vast realm of caste and its terrible exactions. There are two stories as to how it came about. One is that a princess was suspected of conspiracy against the throne, and she and her following and their descendants were driven to

the forests in perpetual exile. Another story is that the tribe had the right to supply the King's table with venison and that one day the supply ran short; refrigerating plant or something like that broke down. So they served up human flesh instead, and it is said that so near alike is Cingalese flesh to Cingalese venison that it was some time before the King found out about it. Then, as the books say, he was terribly wroth, and forthwith he banished the Rodiyas into the forests and ordered them degraded for all time.

That sentence has had lasting effects. No member of the tribe is allowed to wear clothing above the waist or below the knees. They were not permitted to draw water at a well, enter a village, till land, learn a trade or build a house with a roof slanting more than one way. No other recognized caste would hold social relations of any kind with them. The most dreaded punishment a Kandy King could give was to hand a woman of high caste over to these people. The mode of adoption was for a Rodiya to take the betel from his own mouth and place it in the woman's mouth and her pollution was ineradicable.

Well, the tribe is outcast still. Now, and then a woman will catch up a little shawl and throw it partly over her shoulders when a stranger comes near, but it's only an attempted show at modesty. They are fine looking creatures, splendidly formed, with bright faces and pretty manners, but they are outcasts, terrible outcasts, and — well, you feel mighty sorry for them, your sense of sympathy being aroused at once, as you come across them on your drives and see them with the entire world, as they know it, drawing its skirts and passing on the other

side fearful almost to look upon them. Could the curse of caste go much further?

It is a relief to drive on and see the elephants taking their daily bath in the river or to go to the Peradeniya gardens, a large tract filled with flowers and ferns, palms, shrubs and lawns, and great trees and small trees, every kind of tropical vegetation that grows. It is one of the earth's beauty spots and it serves a useful purpose as well, for all sorts of agricultural and horticultural experiments are being made there by the Government in the interests of the people. No garden in Japan can compare with it in loveliness.

There are a lot of other things to see in Ceylon if you have time. One is Adam's Peak, already referred to. None of those with the fleet could go there because of lack of time, but you could see it in the distance, and the books told you all about it. It is noted not only for its striking beauty but because they've got up there on the top an actual footprint of your great granddaddy Adam. Yes, it's a sure thing all right! But what big feet Adam must have had! If it had been Eve's footprint some irreverent Yankee would have trotted out that mean reference to Chicago. Why, that footprint is eight feet long and two wide and the water that is caught in it has miraculous powers of healing!

There was a dispute about that footprint, and there still is. The Buddhists believe it was made by Buddha on his third visit to the island about five centuries before Christ came. They worship it and they make pilgrimages to it and have a lot of doings over it. But the Mohammedans go them one better and say Adam made the print, and the

name they give the mountain has the right of way, for even the Buddhists call it Adam's Peak. The Moham-medans explain it this way:

Adam and Eve were spending their honeymoon in the seventh heaven when that nasty snake came along and got Eve to eat the apple. They were both driven out and fell to the earth. Eve landed in Mecca and Adam hit the high places right on that mountain in Ceylon. Adam was terribly sorry for what he had done and he stood on one foot right on that mountain top for 200 years and wore a big mark in the rock. That was his penance. The story is that God became sorry for him after a time and let him off, and Adam sent for Eve and she came across the Indian Ocean in some way and they finished their honeymoon in Ceylon, and, as the books say, lived happily ever afterward. When they died their bodies were taken — don't ask by whom — to Mecca, where their dust is now supposed to lie.

In Isaiah it says: "I will make the place of my feet glorious." Well, along about the fourth century a Gnostic announced that the Saviour had told the Virgin Mary that the mark on that Ceylon mountain was Adam's footprint and Mohammed's followers believed it, and hence there is no doubt about it. A patriarch of Alexandria once announced that it really was the footprint of the devil, but that cost him his job and he was fired out. Later some folks tried to make out that it was the footprint of St. Thomas, but that wouldn't work, and the footprint of Adam it remains duly authenticated for all time. What ailments the water it catches will cure you can guess. There is no need to reproduce the list of all the ills that

human flesh is heir to. So you see that if Ceylon wasn't the Garden of Eden it was the next place to it.

Another place that we had no time to visit was the famous buried city of Anuradhapura, further north in the island. This is genuine; you can see the ruins. They are five miles long and four miles wide. It was the ancient capital of the island in the 'way, 'way back days, and the kings are said to have ruled there for 1,353 years. The moderns have even named some of the streets. On Great King street are the remains of temples, palaces, bathing places — they were strong on bathing places — and preaching places, dagobas and a lot of other architectural things, but the one living thing there of religious affection of nearly one-third of the world's people is the great Bo tree, nearly 2,100 years old. It was brought from India by a daughter of King Asoka, a priestess, and it is a branch of the tree in India under which Buddha used to sit.

One of the ruins is of the Brazen Palace. It is said to have been nine stories tall — you see those folks had the modern building idea, or at least we didn't originate it — and it contained 1,000 rooms. You can count no less than 1,600 stratified monolithic pillars there. Another ruin is that of the Thuparama, built by King Devenampiya Tissa — what jawbreakers they had for names then, and they haven't got entirely over the habit in Ceylon yet! It was built in a circular form and tapered gracefully toward an apex sixty-three feet high. It has 128 stone pillars with beautiful capitals supporting grotesque figures, with sculpture that shows that it was far ahead of that of Europe in the Middle Ages. Some of the work is said

to be worthy of comparison with the best in Greek art.

Close by is the original Palace of the Tooth, the one that is now in Kandy in the temple known as Daladamaligawa (didn't want to spring that name in writing about Kandy; the place is too beautiful for that), and not far off is the huge Jetavanarama dagoba, the monastery of Vijayarama, the dagoba of Abhayagiriya, built by King Valagambahu, and the monastery of Puliyankulan and the Mirisavetiya dagoba, the work of Duttugamini. Well, it's about time to call these names off, but the ruins are there all right, square miles of them, and most impressive they are, tributes to the power and development of a mighty civilization.

Up on a mountaintop about 8,000 feet high is Nuwara Eliya, pronounced Nooraylia, to which the well to do people flee from the hot lowlands and get invigoration. The mean temperature is only 57 degrees Fahrenheit. The Horton Downs are near, but if you want more ruins you can go to Mihintale, the sacred hill with 1,200 steps where old Mahinda, the son of the King of Asoka, sent to Ceylon to convert the people to Buddhism, slept. There are the rock temples of Dambulla and Sigiriya and many beautiful valleys and gorges. The sportsman finds elephants and tigers and bears and leopards and spotted deer, to say nothing of small game, and there are many rivers filled with gamy fish. Everywhere you turn there is something of interest associated with the past or present, and when you have nothing else to fall back upon you can admire the wonderful scenery and interest yourself in the diversified and spectacularly dressed people.

There is just one other story about Ceylon that must

be told — its mighty industrial struggle. Up to 1869 the great product of Ceylon was coffee. British capital to the extent of \$100,000,000 was invested in it and thousands upon thousands of natives and immigrants were employed on the plantations. In that year a blight in the shape of orange spots appeared on the leaves of the plants. It spread from a remote district all over the island. The first effect was to raise the price nearly 50 per cent. That pleased the planters, and they put more money and more land into coffee. But paralysis came rapidly. Nothing could check the blight. In one year the export fell off 25 per cent. Swiftly the industry went down and practically disappeared. In 1870 the island exported 1,000,000 cwts. of coffee, valued at \$20,000,000. In 1905 the export was only 5,165 cwts., valued at less than \$100,000.

Ruin was spread over the land. The planters regarded themselves as responsible to some extent for providing subsistence to the natives. They tried growing quinine. At first that seemed promising. Twelve shillings an ounce for quinine was the allurements, and by 1887 there were about 40,000 acres under cultivation. Ceylon in that year exported 15,000,000 pounds of the bark; the price dropped because of overproduction and once more there came distress and a forlorn outlook. In the early '70s some one had tried tea growing as a substitute for the coffee industry. When quinine went to the bad the planters rushed into tea. It has saved Ceylon and has brought prosperity and good cheer to the desolate land once more. In 1873 there was only 280 acres of tea in the island. At the present time there are about 380,000 acres of tea land under cultivation. You see it all along

the railroad and one of the interesting places to visit is a factory where the leaves are cured and prepared for commerce.

In recent years the farmers have gone into rubber planting. Already about 125,000 acres are under cultivation and the rewards are said to be large. Ceylon doesn't mean to be caught again with a single staple as the chief means of its support. A wise governmental policy has prohibited the sale of further crown lands above the height of 5,000 feet, so as to provide a water supply from the hills. This adds also to the forest growth, the supply of game and to the parklike conditions of the island. Tea is king or queen, whichever you like, in Ceylon. It is the lifeblood of the island. So careful is the Government over the reputation of this chief product that a very high duty, almost prohibitive, has been placed upon tea of inferior grades from other places. That is to prevent the importation of poor grades for the purpose of blending; the idea is to make sure that Ceylon teas shall not be blended and shall be kept up to the highest possible standard. It is of this tea planting struggle and victory that Sir Conan Doyle once wrote:

“Not often is it that men have the heart, when their one great industry is withered, to rear up in a few years another as rich to take its place; and the tea fields of Ceylon are as true a monument to courage as is the lion at Waterloo.”

The entertainment of the Atlantic fleet in Ceylon was in perfect taste and not overdone. The fleet did not go there by invitation, as was the case with the visits to Australia, Japan and China; it went because it had to go in

order to coal the ships. Of course the usual official ceremonies took place. The Governor, Sir Henry McCallum, and Admiral Sperry exchanged visits and Admirals Sperry and Schroeder were the guests of the Government officials on shore. Every day about 500 men and seventy-five officers were sent up to Kandy on excursions free of all charge. About 500 additional men were landed in Colombo each day. There were dances at the leading hotels, an afternoon at home by Lady McCallum, the Governor gave a dinner and so did the Chamber of Commerce and the Planters Association. There was ample time to go about the place and make purchases and see sights. All were delighted with the quiet and unforced hospitality.

Some of the Americans were privileged to see one curious custom of the island. The Maldivians came from their islands to pay the annual tribute to the Governor of Ceylon. The Maldive Islands are a small group about 400 miles southwest of Ceylon and are under the sovereignty of the islands. The Maldivians keep an Ambassador at Colombo all the time. They sent a dozen or more of their head men over on a dhow with the tribute. Their official landing was marked by salutes. Headed by the Ambassador and the famous Lascorreen Guard, the visitors, who are known as Mudaliyars and Muhandirams, marched up the main streets to Queen's House. They carried spears and wore red frock coats all bespangled and decked out in gold lace. They had white petticoats and were barefooted. Their headgear was a lot of befrilled and highly decorated cloth and bead things and they marched to the music of a tom-tom band.

The British ensign was carried at the head of the pro-

cession. Behind them came a band of coolies carrying meats, woods, fruits, vegetables and most of the products of the islands, and six strapping coolies labored along carrying an enormous jar filled with syrup. There was also a nominal money tribute. The procession trooped into the Queen's House and the Maldivian Ambassador made a speech to Sir Henry McCallum, and formal acknowledgment of sovereignty was made to King Edward's representative and the show was over. The fleet sailed away from Colombo on Sunday, December 20, every sailor the owner of a pound box of tea and every officer of a five pound box, gifts of the Planters Association, and every man pleased with the call at the "Paradise of the Orient."

Christmas came with the fleet on the vague border sea that separates the Indian Ocean from what the geographies call the Arabian Sea and well over toward the African coast. It was about as far away from America or American sovereignty as one could get, and it was hot and lonesome. A year before the fleet was at Trinidad, cool Trinidad, even if the thermometer was in the nineties. That Christmas, like this, the fleet had spent alone. Then the ships were garlanded with fresh greens from truck to keel; the tropical verdure on the shore close by had furnished the Christmas greens and gifts were brought from home a few days before, and it was a merry day.

This Christmas the fleet was alone, but there were no forests near by to brighten one's surroundings and make it seem something like Christmas. And so on Christmas eve we went to bed, barren of gifts and greens, and we wondered how we ever should get through the following

day. But when we entered the wardroom the next morning there was gladness. In the night the place had been transformed. Palms had been smuggled aboard in Colombo, and there were long streamers of beautiful red paper garlands, and tropical fruits and tinsel on a clump of green that stood for a Christmas tree, and the President's picture had a special decoration around the frame, put there by a Filipino mess attendant. And there were lanterns and gewgaws and cocoanuts decorated like jack-o'-lanterns — and the Merry Christmas greetings were most hearty all around. All through the ship they came from the heart.

In the afternoon there were sports on the quarterdeck, sack races, three legged races, potato races, shoe races and all such, but the funniest was the bobbing contest. The contestants had their hands tied behind their backs. They had to run around the deck and then bob their heads in a tub of water and each pick up an orange with his teeth. Such a scramble and pushing and jostling and biting to get those oranges! Then each man had to dart over to another tub, apparently with a layer of about six inches of flour on the bottom. In that tub were eight silver dollars for the man who could pick them up with his teeth. Along came the first man with a wet face and an orange in his teeth. He spat the orange out, threw himself on his knees and plunged his face into the flour. Up it came and there was a howl. Underneath the flour was a layer of three inches of molasses. The man was dazed but he was game. Down into the mess he thrust his head again hunting for a dollar. Up he would come, absolutely unrecognizable, to breathe and down once more his head

would go. A worse looking lot of heathen savages was never seen. They struggled for a quarter of an hour. It was no use; those dollars were stuck tight on the bottom by the molasses and the struggle was called off and each contestant got a dollar for his gameness.

And at night there was a family dinner, Admiral, Captain, wardroom and steerage all scattered about a beautiful table without regard to rank. The ship songs were sung; "Louisiana Lou," "Highballs rollin' on de groun'," "Merry Christmas," by the "high rolling, lobedob crew" "Working on the levee," "We've got a big brother in America," the Australian importation that sets every man's feet and hands and vocal powers going at full speed, and Chief Engineer Sexton sang the "High Coast of Barbaree."

CHAPTER XIV

WARSHIPS CROSS THE DESERT

Passage of the Suez Canal by the Fleet—Twenty-four Hours of Anxiety for the Captains of the Battleships—The Canal Run Much Like a Single Track Railroad—Tolls of \$130,000 for Uncle Sam to Pay—Port Said Still a Wicked City—1,600 Sailors See Cairo, Climb the Pyramids and Have a Good Time Generally.

U. S. Battle Fleet,

PORT SAID, January 7, 1909.

NOT until an American battleship homeward bound from the China station or the Philippines is safely moored in the artificial harbor here do those on board feel themselves safe from the call of the Orient. For that reason there was great joy in the Atlantic fleet when the last of the sixteen ships crept out of the Suez Canal to-day and was tucked away in one of the berths along the enlarged canal reaching out into the Mediterranean, tucked away with the others, men-of-war and merchantmen, from all over the world, under the shadow of the great De Lesseps statue, like so many shoes in a row along a wall. To the officers and men it was practically the home station; they were almost in sight of home. Hampton Roads was just over the hill.

There was relief also because the canal was passed safely. Not that there was any danger in the canal—more than 4,000 ships pass through that ribbon of water every year. There is no real difficulty about it, but nevertheless it's an anxious time and it imposes a nerve racking

task. It means practically twenty-four hours on the bridge for captain and pilot and some of the officers, and it means also the most careful manipulation of a big ship. For there are curves in this canal, and at the greatest depth of water, from 33 to 36 feet. There is a breadth of only about 120 feet in the narrowest place. Your battleship is more than 75 feet wide, and being of great bulk for her length she is somewhat unwieldy, and it is delicate work to get her to answer helm promptly and go around those curves neatly.

Once a British warship got stuck hard and fast in the canal and they had to blow her up to permit the resumption of traffic. There is nothing easier in the way of navigation than to go aground in the Suez Canal, and the mere chance that one of our battleships might get fast and block the canal, with the very remote possibility of losing the ship, kept all the Captains on edge until their vessels went through safely. Passing through the treacherous Strait of Magellan was not more trying than going through this canal.

The fleet arrived from Colombo at Suez, the lower end of the canal, on Sunday morning, January 3. Arrangements were finished that day for the ships to pass through with the least disturbance of commercial traffic. Early the next morning four ships started, the following morning five and the next day the remaining seven. The passage of the warships through the canal differed in no respect from that of any other large ship and was accompanied by the same safeguarding and care as is accorded to the liner or freighter. Each ship had a pilot and was not permitted to go faster than six miles an hour, except

through the Bitter Lakes, where over a stretch of ten miles standard speed could be kept up.

The total length of the canal is eighty-seven miles, and ordinarily it requires from sixteen to eighteen hours to make the passage. Slow speed is necessary through the canal itself to prevent damage to the banks from the wash. Every merchantman has to carry at the bow a high powered magnesium light with a dark space in the centre, so that its rays are split and each bank of the canal is lighted up. No ship ever gets through wholly in the daytime, and hence it is necessary to carry these lights. An exception is made for warships in the matter of lights because they have high powered searchlights, and these are used for illuminating purposes.

The common impression is that the Suez Canal is straight from north to south. In reality the course is sinuous in the lower end, and only in the upper end for about forty-five miles is the ditch entirely straight. Passing into the entrance at Suez you skirt close to that picturesque city with its blue houses and red roofs, its interesting people and its dirty streets. The water from the slow motion of the ships laves the stone lined banks and in great stillness the ship glides north through the desert. Soon you are far removed from any sign of habitation, for the high banks of the canal for mile after mile cut off any view of the surrounding country. You may climb up into the topmasts and look over the scene of desolate desert, but if you remain on deck you are absolutely shut in from the outside world and can see only the narrow strip of water, the high banks of sand dug out of the bed of the ditch and the blue sky above you.

Now and then comes a break and toward the west, where the small canal of fresh water from the Nile that was dug to supply the diggers of the big canal sends its irrigating shoots out into the desert, you can see green patches of vegetation and huts and camels, and herds of goats and cattle, and beyond the yellowish brown sands of the most forbidding looking desert that the human eye ever rested upon. On the eastern side there is nothing green, only desolation upon desolation. If you happen to be on a railroad train running along the western side of the canal about half a mile distant you can see the masts of a ship and now and then the upper part of the hull moving slowly through the desert and apparently ploughing its own way through the sand. It is one of the weird sights that this strange world presents in the desert. About every four or five miles you come to a house on the bank with green trees and shrubs and flowers about it, a beautiful oasis. In front of each house there is a signal pole from which pennants of various sizes and colors flutter by day and red and white lights hang by night. These are signals by which traffic is regulated. All along the banks at intervals are bollards, large mooring posts, and sidings cut in the banks where ships may be tied up while others are passing. The ships that are tied up are always those which face the flow of the current in the canal. There is a decided current due to the tide in that part of the canal reaching from the Bitter Lakes to Suez.

Your ship is approaching a curve. The pilot has already asked numerous questions as to the way in which the ship answers her helm and he waves his hand now to port or starboard, as the case may be, and watches the ef-

fect intently. He gets the feel of the vessel and soon he begins to understand exactly what she will do and how quickly she will do it for every degree the wheel is turned. With the utmost skill and delicacy he swings the vessel slowly, and when she is straightened out again all hands take a long breath. The first danger is passed. The pilot knows exactly what he can do with that ship thereafter. Gradually curving westward the ship passes northward and then after about four hours comes to the Bitter Lakes, across which the ship makes a dash through a well marked channel and then it comes to another part of the canal running from the Bitter Lakes to Lake Timsah, a sheet of water three or four miles long. You pass through rock excavations going through this part of the canal, and at one place the canal makes a V shaped turn. Soon you come to Ismailia and its lake, where there is ample room for many ships to tie up.

From Ismailia north the banks of the canal are comparatively flat, the railroad runs close to the channel, and for the last forty-five miles you go in a straight line. Every now and then you have to wait for a group of ships to pass you or you will pass a group held in a siding. All through the journey there is scarcely a moment free from anxiety. The slightest accident to steering machinery will thrust the ship's bow into the bank and then some of the many tugs that belong to the canal company and are scattered through the canal will have to come and help pull you off. You begin to realize what it means to keep the canal in good condition when you see the numerous powerful dredges that the canal company

keeps employed all the time in preserving and enlarging the bed of the ditch.

Indeed, one of the ships, the Georgia, did meet with a slight accident of this kind. The telegraph to one of the engines became disarranged and the indicator suddenly marked "full speed astern." Those in the engine room thought some emergency had arisen and obeyed the order with alacrity. The result was that the Georgia poked her bow into the bank of the canal before word could be passed down to rectify the error. The ship was stopped in good time and in a little more than an hour the tugs had pulled her off the bank. It was the only mishap that occurred to the fleet during the journey through.

The pilots were more or less nervous because of the importance of getting these sixteen ships through safely. It was the largest group of warships that had ever passed through the canal, and the ships themselves were also the largest warships ever to go through. Now and then a merchantman of larger dimensions passes through, but the pilots get to know the merchantmen well and there is not the same solicitude regarding them as for the warships of a great nation in this narrow streak of water. Vessels of small draught may pass one another in the canal, but large ships may not. Exactly when ships must stop and when to go ahead is settled by the signals at the various stations, and the entire traffic is managed in precisely the same way that a train despatcher runs a one track railroad.

One of the sights in connection with the management of the canal is the despatcher's office at either Suez or Port Said. There are telephone and telegraph lines from every

station along the route, and on the wall there are miniature ships in a miniature canal which show at a glance exactly where every ship is at every minute of the passage through. In front of the despatcher is a large sheet of paper marked out in lines and colors and time marks. As the telephone or telegraph messages come in lines are drawn with a pencil across the squares indicating the exact location of each ship, the speed she is making, the places where she stops, and exactly how long she stops, and at a glance the entire doings of the day and night of each vessel may be seen by the operator.

Before the ships pass through the canal a copy of the regulations of traffic is given to each Captain and they must be complied with to the letter. In the light of these regulations one can understand why it was that the Captain of each of our battleships was on his feet constantly from one end of the canal to the other for fully eighteen hours. Some of them stayed on the bridge the full twenty-four hours, for it took time to moor the ships in the narrow and crowded quarters of Port Said harbor. Thus they fulfilled one of the new physical tests which the Navy Department is about to impose upon the high officers of the navy, namely, that of remaining continuously on the bridge for twenty-four hours.

The pilots of the canal are a peculiar people. They must speak at least two languages, French and English, and their work in its delicacy and constant strain is different from that of any other pilots in the world. A large number of them are elderly men. It requires several years' training to become a canal pilot. They get 400 francs a month as a regular salary and in addition about

\$10 a night for every night's work. Each man takes about four or five ships through a certain part of the canal a week, and the income of a pilot is from \$3,200 to \$3,500 a year. Each pilot must have a certain number of hours' rest after he takes a ship through his district. There are about eighty pilots in the canal proper. Twenty of them live at Port Said, forty at Ismailia and the other twenty at Suez. The Suez pilots take the ships to Ismailia, then go back to Suez by train. They pilot the ship in only one direction and for only half the distance of the canal. The Port Said pilots take the ships southward to Ismailia. At Ismailia there are twenty pilots to take the ships north and twenty to take them south. In every case the pilots return to their homes by train and take enough time off for a thorough and complete sleep before they are allowed to take another ship.

At Port Said and at Suez there are twenty more pilots who bring the ships in and take them out of port. Thus there are about 120 pilots actually engaged in the navigation of the canal. There are twenty or thirty understudies, so that about 150 men are engaged in superintending the actual traffic of vessels.

Each vessel pays 7.75 francs a ton for passage through the canal. The tonnage is computed according to a special scale and represents not the actual tonnage of the ship, but more accurately the cargo space. For that reason the tonnage of our warships is not so great as that of merchantmen similar in dimensions. The largest dues imposed upon any of the Atlantic fleet amounted to little more than 41,000 francs. Only a day or two before the fleet passed through the Bremen, a German passenger ship, had to pay

64,000 francs in dues. It cost Uncle Sam about \$130,000 to bring the fleet and four auxiliaries through the canal. In round numbers these were the amount of dues assessed against each ship: Connecticut, Vermont, Kansas, Minnesota, Louisiana, 45,000 francs each; Virginia, 40,000; Missouri, 34,000; Kentucky, 32,000; Ohio, 37,000; Georgia, 41,000; Nebraska, 41,000; New Jersey, 40,000; Rhode Island, 40,000; Wisconsin, 32,000; Illinois, 33,000; Kearsarge, 32,000.

The traffic of the canal is said to be increasing by from 5 to 10 per cent. a year. The number of vessels passing through the current year will be between 4,500 and 5,000. The heaviest day's traffic that has been known in the canal since it was opened is 630,000 tons, canal measurement. This occurred on April 22, 1908, when there had been a tieup for several days owing to the stranding of a ship. It represented the passage of more than fifty ships. In addition to the blockades of the canal due to the grounding of the vessels the officials count upon from two to four days' tieup in the canal every year because of sandstorms. Sometimes a fierce wind sweeps over the desert and the sand becomes so thick that it is impossible to see more than a few yards. Then all traffic ceases until the wind goes down and the atmosphere is clear.

With the relief that came to the Captains and others of our ships from the safe passage of the canal there was a sense of relaxation for those who could get ashore while the coaling was going on at Port Said. This place used to be known as the wickedest city in the world. Its people nowadays resent that characterization. They say it is one of the most orderly seaports. It is an Arab town with

a population of about 50,000, a large number of European buildings, several excellent hotels, and at least some merchants whose business code is, summed up in a phrase, "Swindle everybody all you can." The keen merchant of the southern shores of the Mediterranean with no fixed price for his wares and a determination to let no one once in his grasp get out of it, here exercises to the limit all his energy in an effort to sell goods and to plunder the pockets of those who pass by.

On the surface the place is orderly and safe for any person to walk about at any hour of the day or night. On the surface also the place seems decent. Not until one goes ashore at night does he realize that Port Said is as wicked as ever and that the daytime respectability is simply a thin veneer. From five hundred to one thousand men lurk in the shadows of night — they call themselves guides — and they dash to your side as you walk along the highway and whisper things in your ear that make you clench your fists. Before he has gone a block even the hardened man is disgusted and shocked, and he is glad to take refuge in some café or hotel to while away the hours of the evening until it is time to go back on board ship. Even as he sits there he finds himself accosted by peddlers, who, after they fail to sell the wares they have in their hands, make insinuations that bring the blood to cheeks and indignation to eyes. Port Said is still one of the wickedest places on the earth, if not the wickedest.

None of the sailors was allowed on shore at Port Said, and if the truth were known few of them wanted to go ashore. They were all anxious to coal ship and get out of port, and so get nearer to God's country, as they put it.

About 1,600 of the sailors, all special first class men, were allowed to go to Cairo from Suez while their ships were passing through the canal and to join the ship at Port Said. It meant two days of sight seeing in the interesting metropolis of Egypt. A tourist manager, who had taken about 400 officers and men of the Alabama and Maine from Ismailia to Cairo, when they passed through the canal, undertook the contract of transporting and caring for in every way three times that number in this fleet. More sailors came than he was prepared for or had room for on his special train, but that made no difference to Jack. He stood up in the cars, rode on the crowded platform, even climbed on top of the cars, and so sailed across the desert on the train in high glee on a journey of more than five hours to Cairo. He got hungry and thirsty and stormed all the restaurant places along the route, always with his money in hand to pay for what he got and making a din in clamoring for it that nearly drove those behind the counters crazy as they tried to make change or hand out the supplies. Jack didn't care; he was happy and he had a song on his lips half the time, and when he wasn't singing he was spinning yarns or waving his hand to the natives in the villages.

It was dark when the train reached Cairo and the sailors were hungry and tired and dirty from the sands of the desert. Scores of them had not been able to secure tickets, but when an effort was made at the station in Cairo to make them pass down a long line so as to pay up then and there, they grew tired of waiting, said they'd pay before they started back and simply swept over guards and fences and swarmed out into the brightly lighted streets of the

fascinating city like a fan. It took the tourist manager until about 4 o'clock in the morning to corral them all and get them to the hotels and put them to bed safely. He had no trouble in getting his money from them, but they were out on a lark free from the eye of officers and wanted no restraint.

For two whole days they enjoyed themselves hugely. Carriages and guides were provided for them and they went everywhere and saw everything worth seeing. They soon found that they could have fun in their own way. The red fezes of the male inhabitants captured their eyes at once, and these seamen had not been in town twenty-four hours before practically every man of them had doffed his flat cap and stowed it away in his room and was wearing a fez. He went up and down the street with his fellows in groups and bunches, and his blue uniform and his fez made him a marked object and filled the brightly colored streets of Cairo with more color than it usually possesses.

Jack went into every place he could go, picture moving shows, bars, restaurants, shops, markets, mosques, bazars — everywhere there was anything to see, and good-nature marked all his words and acts. One of the first things he did was to get his money changed, and he soon found that the best known coin of the place, worth about five cents, was the piastre. That word tickled his funnybone, and he gave it a new name. Jack would meet Bill and ask him where he got some curio and how much he paid for it. Bill would reply:

“I got it down the street there; paid ten disasters for it.”

Soon the word became popular, and all over Cairo for

three days and nights prices were quoted in "disasters," much to the joy of Jack and the general amusement of residents and tourists.

Of course Jack hustled out to the Pyramids the first chance he got and swarmed all over the big one and climbed to the top in dozens. Most of the sailors hired the helpers that guide one up to the top. Jack said he could go it alone, but he guessed he would put on as much style as anybody, and so he was pulled and yanked up to the top and steadied on the way to the bottom. Jack used nautical terms, and when the helpers didn't go fast enough for him he told them to raise their speed cones, and when they went too fast he told them to lower the speed cones and used a lot of other ship terms which the guides could not understand, but which made Jack happy because he could apply them to new objects.

Jack hired camels and donkeys. One of the sights of the evening of Cairo was to see from 100 to 200 of the men, each wearing a fez riding up and down the streets on donkeys with a man or boy running behind each animal to beat the beast and see that Jack didn't fall off. Jack yelled "Port" or "Starboard" whenever he turned a corner and waved his hands to the people on the streets, sang his songs, had a hilarious time generally, and gave Cairo such a shaking up as it had not had for a long time.

And, with it all, the Americans had a special reason to be proud of their sailor boys. Now and then one of them might have a suspicion of an unduly rolling gait, but there was no disorder, no rowdiness, nothing that would cause any American to be ashamed. There were no arrests and



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THE RETURN TO HAMPTON ROADS IN THE RAIN

every sailorman seemed to feel that he had the reputation not only of the fleet but of his country in his keeping.

The news of the Messina earthquake reached the Atlantic Fleet when it arrived at Suez on January 3. Orders had already been given by the Navy Department to divert food supplies from the fleet to Messina for the benefit of the sufferers. In addition Admiral Sperry was ordered to go to Messina with the Connecticut and any other ships of his fleet to render assistance. Admiral Sperry hastened to the scene on the Connecticut, gave what succor he could, and later assembled his division of four ships in Naples. He and his staff were received by King Victor Emanuel at Rome and the thanks of the King on behalf of himself and his people were given to the Admiral for the aid that had been furnished to the sorely stricken people.

The stay of the battleships in the various ports of the Mediterranean was marked by no unusual incidents. The calls were not official. There were numerous receptions but none calling for extended comment. The voyage from Gibraltar to Hampton Roads was the most tedious of the entire trip. There was a succession of gales all the way across the Atlantic. About 1,200 miles out from Hampton Roads the fleet was met by the Home Squadron, consisting of the battleships Maine, Idaho, Mississippi and New Hampshire, the armored cruisers Montana and North Carolina and the three scouts, Salem, Birmingham and Chester. The combined fleet anchored off Cape Henry at 2 o'clock on the morning of February 22 and at 9 o'clock got under way again and passed in the Capes where it was

reviewed by President Roosevelt on the Mayflower. It was the most powerful fleet ever assembled under the American flag. Shortly after noon the fleet came to anchor in Hampton Roads, where each of the four flagships of the world-cruising fleet was visited by President Roosevelt. On each of these ships the President made a short address to the officers and men. In each of these speeches he said: "You've done the trick. Other nations may do as you have done but they'll have to follow you."

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